

It's a secret

Chapter 1: Confessions

Like all stories this one begins with a boy, this boy was no ordinary boy in any sense of the word. Harry Potter was the freak of Privet Drive, the scoundrel of Surrey, the beast of England, but in truth he was just a boy with a gift for kindness and a hatred for bullies. To his what could be considered a family he was an abomination against god and nature, that is not to say his family didn't like having him around.

They often say 'love is never having to say your sorry' that is probably why his uncle had never apologized for beating him when he had a bad day, his aunt working him like a slave for table scraps or his personal favorite the game he played with his cousin and his friends Harry Hunting. It was because of this game that Harry had taken to hiding during lunch in the music room, he never had money for lunch tickets anyways.

Every day Harry sat in the room and practiced with the various instruments, his long thin fingers were perfect for the piano but he just couldn't hold his arms right. The flute was fun but he just didn't breath right and more then a few wondered who was torturing a helpless cat. After two weeks of trying he picked up a guitar and just started to pluck at the strings, at first it was just random notes until a young woman from the secondary school who worked in the music room for two hours a day heard the boy randomly plucking away. She watched him for a good half hour before letting him no she was there.

"Your really good." She said with a smile as she sat down beside him.

"Thanks." Harry said with a blush.

For a minute they sat their in silence, they tool a moment to look each other over. She wasn't very tall and very petite, her hair is strawberry blond with black streaks in it, her eye brow's are pierced and her nose has a gold stud in it. At the moment her outfit seemed to draw him in, it was a short denim skirt and a pink half shirt and a denim jacket. But their was more when stilted her head to look at him he noticed a large bruise on her shoulder and her eyes, her right

was slightly puffy but concealed by a curtain of hair. He brushed her hair from her face to reveal her hidden black eye.

She tucked her hair back in place and pressed her finger to her lips to shush him, "Would you like to learn more." She asked with a sly wink.

Nodding dumbly Harry quickly tensed as she sat behind him and placed her arms around him and placed her hands over his. For the next ten minutes she showed him every note as she hummed each note, he quickly got better and was soon able to play every cord without her assistance. They were having such a good time that neither of them heard the lunch bell ring, it was only the sounds of kids coming down the hall that alerted them.

Sarah jumped to her feet and turned to the door just as the teacher for the third grade, the woman just gave her a glare then snapped her glare at Harry and reprimanded him for not coming back to class before coming here. Harry nodded numbly and sat back down and continued to pluck away at the strings.

The third grade teacher walked forward and grabbed Harry's arm and forced him to his feet and dragged him in to a corner of the room to admonish him. Sarah glared at the woman's back for a moment before turning to the class, "Hi class I am Sarah Cawfield, I attend the secondary school and I will be your student teacher this year in music." Seeing Harry rejoin the group and wipe a few tears from his eyes she continued, "Now everyone pick an instrument and let's start to make music."

In the history of bad ideas her suggestion rated just above the ten plagues and just below the ending of the Twilight series. At the far end of the room was five full drum sets and an even dozen large bass drums, a piano, trumpets, accordions, flutes, violins and a pair of old guitars. The five biggest and dumbest looking of the kids grabbed the drums while the rest of the boys grabbed the bass drums and began to beat on them to a point that several car alarms went off in the lot, for some reason the boys kept looking at the girls as they made horrific sounds while the fourteen odd girls in the class stayed near Sarah and tried the flutes and violins, one girl sat at the piano and began to play softly to herself.

After watching her for a moment Harry started to play the guitar matching her beat perfectly and even hummed along with her. This drew the attention of the rest of the girls on class who just sat and watched their friend play the piano and the freak strum away on the guitar.

Sarah continued to walk around the room offering encouragement and praise to the boys first as she wondered if her hearing would ever properly return before turning back to Harry and the girls. When one of the boys got too loud and annoying on the drums the girls would glare them down before going back to watching the freak. Knowing that she wasn't going to get more than this she spent the next hour humming and seeing who could follow her beat helping Harry and the girl on the piano a bit, the boys continued to make loud noises and the girls gave up trying and just watch Harry play it was almost hypnotic as his song carried a lot of pain by the end more than a few of the girls looked at Harry as a person as they wiped away tears.

After that Harry showed up every day for lunch and practice, Sarah was fast becoming his favorite person in the world. At the end of each lesson if he tried hard and his behavior was good she would reward him with a hug and a kiss on the cheek. She even made sure to bring extra food in her lunch each day so she had enough to share, on the weekends they would meet in the park and practice playing, some times she would bring her books from school and teach him advance subjects. The truth of the matter was there was something about him that made her feel safe, he never asked about her black eyes or busted lips, he just gave her a hug and told her he was sorry she was hurt.

It was on the weekends that Sarah got to meet the real Harry Potter, that first weekend she met him in Surrey park.

"Over here, Harry." She called out from behind a tree.

Her new little brother came walking up to her in a pair of ratty trainers and no coat, considering it was only forty degrees outside and raining she now had a new reason to hate his family. Once he was close enough she pulled him close so he could warm up and get some shelter from the rain with her heavy overcoat.

After she made sure the coast was clear she led him into a ring of tree's, "Wow," Was all Harry could say as he walked in to a completely dry and warm part of the park he had never seen before. The soft grass was perfectly even and smelled of summer even though it was early winter. The small clearing had a hot spring in the center the bubbled with warmth, all around them was flat stones that were extremely soft and comfy that let off warmth but were not hot. The air around the was filled with fragrant scents and was at least thirty degrees warmer, the canopy of branches above the let in plenty of light but no rain. Next to the bubbling brook was a large blanket filled with books a guitar and a lot of food a cooler sat next to the blanket.

"Welcome to Lily Pond, Harry." Sarah said with a flourish as she let Harry look around.

"This is amazing." Was all Harry could say as he looked around.

After giving him a moment to look around Sarah called him over to a low hanging branch where she hung up her coat and ordered Harry to remove his shirt and pants so she could hang them up to dry. Harry looked embarrassed but complied leaving him in only a pair tattered and stained boxers, she took his shoes over to the blanket with her. A quick glance at his body filled her with even more rage their was more then a dozen long slashes across his back as if he was whipped with a cane recently.

Embarrassment quickly disappeared as Harry dove into the still warm chicken legs and bread, after a week with Sarah he no longer tried to hide the fact he was hungry. He had just finished his tenth chicken leg and at least half a dozen rolls before he relieved that he hadn't even made a dint in the food mountain at all. Sarah ate in silence and waited for Harry to finish before she began the days lessons.

Once they finished eating she leaned in close to the blanket and thanked it for the food, suddenly the food vanished before Harry's eyes. Even the bones were gone, Harry looked around in awe wondering where the food had disappeared to, it was Sarah who answered him.

"Not a clue Harry, when I found this place it always made me fill safe. The cooler has always been stocked with drinks and if I ask the

blanket for food or medicine it just appears," She said with a flourish as she opened her algebra book, another critical look at Harry's ribs almost sticking through his chest, she decided to try something, "Um blanket can I have medicine to fix Harry's eye sight and deal with malnutrition."

By the time she finished speaking three small bottles appeared on the blanket. The first bottle she recognized the other two she didn't, she picked up the bottles and grabbed a bottle of juice from the cooler, "Drink up Harry." She said in a overly cheerful voice as she poured the three vials in to empty bottle and handed it over this was going to taste terrible.

Harry took the bottle and chugged down the three potions quickly, at first he didn't taste anything then it felt like his tongue was on fire as the potions quickly tasted rancid in his mouth the moment he swallowed the last of mix he downed the juice in a single gulp before he fell to the ground and began to convulse.

Rushing over Sarah wrapped him in a tight hug and held him close to her as his body began to shake, when she used the potion to heal her eyesight she went through the same thing. Harry continued to shake for half an hour as his body healed from the abuse and the taint on his magic, the scar on his forehead began to bleed freely as the flesh knitted together. After an hour passed Harry finally awoke from his convulsions, Sarah helped him to his feet and looked him over.

Harry was now at least a inch taller and almost a full stone heavier, his hair wasn't as messy also. Sarah gave Harry a whistle when she was done looking him over and sat him back down on the blanket so they could continue their studies. They spent the rest of the morning studying, her teaching Harry advanced math actually helped her better understand it herself, after lunch they switched to language arts and history for a few hours. By the time they were ready to eat Harry had completely shed his shy persona and was now laughing and joking, he made Sarah laugh with Dudley impersonations where he walked around the clearing and made odd sounds then picked up a book and yelled at it for being smarter then him.

Before dinner Sarah slipped out of her clothes, she wore her bikini to Lily's Pond and slipped in to the small pool it was only a few feet deep and ten feet across but it was the perfect place to relax in, after

a bit of prodding Harry Joined her as well all the while trying his hardest to not look at her still developing body. Sarah rewarded him with a kiss on the cheek for his gentlemanly behavior.

Even relaxing in the small pool turned in to a learning lesson as Sarah taught Harry the basics of swimming. After their swim they ate a big meal then curled up under the blanket to sleep, it was a moot point to go home now considering he would just get beaten for not letting Dudley and his gang beat him up anyways.

They spent Sunday the same way studying and relaxing, Harry was fully out of his shell by the time he went home that evening. Oddly enough when he got home Vernon started to yell at him but then walked away mumbling about watching TV and eating something, counting his blessing Harry slipped in to his cupboard and went to sleep.

For two months this carried on in secret, for Harry it was about finally having a friend who cared about him, for Sarah it was about having someone to look after and protect, it was about finally have someone to share a secret with. Sadly all good things have to come to end because lets face it, fate hates Harry and likes making him its bitch.

Sarah had just assumed her usual seat behind Harry with his back pressed against her chest as her arms strayed around him helping him get his finger placement right. Harry tried his best but was a bit distracted, after about ten minutes he let out a sigh. "What is it Harry, you know I can keep your secrets." She asked softly into his ear.

Not sure where to begin Harry just decided to plow ahead, "We are friends right."

Unsure what brought this on she merely nodded and said, "Yes."

"So I should do friendship stuff for you," Harry asked more hesitantly.

Still a bit confused, Sarah chuckled and wrapped her arms around Harry, "You do more then enough now, but what do you think you should do more of."

Without waiting for his courage to kick in Harry just turned his head and pressed his lips to hers just like he saw the two older teens do at the park the previous day.

Sarah froze in her seat in surprise, the feel of his lips on hers was not where she thought this was going to be going at all. The only reason she didn't immediately pull away was the simple fact that Harry had rather soft lips and while she knew it was wrong it was still a rather nice first kiss for them both. She waited ten seconds and pulled away, "Harry that was very nice but we are friends not boyfriend and girlfriend, do you understand."

Only about one out of three words registered in his mind at the moment, mostly very nice and friends. Before he could respond further the door slammed open and in walked the schools headmistress and another teacher.

"What the hell do you think your doing you little slut." The headmistress screamed at her as she took in the scene before her a fourteen year old girl kissing a preteen boy she had in her lap.

Both of them broke apart quickly as if they were struck by lightning, making them look even more guilty, Sarah jumped to her feet knocking over her purse and tried to explain it as a misunderstanding. The other teacher, Miss Olson, the schools phys ed teacher stepped forward and knocked the girl to the ground, "Shut up you sick bitch you can explain it all at your trial."

Raising his small fists, Harry charged the bigger woman and screamed at her, "Get away from her," Miss Olson stepped forward and shoved he open hand in to his chest hard and threw him to the ground.

"And you, you little freak, I will be personally telling your aunt about your deviant behavior." She threatened him.

Harry curled in to a ball and began to cry, it wasn't the hit to the chest that hurt him it was the fact that he was about to lose his best friend and there was nothing he could do about it. He moved his hand closer in when he felt something metal brush against it, open his eyes he saw the answer before him, Sarah's nail file had fallen out of her purse and landed before him. He grabbed the file and jumped to his feet, his magic burned hot in his blood speeding his

movements, before anyone could blink Harry tackled the large woman to the ground and began to stab her repeatedly with the file.

He stabbed her twenty times in ten seconds moving so quickly, his arm was a blur of motion. The attack itself was so surprising that the Headmistress and Sarah froze in place, Sarah recovered first.

She slammed her elbow in to the old woman's gut then slugged her in the face with her fist, the same fist she wore five spiked and jagged rings on. The woman dropped to the ground unconscious bleeding from several cuts on her face and was already forgotten.

"Harry come on," Sarah screamed, she grabbed his small hand in his and ran out of the class room.

They made it a dozen steps before they ran into a pair of police officers, with Harry covered in blood and with Sarah sporting several bloody knuckles the cops were momentarily stunned by the sight before them. Just as stunned Sarah froze up as well, the lead cop grabbed Sarah out of instinct, she tried to punch him. He grabbed her arm and spun her around pinning her against the wall cuffing her and placing her under arrest.

Moments passed in slow motion as Harry watched his best friend being cuffed by the police, his first instinct was to run away like she told him to do when he was in trouble but his feet wouldn't listen. He couldn't leave her behind.

Both children were arrested and taken away, from their it was the circus everyone expected. Harry was charged with murder, his refusal to say anything made it a very short trial, even so the judge had a problem. His one big problem was that no well adjusted young man has that kind of rage, like the rest of Surrey he knew about the boy's dangerous nature but it didn't fit with what he saw before him. The small boy before him was underfed and only had the smallest semblance of self confidence and that only came from the young woman beside him. The decision on the boy's sentence took longer then his trial and when the judge handed down the verdict it blew the roof of the court house.

Judge Walter Granger, a father of three children and a grandfather to seven, he was a man at truly peace with himself. Carving out a nice niche for himself, gone was dreams and desires for more, to sit

in judgment over the worst, now he sat in a position to help children before they became real criminals. Sitting at the bench he looked upon the face of a boy who would live a very short life with out guidance, he put this thought at the fore front of his mind as he cast a glance at the boy's family as loosely as they could be called that. The group of them were sitting away from the boy and smirking at him, a nod to a man in the back row he stood up and made his ruling.

"Mister Potter and Miss Cawfield please stand," He ordered the two children.

Harry glanced at Sarah for a moment, she gave him a nod before she stood up closely followed by Harry, both kids looked at the judge. Sarah cried softly as she clung tight to Harry's hand, her dreams of being a teacher were pretty much over, she had only known Harry for a few months but she knew she loved like he loved her. It wasn't love in the romantic sense and it never would be he was her little brother, best friend and confident, now that she had some one she would stand beside him no matter what.

"Mister Potter you have been found guilty of first degree manslaughter, you are to be sentenced to a juvenile correction facility until your eighteenth birthday at such time you will be reevaluated to determine that you are no longer a danger to yourself or others-" Judge Granger began only to be interrupted by a startled scream from Sarah as she burst into tears and pulled Harry closer to herself. Ignoring her outburst he continued, "That would be your sentence if I believed you were beyond saving, something that I believe no child will ever be." A collective gasp ran throughout the court room as everyone looked at the judge except for the small boy in question. Harry was still looking at his hands not daring to tempt fate by looking up, his uncle told him the courts execute kids who kill so Harry was already smiling inside. "Instead you will be sent to Stone Haven Military Academy until your eighteenth birthday, you will submit yourself to weekly meetings with a therapist to better gauge your proper mental and emotional health. When you turn eighteen you will be evaluated by the military courts to determine if you are fit to be allowed back into society or are truly lost and deserve to be in prison."

The prosecutor stood up to make a demand of the judge to allow the maximum sentence as his political platform was on putting a stop to Juvenile crimes with stiff punishments and charging them as adults,

choosing to ignore the glare the prosecutor pushed to continue, "Your Honor. This boy is a real danger and again I demand you allow the maximum." The Judge just ignored him, he wasn't going to allow his courtroom to be used as a political platform.

In the back of the court room a man stood up and came forward, he was dressed in fatigues and looked to be in his mid fifties. His large well formed body rippled under his shirt as he came forward and saluted the Judge who returned the salute.

Harry finally looked up at the judge, instead of finding relief or anger the Judge only saw sorrow in Harry's eyes as he looked between the Judge, Sarah and the military man. Major Jacob Moody, a career man in her majesties service, son of the greatest auror to ever live Alastor Moody and a proud squib watched the byplay between the two children with interest, like the child of every auror who fought against Voldemort he felt a debt was owed to the young man who lost every thing and a debt he was about to repay.

"Excuse me your honor," He began, drawing a look from the judge, a subtle nod from his former commanding officer, he continued, "Along with cadets, we often need more support staff, we usually higher from civilian contracts but we could more the accommodate Miss Cawfield in a form of community service that could allow her to continue her education and learn to be the young woman she was meant to be."

Seconds turned in to minutes as Judge Granger gave his former subordinate and long time friend a hard look searching his face for reason why he was bending the rules to this extent given the fact he was known to be a habitual rule follower. Every line of Major Moody's face was a mask of determination, Judge Granger slammed his gavel down and called out, "So ordered."

Chapter 2: Academy life

Rain fell hard on the ground as the large black SUV pulled into the gates of Stone Haven. The old stone buildings stood like towering monoliths of learning, each one of the structures had a look of care worn but lived in look. The grounds were well manicured and tended with care, to his right Harry could see about thirty young men in the same fatigue pants and pale green shirts were doing jumping jacks a little past them there was a group of young men running in ordered rows. Out the other side of the SUV Sarah was watching a group of teenage boys playing football, the teams were shirts and skins giving her a nice view of well muscled abs, she was going to like this place.

The man who took custody of the two children hadn't said much during the hour long drive as he was too busy contemplating things as it was. For the most part he was still trying to wrap his head around why the savior of the wizarding world was sitting here in the back of his vehicle and was nothing like he would have imagined, he was quiet and polite, well mannered and kind to a fault, not the violent deviant that the prosecutor painted him as or the pampered prince that the Prophet seemed to interview all the time.

Finally they arrived at the end of the road, the large SUV coming to a stop before a large stone building named Intemperance Hall. Major Moody stepped out first and opened up an umbrella then offer a hand to Sarah before helping Harry out as well, Sarah carried a pair of bags over her shoulder while Harry carried her third one inside the building.

A simple black and white tile covered the floor, tan paint was on the walls, the entire hall they had just entered was so ordinary it was startling. After seeing the grounds and the other buildings both kids expected something more although they were not sure what.

As they walked Major Moody pointed out various things to them, mostly places they would need to remember, the mess hall, administration, the supply office, the conflict resolution office. He led them up a flight of stairs to a long hallway of rooms, each door had a name and lesson, it was obviously the education hall.

"We are heading to the third floor right now my office," Major Moody told both kids as he led them along past the class rooms.

Finally on the third floor both kids were led to a large spacious office, the only two personal adornments was a family picture on the desk, and a portrait of the ugliest man both kids had ever seen. His face was covered in scars and one of his eyes was false, the scowl on his face accented his scarred visage and it felt like his eyes were always on you.

"Please sit," The major said as he sat down behind his desk and pulled out several files, checking to make sure they were the right forms before continuing. The sound of a chair sliding across the floor let him know they were now seated, he looked up happy to see both of them sitting up straight with eyes forward.

Leaning back in his chair he folded his hands before him gave each of the two children an appraising look, Harry sat back straight in his chair and looked him in the eyes trying his best not to fidget, Sarah sat back more relaxed by still offering him the respect his position deserved.

He turned his attention back to Harry and started to speak, "Mister Potter, even though I am honoring my debt to your parents I will brook no rule breaking our misbehavior," Harry's eyes grew wide at the mention of his parents, Moody continued on as if he didn't notice, "You will be assigned an adviser for your first two weeks here to help you acclimate to your new surroundings. Any questions?"

"Y-You knew my-" Harry managed to stutter out in surprise before he stopped himself and asked the one question he always wanted to know, "Do you know my mom and dad's names sir." They had always been called horrible things in his presence and never by name.

Anger flashed in Moody's eyes at the slight against such good people, they were his family friends and James had once even saved his life for their son to grow up not even knowing their names was sending him into a rage. Seeing Harry cower before his rage and try to make himself as small as possible for the beating he was waiting for stole his anger quickly, he pushed it down deep until he could find those responsible. He reached out and touched Harry's shoulder gently, his heart breaking as the boy flinched away from him, his voice took on a delicate temper as he spoke, "Your father James Harold Potter once saved my life son, your mother Lily

Elizabeth Evan's 'nee Potter was the most caring woman in the world with a gift like no other she could see the good in another's heart even when they couldn't see it themselves. When I have time in a few weeks I will call you in and tell you about them I promise."

When he realized he wasn't going to be hit Harry looked, cherishing the new found knowledge of knowing who his parents were. "Thank you sir." Harry replied softly.

After the forms were signed most of them were for Sarah in terms of her new employment as it would be considered a government job even if she was on the cleaning staff now. The major led Harry to the dorms and introduced him to a young man about fifteen years old named Jensen who would show Harry around.

That first day was filled with Harry learning the ends and out of dorm life and training schedules, making sure Harry had two weeks worth of fatigues as well as boxer briefs and socks from the supply sargent a tall tanned skin boy nicknamed finder, he could find you anything for the right price. Along with clothing Harry picked up his toiletries and several books on rules and conduct codes, a few pamphlets on various rec activities as well as his formal dress uniforms for when he attends educational classes or social functions that occasionally happen between the girls academy across the lake.

After a few tries at making the bed to expected standards and packing and unpacking his foot locker to the barracks standards Harry spent the rest of the day meeting his dorm mates and making friends.

The next morning came to quickly when Jensen dragged him out of bed at five AM and thrust a cup of bitter coffee in to his hands and ordered him to drink as he pushed Harry to the loo. Only the fact the rest of the boy's were awake and heading to the loo as well forestalled any arguments, once in the loo Jensen hung up Harry's towel and bag next to his and told him to shower quickly.

Stripping down like the rest of the boy's Harry steeped in to cold water used to it from being the last in usually at home anyways he showered quickly and toweled off ignoring some of their older boy's glancing at his scars, thankfully no one asked.

At five thirty the barracks sargent walked into the room as all the boy's came to attention and stood beside their footlockers, again Jensen saved Harry's ass by checking Harry's bed making and making sure that Harry was presentable. The tall elderly sargent walked up and down the rows of young men and gave each an appraising look, when he got to Harry he checked his footlocker and then his bed telling him they were adequate high praise from him before he checked over Harry and gave his hair a sharp tug, proud the boy didn't flinch before ordering him to get a hair cut, he knelt down and checked his boots making sure they were in good order and his laces were tucked in.

From their all thirty boys were led outside to enjoy the English rain running in place, push ups, sit ups, jumping jacks, before taking a run around the base. Throughout it all the Sargent stayed close pushing Harry to keep up, not used to positive criticism Harry pushed himself to keep up with the older boys. The sargent frowned at his behavior and mentally noted it for later.

After the run the boy's were sent back to the barracks to clean up and take a hot shower this time get dressed in clothes for classes and headed to the mess hall. Jensen stayed close to Harry the whole time making sure Harry filled his plate and then took him to the testing room so he could be assigned the proper classes.

Six grueling hours later with a break for lunch and a trip to the restroom Harry completed his aptitude tests. Harry managed to score exceptionally well in his test, in language arts and science he test as slightly above his age group but in math he was found to be at a level of advanced algebra placing him in class with the older students.

His last stop of the day before dinner, was a trip to the barbers, the small well lit room was on the bottom floor of the administration building tucked back in to a corner near the supply stores. Walking into the room it was very clean and orderly with a set of chairs along the back wall and a large mirror adorning the western wall before a pair of barbers chairs.

In the center of the room was a tall broad shouldered man with heavily tattooed arms, and a long goatee. He gave the young man a critical eye as he led him over to a open chair, "So lad you here for a

cut," He pointed to his barber equipment, "Or a cut," He then pointed to his tattooing equipment.

"Um Hair please," Harry stammered as he noticed on the far wall many pictures of cadets showing off their new tats, giving the pictures more than a passing glance at the thought of getting one of his own.

The old man went to work on the young man's hair with a relish, while he cut and trimmed he told Harry of his many exploits in world war 2 and Korea. While Harry sat their the old man imparted on Harry the most important lesson he would ever need for the coming war he was destined to fight. As the old man finished up on Harry's bangs, he leaned in close and whispered to him, "Listen up son, you killed some one and every one here will know it, but I have to tell you something. We are all guilty none of us are ever truly innocent, animals of natural instinct and crass behavior, guilty of crimes against our selves, but for a select few of us we work for the greater good of the empire protecting it from the evils that beset us all if you want to learn the truth come see me this weekend." As he finished talking he leaned back and continued to trim the boy around his ears, leaving him alone with thoughts.

A week later the staff sat back in the conference room and gave their first week evaluations of the young man named Harry Potter. Seated at the table was his barracks master, Sargent Roberts, his classroom instructors Rebecca Masters language arts, John Rice math, Clair Elector history and Josh Martin science made up the core educational group. Their was also the physical training instructor former drill instructor Lewis and of all people the barber also known as Brigadier General Mathews who besides his many duties to the crown was also head of special projects and answered to Queen Diana alone.

Major Moody looked at each member of his staff and turned to the barracks master first. "All right first order of business we are here to talk about mister Harry Potter. Sargent Roberts if you would please start," He finished turning the floor over to the sargent.

"Sir, the boy is picking up his duties well enough but suffers from a lack of self confidence, furthermore he seems overly grateful for a full meal and a bed to sleep on even clothes that are his own." He stated simply, before he continued his voice dipped a bit as he tried

to phrase his next statement properly, "Besides his lack of confidence we have another problem with him, he is prone to anger and pushes himself beyond his limits to prove his worth, also his anger seems to go hand in hand with his protectiveness over his sister Sarah." Several nodded at this statement.

"He try's hard in classes," Rebecca began but also hesitated, "But he holds himself back in class as if he is afraid to stand out."

All of the other teachers nodded in agreement at the assessment.

"His temper is another problem," Drill instructor Lewis added, "He is hard to push to the braking point on any slight against himself but when he was sparing and one of the older boys that was helping assess him made a comment about his sister that he shouldn't Harry tackled the boy to the ground and beat him soundly."

This got the attention of the base commander, he gave his instructor a stern look and asked, "And why was I not informed of this," He asked in anger.

"Because I ordered the young man to push the lad to a violent response," The brigadier general answered simply. "Her Majesty has green lit project nexus and I believe the boy will make an excellent participant in the program."

This shocked the room in to silence as they were all red into the generals of the project but not the methods of how he planned on making these super soldiers and assassins or what made these children he was recruiting so special. As every one of them was used to military law, none asked for any details.

Only Major Moody knew of the boy's importance and was aware of the fact that magical children were to be taught loyalty to her queen and methods for protecting the crown before they entered the magical world until the day came when they would crush the wizards beliefs that they could live out side of the queen's rule.

"Sir, you are aware the boy is responsible for the banishment of UDM117 and is sought after by UDM56 to become his own puppet." Moody kept to code names as most of his staff was not in the know on the magical world.

"I am well aware of that, Major." The general snapped back considering the matter closed, "Move the girl to special quarters I want him to spend time with her on the weekends to encourage his hard work and cooperation as well as his love for England, see that she is given special tutors as well as I want to present her to the crown in three months."

From their the meeting broke up quickly with every instructor given orders to push the boy to the extreme of his mental physical endurance, to make sure he was made in to the perfect soldier. All that remained was for Harry to open the door of his own free will.

Thanks for the reviews, the next few chapter will be short as they will cover a part of his training before Harry enters Hogwarts as well as the growing family dynamic between Harry and Sarah.

UDM mean UnDesirable Magical

56 is Albus Dumbledore

117 is Voldemort

Chapter 3 Turning men in to gods... sorta

Breakfast that Saturday morning passed in a blur for a young man with a lot on his mind, his body had been on autopilot as he thought on the old mans words. It was a confusing concept for an eight year old boy to wrap his head around, in his heart he knew killing was wrong but... that one word always seemed to pop up. Preemptive was another word that was in his mind since history class the previous day, it was with all these thoughts that a confused young boy walked into the barber shop looking for a truth.

Seated in one of his chairs was the old barber, with a book in hand and a pair of glasses on resting on his nose. The only sound that could be heard was a turning of a page as Harry stood their unable to decide what to say, before his courage could falter the old man asked him a simple question, "Tell me mister Potter, do you love our queen and would you serve her in any way you could to protect her from her enemies and strike them down if it was asked of you?"

Harry opened his mouth to say yes right away but stopped himself, this was a question that required he answer from the heart. Weighting his words before he answered Harry stepped forward and answered simply, "Yes sir, I love Queen Diana and I would do anything for her and the king."

Without looking up from his book the old man smiled as he felt the conviction in the boy's words. He leaned back in his seat and pulled out a small red stone from his pocket. "Well then Harry its time to begin your journey. Please take a seat in the other chair and keep your arms and legs inside this is going to be a bit bumpy."

Before Harry could ask what he meant the old man pressed a button on the stone.

Ever wonder what it felt like to be kicked in the stomach by a mule then sucked through a drain pipe, that is exactly what Harry felt as he was portkeyed into a large stone room with no windows and only torches for light. The rooms only adornment was a table with a box on it behind the table stood three people a elderly man in robes and a young couple dressed in regal looking clothes.

Mustering his courage Harry walked up to the table and extended his hand, "Um high I'm Harry Potter, its um nice to meet you." Harry managed to stammer out.

The cloaked man scowled at the boy before him, "Unpolished and no formal etiquette training."

"Also completely lacking in situational awareness also far to trusting," Added the well dressed noblemen.

"Idiots," The woman growled at the two of them and took the boy's hand into her own before he could close up as he looked about ready to do, "Hello Harry my name is Penelope Flamel, this is my husband Nickolas and are old friend Mister Croaker of the DOM, its a pleasure to meet you." As she introduced each of them she made sure to cuff them in the back of the head as she introduced them. To remind them of their manners.

General Mathews walked up behind Harry and placed his hand on his shoulder his usual joyful self was gone now replaced with the stern and unyielding commander a man with the drive and determination to be a general in service to her majesty. "Harry these three individuals will help turn you in to the wizard you were meant to be just like your parents, Mister Croaker will teach you how to fight and who to spot an enemy in a crowd he will also teach you how to kill unseen, Mister Flamel will be teaching you how to use magic as a tool as well as your own body as a weapon, lastly Mrs Flamel will teach you all you will need to know about proper protocol who to walk and talk like a pure blood prince of an ancient and noble house. Now you are allowed one question before we begin."

The general's words swirled around in his mind as Harry tried to process everything that was said most of it made no sense to him, so his eight year old mind went with the most blunt answer. "But sir, there is no such thing as magic." Three pairs of eyes stared at him with mirth, Croaker pulled a wand from his sleeve and pointed it at the table a tap upwards made the table float in the air.

Penelope reached over and squeezed Harry's shoulder before she and Croaker walked across the room and conjured chairs for themselves to sit in as the prepared to watch the show. Harry watched them walk away only to receive a smack across the cheek

from a thin rod of bamboo that appeared in Nickolas's hand, "First lesson, never become distracted."

Harry nodded as he rubbed his cheek, he was surprised by the hit and surprised it didn't hurt worse, he returned his focus back to the man before him who's hands were now resting on the small oak box before him.

"Lesson number two, shields take energy learn to dodge better." He added with a smirk as he opened the box giving Harry a chance to glance inside.

Leaning forward a little Harry looked inside quickly but glanced back up before he could be smacked again. The box was filled with multicolored toothpicks and miniature bottles, just below the lid he noticed a shimmer covering the whole thing.

"Now Harry with these we will help you make a pair of wands but first I have a question, do you know what makes a god different than a man." Nickolas asked as he stood back and folded his arms behind him.

"Um, a god can do things a man can't." Harry answered in the way only a child could answer a question that left adults wondering why a child's logic was so simple and so to the point.

More than six hundred years old and still the logic of a child's mind could impress him with its candor, he reached out and grabbed Harry's hands, took them into his own and placed them in the box as he did he answered Harry's unasked question. "Yes Harry you are quite right and since there is no way to turn you in to a god we will just have to settle for making people believe you are a god and that is teaching you the secrets to wandless magic." His words were spoken with such a calmness and serenity that put Harry at ease in contrast Croaker sat up straighter the secret to wandless magic still eluded his department.

The shimmering field at the top of the box felt funny as he placed his hands through it, like reaching in to mud. He held his hands still and waited patiently quickly a toothpick leaped in to each of his hands followed by a pair of small vials waiting a moment longer he pulled his hands out and looked at what he held. In his right hand was a black stick about eight inches long and a bottle with a yellow eye, in

his left was a red stick nine inch long and a white feather. Harry placed all the items on the table and waited for what came next.

Two bowls came into existence with a wave of his hand, Nickolas reached down and placed both hollow wands and cores in to each of the bowls as he did he explained to Harry what was happening. "When we are born are magic is in constant flux this allows us to perform what is commonly referred to as accidental magic, when we turn eight are magic begins to settle at eleven are magic settles fully. The masses believe you are the next coming of Merlin therefor we will play to that-" A wave of his hand made both of the wands and the cores melt into a puddle of goo, "To make you the next Merlin we will place a pair of special tattoos on each of your fore arms made from the wood and the core and a portion of this-" Next he produced a red stone as long and as thick as his fingers, he snapped the stone in two and placed each half into a bowl. A snap of his fingers caused the potions to catch on fire.

For the next several minutes the room watched silently as the as the potions boiled and turned from a thick sludge to a fine liquid. Once it was finished he transferred the liquids to a set of small metal canisters and placed each in a pair of tattoo guns that appeared, "Now this is going to hurt like hell so..." A wave of his hand had Harry frozen in place and levitated on the table.

Next up was General Mathews, he picked up the first tattoo gun and looked at the boy's right arm. Nickolas reached over and tapped him on the temple implanting the knowledge of each mark. For the next three hours he taught Harry the true definition of pain as he tattooed a snake on Harry's right arm and a rather sexy angel on Harry's left arm, the basilisk eye and ebony wood felt like his arm was freezing to the point it felt like it was on fire the redwood and veela feather made his arm burn like it was on fire. Thankfully he could not look down the whole time to confirm his worst fears.

By the time they finished Harry's eyes were bloodshot from crying and his throat was raw from screams a silencing charm could only marginally mask. After half an hour more of rest the body bind was lifted and Penelope took over making sure Harry was ok. With a mother gentleness she pulled him in to her arms and held him as he continued to cry, the residual pain of the two powerful cores merging with his body finally began to fade as she held him and sang softly in french.

When the burn of the mark finally passed Harry was given a special set of dog tags that would portkey him to training until he learned how to apparate. A charm was placed over the tats to hide them until he was eleven and a second was added to help numb a bit of the pain while he healed.

As Harry laid their healing Croaker stood up disappeared without a sound he had much to do before his old 'friend' Albus got wind of what was going on. Currently the old puff was tied up in the Wizingamot listening to endless reports on budget increases for every department, if there was ever going to be hell on earth it would be listening to blowhards whine about wanting more money for his or her projects involving crap no one but they care about, yes Albus would be busy for a few more weeks they hadn't even got to his department yet.

Pacing back and forth in her home Misses Figg glared at her fire place with every turn, her second letter to the headmaster had gone out two days ago and still no response for a meeting. What good was she doing as a watcher if she couldn't contact him when something happened especially of this magnitude the boy was gone now and she needed to tell him where. His foolish notions that the boy would be released were absurd, luckily she was able to get into the courtroom as a character witness for the boy and she knew where he was.

She continued to glare at the fire place in hopes that Albus would come through any moment. So intent on watching the fire place she never noticed the figure slip into the window, a hiss from her cats was all the warning she received as a needle was shoved into her neck. Before he left he dialed the emergency number and left the phone off the hook, Figg stared at the phone with vacant eyes as the poison worked its way through her body shutting down her vital systems but keeping her alive but paralyzed. Her killer walked out and smirked back at her before he left, people like her who helped protect child abusers deserved the terror of being dissected alive.

Leaving the house he had something special planned for the Dursley family, the adults were guilty of a crime that was illegal in every country of the world. It seemed fitting he had in his possession a pair of portkey, for Vernon a one way trip to South America's worst maximum security prison and for Petunia a all expense one way trip

to Burma to lead the fight against the military industrial complex. For Dudley the boy was still a child and would be left in the care of a American magical family who have kindly agreed to try to help the boy better himself. Yes he had a busy night tonight but he couldn't remember when he had more fun.

Thank you all for the wonderful reviews.

Next chapter we will see more of Sarah as the chapter will be dedicated to the start of her training with Penelope after that one more chapter on training before we see Harry prepping for Hogwarts.

UDM### explanation; UDM is the designation for anyone who has worked to place a government in Britain over the monarchy or threatened the peace of the kingdom. ### is when the person or family became labeled as a threat. As Dumbledore became a known threat in 1944 he earned his designation by allowing Grindawald to live and not destroying the elder wand before he took possession of it. That is why Voldemort is 117 because he didn't truly make his move until the early seventies and Fudge is 120 because he took power after Voldemort's fall and refused to swear the oath of allegiance to the crown when he took office.

Chapter 4: Young lady to young noble in a day

Nervousness couldn't come close to how Sarah felt as she walked back and forth in the small house she had been moved into. Her new home, a modest two bedroom house with a master bathroom a small living room with a large fireplace and a full kitchen. A man had delivered her clothes to her already so she wouldn't have to wear the fatigues she was required to wear to classes and work all the time, it was especially nice to have her own clothes and not the standard issue bras and panties from the girls school across the lake.

As it was Sunday Sarah was wearing a sports bra and a pair of sleep pants as she was told to expect a woman and to dress as she would normally. She still had another hour until the woman was supposed to arrive so she decided to go back to making sure Harry's room was ready for him when he was allowed to stay with her on the weekend. The room was a simple bedroom with a twin bed and a dresser, under the window was a simple writing desk with several books resting upon it, in the corner between the bed and the dresser was a old guitar her old guitar. The empty shelves and plain looking walls would need a bit of color and maybe a few pictures before it became a proper room but it was a very good start.

The ring of the door bell pulled her out of her thoughts, she went to the door to find a woman a few years older then her standing their waiting for her. The woman at the door gave her an appraising look as she made a notation on her clipboard, Sarah was starting to really wish she dressed more properly then she was.

"Please come in," Sarah finally managed to get out after a minute of staring at the woman.

"I would be delighted Miss..." The woman at the door said in a formal tone and with a smile as she made another notation.

Shit A bloody royal, Her inner voice screamed, Sarah blanched a bit as she went into a clumsy curtsy. The woman before her was wearing a light pink dress suit that probably cost more then her entire wardrobe, the diamond studs in her ear matched her necklace perfectly her hoops in her ears were a bit tarnished and her choker had bitch written on it. She didn't even want to see her shoes or legs they were probably super expensive and her legs were smooth as

could be, at the moment she was barefoot and hadn't shaved her legs since Friday.

"Hi... I mean welcome to my home, I am Miss Sarah Cawfield." Sarah said in a hopefully proper introduction.

"Thank you," The woman responded politely as she walked past Sarah, "My name is Lady Penelope Flamel, etiquette and protocol instructor to the crown."

Sarah led her into the living room thankful that she had at least cleaned up this morning and led her over to the couch, "Perhaps some tea," Penelope asked, before Sarah could stand up Penelope pulled out her wand and conjured a tea set a second wave of her wand had the pot filled with hot water. She added a small package from her inner pocket to the pot and sat back and relaxed as she stared at Sarah's gobsmacked expression.

"Cream, sugar," Penelope asked as she prepared her tea as if making things appear out of thin air was normal.

Shaking her head slowly Sarah sat back in the chair and tried to wrap her mind around what she had just seen, on one hand the woman made a tea service appear out of thin air on the other hand she used to have a magic blanket that gave her food and medicine when she asked for it. Not knowing what to say or do Sarah brought the cup to her mouth and took a sip, immediately she leaned forward and spewed the tea across the table it tasted like rancid horse shit and was burning her tongue, she rushed from the room in to the kitchen and began downing large quantities of water.

Penelope walked around the living room and made a few notations on her clipboard her cup of tea floated behind her the whole time, Mongolian tea was a acquired taste after all. After a few minutes Sarah rejoined her looking a bit pale but more composed and asked, "What are you?"

"A witch dear." Penelope responded with out looking up as she flipped through the her CD's.

Ow that explains everything, Sarah thought with annoyance as she was starting to grow steadily annoyed with the woman's constant

need to critique her things. Surprisingly the woman turned to her and smiled brightly then said, "Much like Mister Potter who is a wizard."

Suddenly Penelope walked out of the room and down the hallway to the bedrooms, her first stop was Harry's room with Sarah hot on her heels. "Um excuse me, Miss Flamel-" She began as the woman continued to make notations on Harry's room.

"Lady Flamel." Penelope interrupted her as she gave the room a critical look before ghosting pass the sputtering girl.

"Fine Lady Flamel, what is the..." Sarah began in a angry voice well as angry as a fourteen year old could manage as she entered her bedroom only to find her clothes flying out of her closet to land in to separate piles on the bed, the larger pile then floated in the air for a moment before it burst into flames and disappeared. "Where are my cloths you, you bitch." Sarah sputtered in anger.

Other the a raised eyebrow the woman made no sign of recognition to the young woman's words. Her words were another matter, "You will put on proper clothes and join me in the living room in one hour. I expect to see a proper stud in your ear not those hoops, make up applied in proper fashion and your hair to be tied back after being properly cleaned, heels or slippers and stockings not socks. You have one hour not go." A twirl of her wand conjured a hourglass that flipped over and started counting down her remaining time as the dragon lady left her room.

Alone again Sarah did the only thing a fourteen year old girl could do after being ridiculed, insulted, watched most of her cloths go up in flames and then scolded like a child, she fell to the ground and cried.

After a hour passed Sarah walked back into the living room in a powder blue sundress her hair in a bun and all of her piercings removed, her legs were freshly shaven and she was wearing nylons and two inch heels. She stood at the entrance to her own living room and stared at the floor as she cried softly, her makeup was a bust with her crying so she didn't bother, she stood their and waited for the woman to say some thing.

A sigh escaped her lips as she looked at the down trodden girl, Penelope knew the girls past and was here to make her in to something different, sadly like her husband though she had a

tendency to forget her manners and push the wrong buttons especially when dealing with children. Knowing she should apologize she pushed the thought away until after the girls training, also like her husband after six hundred years of living putting things off to another day was second nature. "Sarah please sit so we can begin." She said in a kinder voice as pointed to the couch.

Sarah quickly complied but still looked down at the ground, praying this horrible day would come to an end. The scratch of a pen on paper was all the sound that could be heard for the next several minutes pushing to the point of lashing out. Before she blew up the sound stopped and the clipboard was laid on the table between them allowing Sarah to read it. Before she could more then glance at Penelope cleared her throat and gave Sarah a piercing look before she spoke.

"Now dear let us speak bluntly as we have months to get you ready to be presented and little more then two years before you most pass as a member of the Potter family." Seeing her confused look, Penelope explained the truth of what she was truly involved in now, "When you chose to stand beside Harry you made yourself many enemies, enemies who would do their best to capture you and well your time at their hands would not be pleasant. I am here to offer you a choice, if you choose to stay you will train under me and I will not be gentle or you can be free and walk away trust me when I say no one will hold it against you."

Sarah was old enough to understand what she meant by 'not be pleasant' but could she do that walk away from Harry, a part of her wanted to run away as fast as she could and never look back but could she leave Harry behind. "No," Was all could she could say, she couldn't leave him now even if it cost her life she would never leave him alone, "No I want to help him what do we need to do."

The first genuine smile sense she walked into the house graced her lips as Penelope leaned back and waved her wand over the clipboard making it disappear. Surprised she expected to see the girls back end right now as she ran out the front door away from all of this madness, smiling at the young woman she poured herself a fresh cup of tea and spoke with a smirk, "lets begin then."

A wave of her wand had Sarah on her feet with her back rigid and her knees barely able to bend. Penelope smirked at her and stood

as well the walked across the room with her cup of tea resting on the top of her head, even though the cup was filled to the rim not a drop fell as she moved easily across the room and back. "First lesson young lady, walk like a queen and the world will bow to you. Your turn."

Gulping loudly Sarah stepped forward and let out a sigh as when Penelope placed a book on her and took her by the hand slowly walking her around the offering her words of encouragement as she took every step. With every lesson she planned on building the girls confidence so high that when she met Albus none of his little mind games would take hold of her.

After a hour Sarah was finally able to walk with out dropping her book after several time of trial and error she learned how to look around just using her eyes with out moving her head. From their they went to sitting and eating properly at a formal function to how to make proper small talk. By the end of the lesson Sarah was exhausted and drained with no greater desire then to curl up in a warm bath and sleep, she headed to her bedroom after showing Lady Flamel to the door only to find her destroyed wardrobe to be completely replaced.

All fatigue disappeared from her as looked at the new clothes in awe, her entire closet was filled with formal dresses, casual dresses, an assortment of skirts and slacks as well as matching blouses. Her drawers were filled with all new undergarments all in her size, several night gowns that were the perfect match between modest and sexy as well as nylons slips and everything she would need. She rushed in to her bathroom to find her make up replaced with all new make up designed for her complexion to heighten her beauty with out over shadowing it. Everything was brand new and name brand, she easily recognized the designers by the tags and blanched at the cost, these clothes and make up probably cost more the then a house she relieved.

When she climbed into the bath to relax she was feeling very good about her first lesson life might be a bit strange with a little brother as a wizard but she knew she could deal with it especially if she was wearing her new Versace heels and a stunning Gucci purse on her arm, let them come she thought as she already began planning out tomorrows outfit as she began to doze in her bathtub.

Thanks for all the reviews, next chapter we will see Harry being trained the next few training chapters will leap frog through the next two years, I hope you enjoy.

All the reviews I have received have been very good and a question has been asked multiple times, why did I go with murder 1 instead of murder 2 or manslaughter. First off I probably meant murder 2 but just forgot about it as I was writing now the next thing is that a prosecutor will highball the first time and allow the defense attorney to low ball so a decision could be met in the middle, as Harry's legal guardians were required to provide consul they also made sure no deals were even tabled so that they could be rid of the freak forever. Lastly after Harry killed the woman he shut down emotionally over what he did and offered no defense as well as the fact because he shut down he displayed no remorse over what he did. Given the seriousness of his crime and his age he would most likely spend the next ten years in a youth facility until he turned eighteen and then be released but that didn't work for my story so I used my divine powers as a fanfiction writer to rewrite the laws...HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

Chapter 5: The assassins greatest weapon

It had been a little over a year since Harry had began his training and his tenth birthday was only a month away but his mind was on more important things at the moment. His study of magic had progressed well and he was able to cast every first year spell with ease as well as his training in dark arts and rune carving were steadily on par with a forth year. His one major problem in magic was transfiguration he could cast the spells and make them work but he couldn't for the life of them understand why someone would drink out of a cup made from a rat or not keep a sewing needle on hand in their survival kit like he always now carried. Occlumancy proved to be another problem as the cursed scar though removed had weakened his mental defenses, so now he was being trained to control his thoughts and force a litigamen to see only the thoughts he allowed. In contrast his ability to use passive legilimancy was impressive, as his body was unable to handle more advanced magics he just learned the theory of more advanced spells.

Today Harry was going to be meeting a real secret agent, the type he watched with Sarah on the weekends like James bond. As he stood their waiting for his new instructor Harry raised both hands and focused on the targets at the end of the range and began to fire off repeating piercing curses, after a few months of practice he was able to hit the target ten out of ten times. Each curse struck the center mass of the chest no more then two inches apart.

"Excellent marksmanship kid," A man in a pair of jeans and a t-shirt said as he stepped up behind Harry and extended his hand. "Names Rodgers, Jacob Rodgers, agent 007 of MI6."

Many notions of what a secret agent would look like, act like, were ruthlessly crushed as Harry stared at the discrete man. Everything about him was as common as could be his hair was cut short and in a rather common style his shirt was of a simple black t-shirt with a Manchester logo even his jeans were faded and look well worn. Nothing about him stood out at all, in short it was kind of disappointing meeting him for the first time.

As if he could read Harry's mind, he put his hand back at his side and felt a more formal introduction was in order. Moving with the speed of a snake his hand shot froward and a chain shot out between his fingers, he whipped it to the side wrapping it around

Harry's neck, with surprising strength he flipped Harry over his shoulder with ease. He easily jerked his arm up using his other arm for leverage and held Harry several inches off the ground, his voice was deadly calm as he glared at Harry, "Two things kids if you want to survive in this world, first anonymity is your greatest weapon to remain unseen will allow you to kill with impunity and slip away in the darkness. Second never never lower your guard I could be anyone or under the imperious curse. If you don't learn these lessons you will find your life as a agent very short and very painful, got it."

Not being able to breath was a new experience for Harry, next time he saw Vernon he would really have to tell him he need to step up his abusive techniques but it quickly lost its novelty. Frantically Harry clawed at his neck trying to get his fingers in between his sore neck and the chain as he tried to take in every word with out the ability to speak at the present moment Harry could only nod his head in agreement.

Since his point had been made, he dropped Harry to the ground and gave the boy a few moments to compose himself while he retrieved a large bag from the entrance point and laid it on the table. From the bag he pulled out a smaller roll bag and rolled it open and waved Harry over to see.

After Harry was fully able to breath again he forced himself to his feet and walked over to the table but kept a close eye on the man. The sight on the table drew his full attention, inside the bag was all of his new gear. He started at the far end and ran his fingers over the faded leather as he took it all in.

"Lets begin agent 7M," He said with a smile remembering when he got his kit for the first time, starting at the same end he began, "This is your Walter PPK five clips included comes with a built in suppressor," Next he pointed at a necklace with a Celtic cross on it, "Your garrote chain, ninety percent titanium ten percent platinum for color, to use it grab chain in one hand cross in the other push here and pull then strangle your enemy," He held the necklace up for inspection then took the chain in hand and pressed a button near the clasp and pulled the cross away revealing a sixteen inch wire. "This is your watch, great for telling time and can be linked to a tracking charm, the compose will point in the direction of your target, water resistant and can with stands pressure depths up to two

thousand meters. Sorry no lasers." The watch looked very nice like the type of watch rich people wore. "Next we have your belt hidden in the buckle here is a three inch blade, the belt is leather and will make a good improvised garrote in a pinch," The belt was indeed nice, the type one could wear anywhere, from the buckle Agent Rodgers squeezed to points on the belt right past the buckle and pulled out a small knife with a wide blade the grip was the type to be held between ones fingers and the blade had a golden sheen to it. "This knife is solid titanium with a mix of gold and silver coating the blade to help you deal with werewolves and the like." The last item in the rolling bag was a thick file folder with a lock on it, Harry picked it up surprised by the fact that it weighted about ten pounds, Agent Rodgers tapped Harry on the shoulder and smiled, "That is the most powerful weapon I could ever give you, knowledge. All the intel we have on your enemies, their habit, their favored fighting styles and most importantly everything we know about their daily routines. This intel will help you but first hand knowledge is the best in the world and I expect you to use that as well when we formulate your strategies. Now lets begin."

Harry could only nod dumbly as he slid on the belt and the necklace the attach the holster for the PPK to his belt the five clips easily fit into a pouch on his side. The watch band shrunk to perfectly fit his wrist as he slid it on, lastly he placed the file to the side of the table and returned his attention to the man who was going to train him.

Agent Rodgers walked to the center of the room and then called out in a loud voice, "We need a room for situational training, make it a diner fifties style with two threats level three difficulty none lethal setting medium amount of traffic only identify one of them." As he called out the room morphed in to a dinner from the fifties, about a dozen people were in their and they were dressed in period style clothing except for one man who was sitting at a booth wearing a black cloak and silver mask.

This is so cool, was Harry's first thought as he tried to look everywhere as he followed agent Rodgers to a booth in the corner. A waitress rolled by on roller skates with a pot of coffee and poured them both a cup before she left, Harry picked up the cup and took a sip surprised that the coffee disappeared as it passed his lips. Before he could ask his trainer gave him a shake of the head and went back to observing the room.

The cloaked figure was easily the first target but who was the second Harry wondered as he glanced around. At the bar was three men chatting together in suits, a pair of waitress on roller skates were moving about the diner delivering food and taking orders, from his seat he had a partial view of the kitchen where he could see a portly man cooking at the grill lastly there were several young couples at the various booths chatting each other up more than once a girl at the far booth glanced his direction and smiled.

"Plan Harry," Agent Rodgers asked as he leaned back having already spotted the second target and wanted to see how Harry handled himself on his own.

Taking the time to focus on the problem Harry also leaned back and weighted his option, I could hit the exposed death eater and wait for the other to reveal himself but that is not what he wants... Harry let out a sigh this was a lot harder than he thought it would be, I wait for him to go to loo and attack him then hide him and wait for his companion to check up on him better plan. With his plan decided upon Harry leaned in close and whispered his plans to his trainer before he went back to watching the man.

The fake death eater sat there for half an hour more and finished his food before he stood up and headed into the loo, Harry gave him a few second head start before he stood up and followed him into the loo. His target stood at the urinal and relieved himself as Harry walked in and headed to the stall next to him. The death eater glanced at Harry for a moment before going back to minding his business. Harry reached down and loosened his belt but instead of unzipping his pants he pulled his knife free and let out a breath he didn't even know he was holding. Harry spun towards the man and stabbed upward, his sudden movement alerted the man who tried to dodge out of the way but he wasn't fast enough.

The blade sliced across his throat opening his wind pipe but just missing his trachea, the man fell back and grabbed his throat as he raised his wand Harry dropped low and stabbed out. Falling back on his lessons Harry went low and stabbed one of the five points on a human body that could kill in a few moments, cardiac artery, spine at the base of the neck, in between the third and fourth rib piercing the heart, the groin, today though his target was the femoral artery. His blade punched into the man's thigh a sharp twist and the man fell

back as his blood quickly flowed out of him. The man was dead before he even hit the ground.

"Booyah bitch, now who's dead." Harry said as he broke into a impromptu victory dance at taking out the first target.

"You are."

Spinning around Harry found himself looking down the barrel of a glock, a muzzle flash, three hours later Harry awoke on the floor with a splitting headache and a grinning man standing over him. "Ready to try again Harry."

They say we learn more from are failures then are successes, if that was true the then Harry was probably the smartest man alive at moment. For eight weeks Harry trained hard every day only to fail at every turn, every simulation was tweaked in such a way that he couldn't count on the previous encounters. After so many failures Harry went from depressed at his failures to pissed about not being able to pass the damned test. It wasn't tell his last test that he finally figured out what to do, he sat calmly and watched the man, this time he went in to the kitchen for a few minutes and walked out with the dish washer both of them stood for several moments and chatted at the counter before they apperated away.

"Interesting choice Harry, care to explain." Agent Rodgers asked, his voice stayed completely calm as he spoke, but that wasn't telling a lot. Even when he was berating Harry for something he did wrong in training his voice stayed calm as ever.

"Well sir, last night I was thinking about something you told me the first day we trained together, about how proper intel saves lives. So I was thinking about the fact that I was to take out two targets and I only knew about one therefor I didn't have enough intel to complete my assignment so if I waited then I would know both my targets and come back the next day or get them when they are apart." Harry said meekly as he waited for his punishment.

For the first time in two months Agent Rodgers cracked a real smile, "Congratulations Agent 7M Potter, you passed your field operations test." He leaned back and pulled Harry's file in between them and signed off on Harry's training, "The most important thing an agent can learn is patience, I have spent months in crappy places eating

horrible take out watching and waiting for my chance to make my move. Your mission will take years to impart yourself in the proper social circles to allow you to move with the invisibility you will need to make your plans work."

It was a lot to take in, after two months of putting up with nothing but getting his ass handed to him by the prick, Harry was actually feeling a little sad that he would be leaving him behind. "I will miss our time together sir." A tear slid down his cheek as he tried to keep the sadness from his voice, when they weren't training Agent Rodgers talked to him about life and had become someone to look up to. This must be what Sarah feels like, he thought as he reflected on why Sarah always stood by him and did things for him.

A roar of laughter escaped his lips as he sat there and stared at the boy he had come to care for, seeing his hurt look he stifled his laughter and tried to speak, "Relax son, you and I are going to be together for a while I am your back up. What you think after two months you're ready to do all the planning on your own." More laughter escaped his lips as he leaned back and opened up a cooler and pulled out a couple of beers and passed one to Harry.

"Ass." Harry grumbled.

Thank you for all the reviews. I am trying to improve my grammar and spelling and I hope you like it. Now on to a more off topic subject if you are reading my other story you may be surprised to see it back on chapter 1 real soon. I am doing a complete overhaul on the story, I hope you all like it those who are reading both a full explanation will be in chapter 1. now on to some QA.

Project Nexus is only now being implemented because of Diana's rise to the position of Queen of England. The Queen mother who lived through world war 2 still believes in the goodness of Albus Dumbledore, Diana believes in actions of now more than past glories. The reason the Albus has been on the list as a UDM was because the former king never trusted a man who acts like he is too good for the laws to affect him. The other reason is that the Queen Mother would never condone a child being trained to kill as she herself had seen the deadly aftermath of Hitler creating a military unit of children to kill.

Chapter 6: Unforgivable

AN: This will not be a story where Harry will snap his fingers and a death eater will fall over dead, the inner circle of the death eaters is made up of those worthy of holding their position with wand and with power.

A cold chill blew through the Carpathian mountains as Harry pulled his winter coat tighter around him, his warming charm barely took the edge off as a fresh layer of snow fell from the sky. Today was the day he took his final test, on his right was Agent Rodgers so far he hadn't shown a sign of being affected by the chill April air, on his left was General Mathews the elderly man was hidden beneath many layers of clothes as he watched the meeting a quarter kilometer away through the scope of a sniper rifle. Behind the group of three was transport helicopter with who Harry guessed was Mrs. Flamel also bundled up and a dozen soldiers of the SAS, to protect the group, like the general she had a sniper rifle resting across chest.

The others slipped from his mind as he looked through his binoculars, a quarter of kilometer and fifty meters due south of their position was his target. UDM37 and UDM64 was meeting with UDM71 for some kind of payoff, the particulars were a bit confusing. UDM37 head of the Goyle family and UDM71 lady wife of the Nott family were paying off UDM71 a viral monstrosity by the name Fenrir Grayback, the deal had something to do with making sure their kids would not ever be meeting with the monster known as Grayback, If he was such a problem just kill him.

For another ten minutes the targets continued their meeting before Harry felt a tap on his shoulder signaling him to get his mission under way. Thankfully his mission tonight was one of minimal casualties and maximum damage, the sight of a dozen men with bestial appearances moving around the parameter some carrying wands others carrying AK47 all of them with the mark of a half moon burned into their cheeks signifying them as soldiers in moon soldiers clan. As the men moved about he also noticed that several of them had six point stars tattooed into their other cheek signifying them as under bosses of the clan as well. Yes fifteen against one was not great odds.

Pooling his magic within him, Harry silently apparated to a rock ledge over the plateau and stayed as still and silent as possible as

his PPK slid into his hand, his other hand glowed a light yellow as he prepared to fire off a series of piercing curses in case they saw him. Harry took a breath as he strained to hear any sound of them noticing them, after ten second the all clear came over his ear piece.

Fresh snow fall concealed him more as he belly crawled across the small ledge, his position kept him down wind of the beasts concealing him more. His current position put him about three meters above the meeting and well within hearing range, unable to move closer without revealing himself Harry slid his hand in to his over coat and grabbed a tube cam out of his coat he slid the tube through the snow and hit the record button. Tapping his throat mic he reported in, "Eyes on target, everything coming in clear."

"Crystal," A female voice answered over the com he had never heard before.

"Harry hold still," Agent Rodgers ordered swiftly as he cocked his rifle.

Never was a their a more needed order as one of the the werewolves jumped up on the ledge and sat upon the rock Harry was laying next to. The barrel of his AK was less the three inches from Harry's back as the man fell back and relaxed on the rock, the snow continued to fall keeping Harry completely concealed from sight. Harry remained completely still too scared to even breath as he prayed that his life was not about to end before he had a chance to enjoy it.

Back at the helicopter Agent Rodgers was going spare as he sighted down his rifle at the meeting his finger was pressed tight to the trigger as he prayed for a miracle. Their female companion took up a fire stance beside him and sighted down the meeting next to him, she reached out and placed her hand on his shoulder giving him a gentle squeeze. Her gentle touch helped center him as he let out a ragged breath, one wrong move on anyone's part and Harry would be cut in half by the assault rifles spray.

Seconds felt like hours as everyone waited on baited breath for the meeting to end. All they could do was wait and listen in the meeting.

'And I told you Grayback, Lucius wants your cooperation or he wants your head as a piss pot, your choice.'

'Watch your words bitch or I will let my boys try out English pureblood.'

'These orders come from our lord,'

'Voldemort is dead and gone and I bow to no one, boy's return to headquarters.'

As one all of the werewolves activated their portkeys and disappeared from sight leaving the two purebloods, with the beasts gone Harry let out a breath he had been holding for over a minute as he pulled his PPK only to receive a message over the com, 'Agent Potter, change of orders capture the woman I want to know everything she knows, respond.' Harry sighted down the barrel as he prepared to leap, "Authorization code." The man was like his uncle large and with the look of a bully, Harry would need to take him hard and fast. 'Alpha 1 5 0 7 Zulu Niner, Confirm.' Harry let out a sigh and gave his affirmative, "Change of orders acknowledged." Harry responded as he shifted slightly, the woman looked like the type to rabbit at the first sign of trouble. Taking him without the benefit of surprise would be more challenging but Harry wasn't the type to back away from a challenge.

Taking a breath then releasing it Harry rushed two steps to the ledge and leaped into the air he slammed into the woman's back with force of speeding truck his forearm slamming her in the ribs with enough force to fracture two of them. Amplifying his strike with a banishing charm the woman was knocked ten feet into the air only to find her impromptu flight stopped when she slammed in to a boulder knocking her unconscious.

Turning with his wand drawn the Gregory Goyle Sr. was not the sharpest knife in drawer but even he could tell something was wrong when his partner for this parlay went flying into a rock. "What in the name of Merlin," He screamed as he watched the heavily clothed muggle roll in to a fighting stance and point something metal at him, Incendio, he roared out unleashing a wave of fire at his enemy.

"Mother fu..." Harry yelled as he rolled out of the way, only stopping himself from swearing as Sarah made it clear that just because the older boy used bad language didn't mean he was allowed to. Only reflexes honed by years of dodging allowed him to avoid the deadly

flames, at least it did warm him up a bit. As he dodged he whipped his arm across casting a tripping jinx at the man that sent him tumbling to the ground, he thrust his arm forward and fired off a piercing curse hoping to catch the man unaware.

Goyle Sr. snapped up a shield as he rolled his body trying to avoid the curse, his shield was a moment too late but his roll allowed him to take the hit to his shoulder and not his chest. The bigger man was on his feet a moment before Harry and slashed his wand at him, no spell flew from his wand as Harry raised his handgun ready to put a bullet in the man's head when a rock struck the gun knocking it from his hand.

Both fighters circled each other for a moment before Harry thrust his hands together before him firing off the same flame throwing curse that the bigger man used on him earlier. Goyle snapped off with a freezing winds charm blocking Harry's curse, his follow up curse a cruciatus curse missed Harry by a breath as the boy ducked low dodging the worst of the freezing winds.

Moving into a quick spin Harry thrust his hands forward with every spin moving left and right with each spin to making him a smaller target as he fired off a rapid fire stream of burning welts curses, moving a bit closer with each step while forcing the larger man to defend.

A dozen curses slammed into his shield in as many seconds, Goyle Sr. suddenly dropped his shield and took a hit to his hand as he fired off an ice spear, trying to end the fight now. Harry threw up a shield as he tried to dodge the unexpected attack but his foot slipped on a rapidly refreezing ground and only partially dodged his shield was punctured but misdirected the ice spear, only cutting a long gouge against his chest instead of impaling him.

Harry stumbled back only to be hit by a banisher to the chest that sent him flying across the plateau only to stop a few short inches from the edge. Harry let out a ragged breath as he tried to regain his footing even as he could feel the booted steps of the man coming closer as he laughed with malicious glee.

Back on the cliff Agent Rodgers was going spare at the sight of his young ward being beaten so soundly, his finger was pressed tight against the trigger ready to fire, "Ma'am I have a shot please let me

take it." He pleaded as he watched Harry try to rise, the man's file played through his mind as he tracked his every step.

"No," She ordered harshly, her voice softened as she continued, "No soon Harry will be at a place where he will have to stand on his own, have faith in him."

Words wouldn't come as he watched and prayed for a miracle to save Harry, all he knew was that he would put a bullet in the man's head and violate a direct order if it kept Harry safe.

Harry let out another ragged breath just as he felt a but connect with his side braking a rib and flipping him on to his back. A boot slammed in to his already hurt chest and pinned him to the ground as the man reached down and pulled open Harry's hood.

"What do we have here, the boy-who-lived, well well well, your head mounted on my wall will see me elevated far above that puff Lucius." Goyle Sr. growled out with a disgusting leer as he got over his initial shock, to be the one to capture his lords enemy would be a true feather in his cap, had he been paying more attention instead of imagining the parade of support he would receive he would have noticed the boy's hand slide around the hilt of his combat knife.

Pain focused him as he stabbed out slamming the blade into the man calf, tearing into the meat he twisted the blade making him howl in agony. Ripping the knife out Harry slammed his hand hand in to man's groin and screamed out, "Crusio," Dark magic flew out of his hand as he released his rage, images of what he would do to his uncle fueled his spell and blasted the death eater across the plateau.

The man lay on the ground in a pitiful heap crying as he rolled into a ball as waves of agony over took him even a few second to that area could cause permanent damage, he would no as he often did it to women before he raped them to make their agonizing screams more enjoyable. A cutting curse from Harry ended his pitiful cries forever.

Nausea over whelmed him as he summoned his PPK back to him and holstered it, grabbing the woman blouse Harry apperated both of them back to the clearing. Once there two men rushed over and grabbed the woman and placed her in a pair magical dampening handcuffs, they dragged her in to the hold of the large transport helicopter for interrogation.

While all that was happening Agent Rodgers rush over to Harry and began to check him, calling out for a medic to check out Harry's ribs and the gash on his chest. As he stood their listening to the his trainers gentle words of comfort Harry fell forward and began to ball again as the older man wrapped him in a hug. The after effects of that curse combined with loss of adrenalin pushed Harry over the edge, two years of training and taking out illusionary targets were nothing like the real thing, even the woman he killed to get here was a blur in his memory. The man he had just killed was down and defeated, he had a family and a son his age as well as a daughter a few years younger then him, now because of him a family was with out a father like he was. The turmoil of emotions running through him made sick to his stomach, fortunately his lunch was pretty bland the day as it came up all over the ground.

The other soldiers broke their temporary camp and left the young man to work through his pain, he may be a boy still but he had just shed blood like the rest of them in defense of king and country. To them he was now one of them and none of them would laugh about him needing to cry, each of them worked through the emotions of their first kill in their own way, whether it be drink or affordable female companionship everyone of them had shed a tear or two.

A soft hand reached out and cupped Harry's cheek, it was a motherly gesture that made him feel better even if he couldn't see the face that was concealed by a scarf and goggles he just knew the soft touch matched her eyes making him like he was going to be alright. The mysterious woman walked away from him and moved into the Helicopter removing her goggles and scarf before entering the small office she used and poured herself a healthy measure of scotch and gulped it down, the burn felt good as she fell back into her chair and wiped away a tear.

"Your majesty," A small elderly woman stepped up to Queen Diana and placed a hand on her shoulder, "Would you like to talk about it child."

For her whole life Amy, her lady in waiting, a woman who had been their since her first memories had always been her conscience growing up keeping her safe and keeping her grounded. She always played devils advocate to her ladies ambition, it was this kind of moral guidance she needed now. "I was so sure this plan was for

the good of my people but now I feel like I just earned my proper place in hell." She said in a broken voice.

Her lady in waiting refilled her glass and poured one for herself, "You can end it now if you wished, children are more resilient than most people give them credit for." She answered in her usual kind voice.

"And then what tell him," She demanded harshly more than her companion deserved, "He believes in the goodness of what he is being asked to do, the way his face lights up when I am mentioned. He looks at my picture with love and devotion, honored by the chance to serve the crown, how can I take that away from him, tell him my courage is less than his own."

"When I was a lass of fifteen," Amy began as she leaned back against the desk and watched the soldiers from window, "I was visiting France when German forces invaded, I was helping my aunt care for a group of orphans who were escaping Germany, Jewish orphans. We fled into the mountains to a abandoned monastery with thirty children no older twelve and some as young as three, for months we hid there praying for safety, my aunt charged me with keeping the children smiling and happy. I did so with every fiber of my being playing games during the the day and reading stories at night always keeping a brave face on when I was around the kids and crying myself to sleep every night." Her eyes took on a sad look as if remembering a painful memory, "Then it happened they found us, I was out gathering fresh berries for the pies when I heard the screams. A group of soldiers, four of them had my aunt backed against the door she had a knife in hand one from the kitchen and was swinging it wildly about trying to hold them men at bay. They were so sure of the ease of their victory they left their weapons in the jeep as they taunted her, I saw them and knew I could get to them and kill those men before they could stop me."

"So you saved the day, and your telling me to have courage and do what I know is right." Diana asked, the warmth in her belly had chased away her fears.

Fresh tear were falling from her eyes as Amy gave her Queen a sad look, "I ran away. To this day I can still hear the screams as the soldiers burnt the monastery to the ground after having their way the

children. From that day on I refused to allow my fear to control me as should you."

Both women lapsed in to silence as the helicopter took flight the heavy engine and the mountain winds still could not drown out the screams of the woman in the cargo bay. She had information and she was going to share it, in times of war mercy was often put away as a luxury for another day and this was a war that for too long had gone against them with any defense being offered. Diana picked up her pen and signed her name giving final authorization to send children to war, placing her moral beliefs aside she would not hide behind them like many rulers would do, there was no greater good and no personal belief that god would forgive her sins as she worked his will. The world would remember her as a visionary or as coward she cared not, she only cared about those who she was sworn to protect and would do so even if that meant destroying a kind faced boy with the weight of the world on his shoulders. "What terrible things we truly are." She muttered to the silent room.

Another scream came from the cargo hold, Harry's face fell into his hands as he tried to block out the noise. For a moment his resolve crumbled but before it could take hold he remembered who he was serving, the queen had given him a sacred charge to protect the world from those who thought they were above her rule. Memories of her smiling face on the TV and in the paper gave him strength as he hoped that one day she would smile on him if he did his job well, he would serve until last breath because he knew in his heart she would never question herself, god had graced her with the right to rule so how could she ever make a mistake. Child like logic filled him with courage to complete his mission as he stood up, he would complete his assignment and not cry like a child for king and country he would be strong he told himself as he walked into the make shift interrogation room.

Thank you for all the reviews, Next chapter will be Harry and Sarah receiving their marching orders and a bit about their life together as a family as well as the reason why Sarah needed so much training in protocol. After that a train ride in to destiny.

Now I understand that some of my reviews asked for a bit of clarification as they were confused to some extent about my understanding of the monarchy. If you are British my ignorance

offended you I offer my sincere apology. No in my story Charles and Diana stayed married and worked through their problems at least on a public level, I am using Diana as more of a figure head like we do in the US with our president she may not be able to act with impunity but when has that ever stopped a back room deal from a world leader before. My use of the Queen Mother is referring to former Queen Elizabeth II is a title as the mother of prince Charles who is a king in my story. While Diana doesn't have the authority to order armies in to battle she will use what power she has to do what she believes is best for the common wealth. If I have made any further mistakes please let me know and I will do my best to explain them to the best of my abilities and thank you.

Chapter 7: Goodbyes and greetings

September first rolled around faster than anyone would have expected, many plans were wasted as Harry received his letter from an owl that kindly agreed to wait so Harry could send off his reply in the affirmative. Because he sent the letter back right away there was no need for a teacher to show up, his letter included his school list and his train ticket but not the location of the platform, the school list only told him to go to Diagon Alley not where it was located as if he was born with this knowledge.

Fortunately he had associates who knew where he needed to go, apparently Albus was truly out of the loop if he didn't even know Harry was not at Dursley's home. His trip to Diagon Alley went extremely smooth as he spent the day in a briefing room while Penny dropped off a fake philosopher's stone at Gringotts she picked up his supplies, a private tailor prepared his school robes with a few modifications.

For the first year his assignment was rather simple if not highly improbable, his orders from the queen were simple, make them revere you as a god use your fame to make them see you as the leader they need. Guide them with gentleness punish them with cruelty and teach them they are but a part of the British empire and what that truly means. Currently there was only one member of the staff on the investigate list and two on the kill list, sadly he was instructed to not kill Albus and Severus unless he could pull it off in a way that looked completely natural. The suspicious death of either would bring unwanted attention to their plans, Minerva was on the investigate list as she is one of Albus's closest allies but her fate was up to Harry's discretion.

Seeing him off for his transfer to a special institute was his dorm mates as well as several friends from the girls school, hugs and handshakes went around with Harry trying to hold back tears as he said good bye to his friends. Harry received more than a few cat calls when Felicia rushed in to Harry's arms and hugged him tight showering him with kisses as she cried her eyes out. Felicia was Harry's snogging friend since the summer dance the previous year, Sarah just rolled her eyes as Felicia grabbed Harry's face and kissed him hard enough to make him forget his name.

"At least she's keeping her clothes on this time." Sarah said in a whisper to Jacob. Seeing his raised eyebrow she leaned in close and told him the story.

Flashback two months previous...

Thankfully the night air was warm enough as Sarah walked home from the school dance, as the newest member of the staff she was assigned chaperon duties at the dance, luckily for her Harry was a perfect gentlemen and left an hour before her to walk his date back to her campus. It wasn't so bad though, the major had given her a rather enjoyable turn on the dance floor and while she had to bat away a few hands from some of the older student who had the courage to ask her to dance, her favorite was when Harry danced with her to her favorite slow song.

Stumbling a bit as she was really regretting the forth glass of wine right now as tried to put her key in the door. On her forth try she finally managed to get the key in the lock only to find her door unlocked telling her Harry was already home. As she walked in the soft sounds of No Doubt greeted her as she walked into the kitchen and sat down at the table, her five inch heels found a new home on the table away from her feet as she stretched her toes a bit.

She pulled a bottle of water out of the fridge and headed to her room her feet tapping to the beat as she walked along, Seeing Harry's door open she called out to as she walked past glancing in for a moment as went, "Harry honey don't stay up to late we have an early day tomorrow." She made it two more steps before she spun around relieving what she saw.

Was laying on his bed in his pants with his date for the evening thirteen year old Felicia who was only in a pair of knickers, Harry was leaning over her kissing her as one of her hands was on his arm the other was done the front of his pants while his hands were exploring a bit on their own.

"Harry James Potter dressed living room now, Felicia dressed living room now." She yelled in anger as she stormed in the room.

Both children hurried to comply as they were getting dressed something caught her eye that made her eyes bulge, "Stop." She yelled as she stepped up to Felicia and looked at a pair of hickeys

forming on her small breasts. At a loss for words she stormed out of the room and walk into the living room both kids followed her out fully dressed at least.

Siting down in her favorite chair she pointed at them then the couch, taking the Harry guided Felicia over all the while holding her hand. She looked ready to cry as she sat down, Sarah could sympathies as she was only sixteen herself and would have been mortified if she had been caught with boyfriend. At least Harry was doing the right thing by putting his arm around and holding her, seeing his gentler side eroded a lot of her anger as she remembered holding him tight as he cried himself to sleep in her arms after he returned from his first assignment.

"Harry and Felicia," She began in a much softer tone, "I understand what it feels like to be with some special to feel them touch you and know they care about you but you two are a bit young for going that far."

A mortified look passed over Felicia's face as said in a meek voice, "I'm- we didn't mean to go so- we didn't plan on it going so far..."

"But it did," Sarah finished for her as she gave the girl a sympathetic look, "It's understandable, you bodies are going through changes and they can be a bit confusing,"

"Yeah," Felicia replied hoping the yelling was over. "I really didn't mean to let it go this far I just wanted to you know let Harry know that I really cared about him before he left for that advanced training camp in Scotland and when we were kissing I started to feel warm all over and then Harry started to rub his hands over my legs and that made me feel warmer and well it felt really good."

"Um honey," Sarah began as she noticed the girl was blushing bright red and knew the perfect way to prevent them from ever going that far again, "Have you ever had the talk, you know the talk about sex."

Now both kids were blushing bright red.

End Flashback

"So I spent the next hour talking to Felicia about sex, answering her question and boy did she have a lot, Harry was so red by the time I told him to walk her home he could have put a beet to shame." She finished her story with a pointed glare at Jacob, "And I blame you for corrupting my sweet little prince."

He wanted to deny it but there was no point really, a good number of his stories began with 'So I catch this smoking hottie checking me out at the bar' instead he decided to go with a bit of misdirect, "So how does it feel to be royalty in the wizarding world."

Sarah just flipped him off and walked around the side of the SUV and called out to Harry, "Honey we will be late if we don't get a move on." She climbed into the passenger seat and fiddled with the radio.

The world around Harry seemed to slow down to a snails pace as he continued to his best friend tight to him, "I will write as much as I can, I promise."

Felicia stepped back for a moment before she rushed in to Harry's arms, "I really- care about you please come back." Swiftly she slid a piece of paper in his pocket, seeing his confused look, she explained, "My new cell number, I know the place doesn't allow phone calls but your like double O' 7 when you put your mind to it." She finished softly as she leaned back. Her James Bond remark sent a flash sorrow across his face but it vanished so quickly she didn't even know if it was ever there in the first place.

Harry took her hands in his and pressed them to his lips, "I care about you too," He softly whispered to her before he turned away got in the SUV.

Jacob started up the SUV, and pulled on to the main road, Harry sat in the back of the SUV and watched his first true home disappear from sight. Sarah just watched him and patted his knee in sympathy, for once Jacob stayed silent and allowed Harry to collect himself in peace.

It was ten after ten when they pulled in to Kings Crossing station Harry and Jacob climbed out first then Harry offered his hand to Sarah like he had been taught and helped her down as well. Despite the precautions they looked like there was going to be no trouble so

the three of them head to a small cafe slash store to pick up some healthier food for Harry on the train ride the candy.

Walking into the cafe a young woman Harry's age was looking over the sandwich selection as Harry walked over to pick up a turkey on rye with swiss cheese as well as a few others while Sarah tracked down a couple bottles of Gatorade and a bag of veggies. Harry glanced over at the girl and noticed the tip of a wand in her jacket, she had thick bushy hair and slightly bush teeth but other than that she was very pretty, her eyes especially stood out to him they were cinnamon colored and were filled with a desire for knowledge and to him smart girls were very sexy.

"Hi I'm Harry." Harry said extending his hand to the young woman, she took his hand and blushed a bit, "Hermione."

"So going to Hogwarts yourself huh, you should go with the egg salad, what house do you think you will be in." The total none sequential statement threw her for a loop as she blushed and tried to reply.

"Well I guess, Ravenclaw, what about you." Hermione answered, she regained a bit of herself and gave Harry a piercing look, "How did you know I was a witch." She asked in a piercing whisper.

Harry moved behind her and placed his arm on her waist only to slide it up along her belly making her suck in a breath when she felt his hand reach her chest, she spun to tell him off when she felt his hand push her jacket open and ran his finger over her wand. She blushed bright red at her mistake and tried to stammer an apology, Harry stopped her with a finger on her lips.

"Best to keep your wand close at hand." Harry responded softly, "You never know when it will be needed."

Before she could respond she blushed brighter and stepped away from Harry as a shadow fell over them, she was standing very close to Harry way to close for her fathers liking. Harry turned around only to find a mountain of a man standing over him, he was six foot six and almost as big as Vernon was but that is where the resemblance ended, he was all muscle and carried a kind look in his eyes.

Even if he was scowling at the moment, Harry was unconcerned at the moment as he had back up. Putting on his best innocent smile Harry extended his hand to the man, "Harry James Potter sir, pleasure to meet you." The sight of a Manchester soccer hooligans tat on the man's arm was just barely visible as he extended his hand to Harry.

He cocked his eyebrow at the sight of a tat on the boy's arm of a young woman with angel wings and in a bikini on his forearm, "Danial Granger, Mister Potter a pleasure to meet you." His voice was filled with a confident timber of a man truly at peace with his life. "Is their a reason you were grouping my daughter."

"Dad," Hermione said with a grown as she was blushing even more, "He was just offering me advice for wand placement and maintenance."

Before her Father could say anything more to embarrass her, her mother walked over chatting with Sarah. Both women walked arm and arm as they chatted about raising children, her mother came forward and extended her hand to Harry, "Emma Granger it's a pleasure to meet you."

Hermione's mother had the same hair as hers but she was now wearing it in a loose ponytail, her face was pleasant and held a heir of mischievous look as noted the tat on his arm, "Nice tat, she have a name."

Harry took her hand and smiled back at her, "Harry Potter ma'am and I haven't named her yet, but I was thinking along the lines of sunshine." Harry finished with a smile.

It only took saying his name twice before the clearly flustered girl glanced at Harry's faded scar on his forehead. Harry noted the look and the desire to ask about it but she quickly shut her mouth apparently figuring it would be bad manors, this more than anything raised his estimation of the girl before him.

As it was close to thirty after the two families headed for the train station, Emma and Sarah chatted non stop and made plans to meet for lunch the next day as they talked about setting up a support group for the families of muggleborns to keep fully updated on the

events of Hogwarts, Dan and Jacob exchanged a few words but walked behind the group keeping an eye on the kids.

In the center of it all was Harry and Hermione, Harry dressed in a nice dress shirt and jeans and carrying a large duffel struck him as a bit off, it wasn't something he could touch or see but it was there. His steps were measured and calm but it looked as if he was ready to move at a moments notice, his posture was relaxed but also seemed coiled as if ready to spring into action, but it was his eyes that was the most disconcerting they maybe filled with happiness but their was a lot of pain beyond the facade as if they boy had already faced down death and delivered it himself. Dan shook the thought away before it could take hold, his first thought was to ludicrous to believe and chalked it up to over protective father. Shaking away the thoughts that the boy was some type of spy for the government, he went back to being happy his daughter had a friend especially with her entering a new world.

They were just approaching the barrier with Sarah about to show them all how its done, polyjuice and a day off gave her plenty of practice to make it look like she was a complete natural. She walked up to the barrier and spun around threw a wink at Hermione then slid backwards through the barrier, the fact she could do this in high heels impressed Emma greatly. Next went Emma a bit more hesitantly especially when a manicured hand came through the wall and waved her forward. Hermione looked at the barrier for a moment and took a deep breath before walking in to her new life, Her father remained a step behind her leaving only Harry and Jacob. Before he could even ask why he held him back the older man slipped something into Harry's pocket and winked at him before he to vanished into the barrier.

Harry could only chuckle at the mans antics when a hand grabbed his arm and forcefully spun him around. The hand was attached to a large woman with red hair, "Are you trying to figure out how to get through the barrier, don't worry its Ron's first time as well." Her voice was kind and almost put him at ease, except for two facts, one she still had a vice like grip on his arm and he was to well trained to not recognize the subtle form of mind magic she was using and channeling through her voice.

If it wasn't such a public place he would have shown this bitch his true power, Harry grabbed her wrist and released a minor stinging

hex through his hand burning her wrist. "I'm fine, thank you." Harry growled out in anger, he wasn't a fan of being grabbed.

Molly wrenched her hand back and rubbed her wrist, her face turned bright red as she prepared to unleash her famous Weasley temper on the whelp. Her eldest boy a tall lanky boy grabbed his mothers arm and forcefully pulled her back trying to stop her from making a spectacle of herself in public. Before she could shake her self loose and tell the boy off for his rudeness he slipped through the barrier.

Fuming Molly glared at her third eldest and ushered him through the barrier, she looked pissed enough that the twins followed Percy with out comment followed by her youngest boy Ron who gave her a subtle nod, well subtle for him. Ginny brought up the rear with her head bowed as tears threatened to flood her eyes, her was her chance to meet the boy-who-lived and her mother had to go and ruin it by attacking the boy she was mortified.

Before she could dwell on it more her mother grabbed her arm hard enough to make her wince and pushed her through the barrier.

On the other side of the barrier Emma was hugging her daughter tight to her not yet ready to let her go just yet as she continued to chat with Sarah when both women noticed Harry pass through the barrier more then a bit angry. Harry stepped to the side of the barrier and tapped his wrist twice with two fingers then slid said fingers down his arm, Sarah gave him a nod and left her conversation just as a pompous looking red head walked through the barrier, followed by a pair of rather handsome red haired twin teens, followed by a red haired boy with a gangly slobbish appearance. As the mother of the group walked through the barrier Harry tapped his wrist again and moved deeper into the shadows putting himself closer to the young girl.

The angry red haired woman stormed through the barrier dragging her daughter by the arm, the girl was in tears from having her arm nearly ripped out of socket by her mothers grip. This put Emma on the war path towards the woman only to have Sarah beat her there. Sarah stepped before the woman and growled angrily at her, "Take your hands off that girl before I summon the aurors here, do you understand." Her voice was deadly calm as she stared down the much older woman.

Shocked by the out right disrespect from the younger woman, Molly stepped right up to her dragging her daughter behind her.

The girl gave a startled yelp at the sharp pull on her arm as her mother involuntary squeezed her arm tighter, making sure to leave a bruise. Her twin sons stepped forward ready to forcefully remove their mothers hand from their baby sister when Harry struck first. Growing up in a abusive home Harry then learning how to channel his underline rage gave Harry a bit of a complex when dealing with abuse. Raising his hand a beam of white light struck the woman on the hand forcing her to release her daughter, moving with the speed of a snake Harry grabbed the small girl and pushed her behind him.

Molly was beyond anger now, "Who do you think you are, you bitch." Molly roared at the woman then turned to yell at the boy-who-lived but came up short when she saw the thick bruise on her daughters arm. The fact that said boy was even now glaring at her as he ran his hand over the bruise and speaking a simple healing spell making his hand glow a brilliant green as he healed her daughters arm, stole a lot of her fire. Molly might have a temper but she would never raise a wand or her hand against one of her children, to see her daughter in pain and scared of her took the fire out of her.

Silence reigned of the entire station at her outburst then to see such a casual display of wand magic had many of the purebloods whispering to each other as the young woman before the matriarch looked ready for a fight. "Bitch, I will show you a bitch now hold your pathetic tongue you fat slag." Threatened Sarah in a low voice only for her to hear before she raised her voice to be heard by all, "I am Sarah Potter, sister to James Potter and the steward to the ancient and noble house of Potter and if you ever speak to me like that again I will see your entire blood line ended Weasel-be." Whispers turned into roars as the purebloods all looked at each other in surprise, it was widely believed that the boy-who-lived was the last survivor of the Potter line but to find a second as well as a woman still in her teens as well unmarried not to mention she was also very beautiful had many of the more powerful purebloods forgetting marriage contracts between the boy and their daughters, they now had their sights set on a second wife with power and influence for the taking.

Yes it was going to be a very interesting year.

Thank you for all reviews. Next chapter, the train ride and the creation of a golden trio. Harry will be a major flirt but will be faithful to Hermione like I promised once they become a couple, Felicia is just Harry's closest friend and confidant what they do when they become physical is more about experimenting then anything.

Chapter 8: Trains and enemies have one thing in common...

By the time Harry finished healing Ginny's arm everyone with in sight was staring at him with awe, wandless magic wasn't exactly unheard of, in children it was referred to as accidental magic and most adults could manage a basic accio from a short distance, some of the older pureblood lines had inherited magic they could do so. To see the Potter heir casting spells through his hands with out effort was simply amazing and truly terrifying to those who fought under Voldemort's banner.

For the moment Harry ignored all of this as healing spells could go wrong if done incorrectly, once he finished he looked up to see a silent platform staring at him in utter awe. Harry might enjoy being the center of attention but this was a little too much even for him. The fact that the girl he healed was staring at him in abject love and devotion was getting to be a bit creepy, his mission was to win over the students for right now not the entire world, he would do that when he had a free weekend.

Throwing Sarah a look of bewilderment, she quickly came over to him and put her arm around him, holding up her hand to stop the first few members of the tidal wave of well wishers that were threatening to begin the bombardment that was coming, "I know many of you wish to thank my nephew for the peace we now enjoy in England but for now all he wishes is to board the train and begin his journey into adulthood, for matters of security anyone wishing to correspond with him will need to send me his mail as it must first pass a security check as our family still has enemies," She winked at Harry letting him know she was finally going to get even with him for the Felicia incident over the summer, "And don't worry young ladies the security check will not involve reading what you have written."

Almost every witch between the ages of seven and thirty seven were now grinning at Harry in a way that would make a playboy nervous, Harry despite his training was clueless to the danger signs and just smiled. The famous Potter crooked half grin that was made notorious by his father right before he convinced a young lady that sleeping with him would help end the current war, was currently on his face. Match that with his mothers emerald eyes and the melancholy look they were permanently filled with giving him the look of a tragic hero just home from the war had the entire female population of platform nine and three quarters melting.

While making her deceleration both Sarah and Jacob were scanning the crowds, Sarah looking for the confused as they would be the muggleborn parents she was hoping to meet while Jacob was looking among the faces of the supposedly reformed death eaters searching for the subtle signs of hatred or plan making that would cause them trouble. Among the three major dark families, the Malfoys, the Notts and the Yaxlies who were known supporters of the dead dark lord that was not unexpected. The fact that several families that were known to have taken the mark were looking at the two without hatred but with hopefulness was a pleasant surprise. In his looking around he almost missed the calculating look in Molly Weasley's eyes, almost but not quite.

Harry gave his aunt a hug good bye and a very masculine one armed hug to Jacob before turning back to the crowd and giving them all a wave before he boarded the train, the crowd cheered for him like he was Caesar returning from Gaul. I am so going to violate your little delusional world, Harry thought with a smile as he boarded the train.

Once on board life had returned to normal or so it seemed as ten feet down from him Harry spotted Hermione trying to move her trunk down the corridor only to be blocked by three large young men all three were wearing Slytherin green and preventing her from going any further. Harry walked up thanking whatever god that was listening for giving him a chance to show himself as the protector of muggleborns before the train even left the station.

"Please let me go by," Hermione softly asked the leader of the group, a tall ugly boy that looked like the poster child for stopping inbreeding, that fact she was almost in tears as she said it would have had Harry ready to fight regardless of orders.

"You heard me mudblood you want to pass, on your knees and bark like a dog." The tall ugly boy ordered as he pointed his wand at Hermione threateningly.

"No I won't, now please let me pass," Hermione pleaded, she had grown used to bullies growing up but she thought it would be truly different going to a magical school she actually believed people would be different.

The leader of the group pointed his wand at Hermione threateningly and glared at her, "Now." He ordered as he cast a compulsion charm on her.

Hermione felt the spell over take her forcing her to her knee's when a warm light enveloped her as a hand came to rest on her waist. Hermione quickly found herself behind Harry Potter, Harry stood before her with his hand outstretched and glowing with energy. The look in his eyes was filled with pure rage as he glared at the three boys, Harry snapped his fingers basting idiot number one down the corridor. Idiot number three went for his wand and fired a scolding hex at Harry faster then Harry thought was possible, to bad it wasn't fast enough. Before he even finished saying the incantation Harry snatched the wand from his hand and tossed it over his shoulder, the boy stared at him stupidly until a fist connected with his jaw knocking him into the wall.

Flint backed up slowly and slid his wand away, the fact that a first year took out two fifth years with out a wand managed to make him understand the folly of his actions. Before he could take more the a step Harry grabbed the front of his shirt and forced him to the ground, he lowered his voice so only the boy could hear him and whispered, "Listen jackass she is with me your filth ever touch her again I will force feed you tackle before I tare out your heart with my bare hands. Got it."

The boy nodded quickly and ran away from Harry leaving his companions behind.

Turning around Harry noticed dozens of faces staring at him in awe and in fear, deciding to go with a bit of fear Harry placed his hands a foot a part above his head and conjured bolts of lightning to fly between his hands, "That goes for the rest of you as well, Hermione Granger is under the protection of the house of Potter and I will destroy all who attack those under my houses protection." To make his point clear Harry spun around and struck both retreating boys with the bolts of lightning he had summoned.

The smell of burning air lingered long after both boys quit screaming and had left the train section meant for first years. Almost every student got the hint not to mess with Harry James Potter, those few that didn't well they would be dealt with when the time came.

People cleared out of the way as the strangest pair ever seen moved down the corridor, the soon to be Gryffindor golden boy and the shy muggleborn made quiet a few people turn their heads as the moved down the train until they found a empty cabin.

Both kids settled in to their cabin falling back on their favorite past times, for Hermione it was reading Hogwarts a History and a worn out paper back for Harry. It was then that Harry remembered that Jacob slid something into his pocket, just as he started to pull it out the burst open and a pair of red headed twins dove into the cabin. Both boys scampered on to the luggage rack and made a shushing noise to the two first years.

Before either could comment a rather stern faced young man walked into the cabin and looked around, he glared at the two giggling first years for a moment before he said in a voice high pitched enough to allow him to impersonate a excited six year old girl, "Have either of you seen two twins with red hair," Hermione was weeping by now trying to hold in her laughter.

Scrapping together all of self control Harry stood up and bowed to Percy, "Forgive me my lady but we saw your query run down the corridor shortly before you entered. My god and her majesty give you strength in your quest."

Percy nodded his head, his long golden trusses bounced excitedly as he ran out of the cabin, the sight of his pasty white butt in a thong with the rest of his body bright red had Hermione doubled over laughing through her tears for Harry it was his neon pink five inch platform boots. After ten minutes of uncontrollable laughter Harry finally picked himself up off the floor and retook his seat, "So boy's its safe to come down now."

Fred and George hopped down at the same time and sat on opposite benches, Hermione tried to reprimand them but couldn't through her tears as the words Perfect Prefect Percival were forever etched in to her mind, though she did hope the words wouldn't be on his bum forever. It was full fifteen minutes before the laughter completely died down, Hermione was the first to finally speak.

"That was very mean," She tried to sound angry but she was having trouble pulling it off with a grin on her face.

"Very mean," Harry agreed, he reached over and patted her on the knee as he winked at the twins.

The simple skin on skin contact made her blush crimson more as Harry stood up and switched spots with one of the twins and rested his hand back on her knee. Harry kept his hand there and rubbed her knee gently as he spoke casually with both twins, Hermione was in pure bliss as this was possibly the most romantic thing to ever happen to her. If some one would have told her a week ago the most handsome boy in her new school would befriend her for no reason and even wanted to be seen with her around others she would have told them they were crazy.

Fred was at the high point of a rather funny story involving Professor McGonagall and a pack of conjured kittens calling her momma when their door burst open again. A gangly red haired boy their age strutted in the room, "Your Harry Potter, can I see your scar." He asked eagerly as he looked at Harry, ignoring Hermione who was giving him a scathing look.

"No," Was Harry's response to the rude inquiry, seeing his confused look Harry elaborated, "First you barged in here without a knock or introducing yourself, second you insulted my friends well friend," At this point Harry gave Hermione's knee another squeeze, "Well one friend I am still not sure about carrot top and his faithful sidekick carrot cake." Both boys scoffed at that and then argued over who was who's sidekick. "And lastly your pompous arrogant attitude offends me, now try again or get lost."

Hermione gave the boy one more scathing look before she spoke, "Also could you please wait until the twins have finish their story, please." She asked him in a polite voice.

A quick glance over at the carrots showed her they had decided who was the hero, Forge had Gred in a headlock and was using his body to pin his brother down all the while screaming, "Who does number two work for?" Gred finally gave in and screamed out, "Number two bows to your will."

To say Ron was flummoxed was a understatement, he was supposed to be friends with the boy-who-lived not his brothers or some mudblood. Yet again he was pushed to the side, he wouldn't challenge the twins as they could scrap with out a wand just as

easily with a wand and given what Harry did to a trio of Slytherins Ron wouldn't attack him but there was one person he knew he could deal with as she was a muggleborn and everyone knew a pureblood was superior, "Shut up you stupid bitch who even wants you here." Ron yelled at Hermione hoping to win some points with Harry.

All laughter died in the cabin as Hermione crumpled, her inner demons constantly telling her she would never have real friends took hold of her doubts. The fact she could no longer feel Harry's hand on her knee almost had her in tears until she looked up to see the reason why dark lords would come to fear making Harry Potter as a enemy.

Harry's hand went from gently stroking her knee to not so gently gripping Ronald Weasley's throat as he easily lifted the boy off the ground and pinned him to the wall. Ron was flopping feebly as he struggled to loosen the grip on his throat with both of his hands as Harry started to glow with a visible aura of magic. He looked frantically to his brothers for help but George was beside Hermione holding her hand as he whispered words to her while George was cracking his knuckles and glaring at his little brother.

"Look at me Ronald," Harry growled at threateningly, the second Ron looked at him Harry sent a probe into his mind not really surprised to find no mental defenses. What he did see made him physically ill, Albus was paying the boy and his sister to befriend him, Hermione and another two girls were promised to Mrs. Weasley to bring in fresh blood to the family line through marriage, the boy had no knowledge of what was going on he was too consumed with wanting to out do his brothers to even care. The simple fact that the boy's mind was so easy to enter told Harry all he needed to know about him, the boy had completely shirked his training in mind protection. Harry pulled back into his own mind and pulled Ron off the door then slammed him back into the wall, "If you ever talk to her like that again, I will kill you." Harry growled out in a voice that even Ron knew not to fuck with.

Harry released his grip on Ron's throat almost as fast as Ron released his grip on his bladder. Mortified beyond belief Ron ran from the cabin like the demons of hell were chasing him. With one problem taken care of Harry moved on to the one that truly hurt him, he remembered all to well what it was like to have no friends and have his cousin chase off or beat up anyone who tried.

Harry sat down next to Hermione and took her hand from George and gave it a gentle squeeze, "Before Sarah saved me, my aunt and uncle considered me unnatural," Harry began but stopped to clear his throat, "I know what it feels like to have no friends, because of that I cherish every friendship I have and that includes you Hermione. Now how about a hug." Harry asked as he opened his arms.

She didn't hesitate for a second before she hugged him tight, it wasn't his words that told her the truth of Harry Potter it was the pain she saw in his eyes. Like her own they were filled with the same loneliness she had dealt with all her life, for her it was her desire to seek knowledge that made her a bit bossy and now she knew she found someone who felt as alone and as isolated as she did. She held on to him tight as she soaked in the feeling of having a true friend, "I promise to be the best friend I can be Harry I mean it."

"I pledge to protect my friend Hermione Granger with all that I have I swear it on my soul," Harry whispered in to her ear before he leaned back and sealed his pledge with a kiss.

Hermione stilled for a moment when he pledged himself to protecting her but it was the kiss that shut down her mind. It wasn't the kiss of the ages and no one would write an epic poem about it but it was still enough to make her heart skip a beat, it was a simple kind gesture as his lips pressed against hers. She had just received her first kiss and she would be writing her mother tonight to tell her all about it.

Silently George and Fred allowed the moment to happen with interruption, even sitting there quietly felt like an intrusion on such a moment. They watched all with a feeling like a moment in history had happened before them, neither boy was stupid enough to believe that the frequent visits to the Burrow by the Headmaster had anything to do with the crap they were fed. It was then both boys swore to stand beside Harry Potter and Hermione Granger and to help protect them from their parents and the Headmaster's machinations, the only question was how could they without beginning a blood feud that would see half the family wiped out. Looking at Harry Potter they didn't doubt for a moment that his threat was anything but idle.

The rhythm of the cabin returned to normal as Harry and Hermione broke apart but still stayed close his hand found her knee again much to her happiness, the twins jumped back in to their story easily as if their was no interruption in the story.

"So McGonagall comes storming into the common room, hair mussed, two dozen kitten following her around meowing at her-"

"And the only thing she can say is, 'You two when I prove this was you I will'-"

"Then she screamed as one of the kittens had climbed up her robes and grabbed on to her hair with its teeth and feel back completely destroying her bun and stormed out of the room." The finished at the same time while dipping into a bow to the applause of the pair of first years.

An hour passed before the twins left to join their friends leaving Harry and Hermione to return to their own devises. After the pair ate Hermione let out a surprised yawn as she closed her book, Harry gave her a little cheek as she tried to hide it, "Bored of my company already."

"Guess I'm just a little tired is all." She said as she tried to hide another yawn.

Getting up from his seat so she could lay down Harry waved his hand over the light to dim it before sitting down on the opposite bench. A muttered thank you from Hermione and she was out like a light, Harry slid off his duster and draped it over before giving her a kiss on the cheek and resuming his seat.

Harry leaned back in the silence and opened up the small package, inside he found a small device the size of a three by five card and half a inch thick. After looking at it from every side Harry tried touching the screen to make it work, the entire screen glowed green for a second then a box appeared on the screen with the words place thumb here on top of the box. Harry placed his thumb on the box making the screen glow red for a moment before he felt a pin prick on the pad of his thumb. The screen turned blue and their was six little folders on the screen like a computer desk top, they were; enemies of the state, mission objectives, messages, emergency messages, scanned documents and phone. The message box had a

number two in the bottom, the first was a complete guide to using the phone and was dumbed down a bit so he didn't have to deal with all that geek speak the second message was from Jacob telling him good luck.

In the dim light of the cabin Harry sat back and reviewed every file on the families of the students he would be spending the next seven years with until he felt the train begin to slow. A glance over at Hermione told him she was still asleep curled into a ball under his coat.

As silently as possible Harry slid down his duffel bag and set it quietly on the bench, he pulled out a set of clothes and a robe out of the bag. Harry stripped down to his boxers and put on his clothes before giving Hermione a gentle nudge to wake her up.

Hermione laid there quietly for fifteen minutes feigning sleep as she watched Harry looking at something in hand occasionally sliding his finger down the screen. His lips moved as he softly said words every now and again until she felt the train start to slow. He then stood up and glanced at her, she continued to feign sleep wondering about the enigma that was Harry Potter. He didn't lack confidence for one thing but he was also humble in a way helping others out, he could be soft and affectionate one second and become violent in the next as if it was programmed in to him, Hermione always thought herself to be a proper young lady well brought up a proper English lady who would never kiss a boy until she was older and he had received her fathers blessing to court her and now not even a hour into her trip she hugged a boy and... om my god he getting changed in front of me because he thinks I'm asleep.

Cracking one eye open Hermione watched Harry sit across from her and slid off his shoes, he then stood up then grasped a clasp on his chest she never noticed and slid off a shoulder strap holster and set it on his bag, she blanched at the sight of him carrying a gun, he then unbuttoned his dress shirt and neatly folded it and laid it on his bag, next he undid his pants and slid them off then folded them up and set the down on top of his shirt. Hermione couldn't help but stare at him, his youthful body was all muscle from his chest to his thighs her eyes roamed stopping for a moment on his green boxers briefs. She almost let out a grunt of disappointment when he slid on a pair of dress slacks and a white dress shirt he buttoned up the shirt far to quickly in her opinion the neatly tucked it into his slacks,

he ran his finger up from zipper flap to collar making sure his shirt was perfectly straight he then checked his cuffs and slid on his shoes ending her rather wonderful view of her free show. Once he was dressed and his clothes were all put away Harry reached down and gently nudged her shoulder to wake her.

Left with more questions than answers about Harry, Hermione pretended to wake up. "Are we almost there yet Harry," She asked.

Harry took his jacket off of her and helped her sit up, "Yes we are slowing down now."

By the time the train fully stopped Harry and Hermione were both fully dressed in robes and uniforms, well mostly Harry was still wearing his duster, he pressed his finger to the top button and whispered, "School robe." Activating a glamor that made his coat look like robes.

Gathering up their possessions the two children took their first steps in to history.

Thank you for all the reviews.

For the time being updates will be a bit erratic, currently I am having a bit of a issue and I don't know when I will be able to get it restored. Currently when I have free time I will go to the public library and update, thank you for your patience.

Chapter 9: Sorting

'sorting hat speak'

Twilight had set in as the students got off the train at the far end of the platform stood a true mountain of a man in a thick fur coat with a long black beard. "Firs' years to me," He called out across the platform. In mass the first years moved to the scary looking man with Harry at the lead, Hermione holding tight to his arm.

As they approached the big man, he looked over the mass of students with coal black eyes under his bushy brow, staring intently at each student until he laid eyes on Harry, "Harry I haven't seen you since yous was a baby and took you to your aunts. Well come on every one boats are this way." Hagrid spoke in a joyous voice as he set off down the path.

If the grounds keeper had been more observant he would have noticed the look of sheer hatred that passed over Harry's face for a moment but it disappeared so quickly that anyone would have confused it for a trick of the light.

With Harry in the lead the rest of the students followed behind him down the darkened path, the only light available to them was the lantern's light that threw the shadows in to sharp relief. For ten minutes the group walked down the path until the reached the docks. More then a dozen boats were moored their waiting for the students.

It wasn't until Hagrid boarded a boat himself with out it tipping into the water or capsizing that the students began to boarded as well. Not even Harry had that much of a death wish to test those undersized pieces of drift wood.

Harry and Hermione hopped on to the first available boat and were quickly joined by Ron, Harry couldn't fathom why and and Draco Malfoy. The trade mark look of equal parts snobbery and delusions of grandeur were clearly evident in the way the boy tried to look down on Harry even though he was at least two inches shorter then Harry, sadly that was all he possessed of his fathers skill and his mothers sheer brutality.

"I am Draco Malfoy," The little blond puff offered his hand to Harry, "You will soon find some wizarding families are better than others I can help you with that."

Harry's first inclination was to punch out the little puff but instead Harry took his hand and smiled, "Harry Potter, and thank you for the offer but I have a very good understanding of who is the wrong sort." Harry offered in a condescending voice masked by a cheery grin.

Completely missing the patronizing tone in Harry's voice, Draco shook Harry's hand. He next turned to Hermione but didn't try to shake her hand, "And you are, and who is your family." He asked while looking for something in the old families in her features, it was there but he just couldn't place it.

"My name is Hermione, Hermione Granger, my parents are muggles, dentists in Manchester." Hermione said as she extended her hand to Draco.

This time it was Draco's turn to put on a wooden smile as he brushed his fingers against hers, "Charmed I'm sure." It was easy to see he was faking it but Harry had to give him points for trying.

The four children sat there silently allowing a awkward pause to fall. The majestic castle had just come in to view when Ron relieved his moment to complete his mission was going to pass. The burning lights of the castle lit up the night sky, even Draco and Harry looked at the castle with a bit of reverence as Hermione moved closer to Harry and sat down next to him.

"All Slytherin's are evil," Ron yelled, then followed by, "And all Gryffindor's are good and the light."

Murderous glares from a dozen students who have had families in Slytherin house, a few of them were dark families and blood supremacists the rest were children of parents who were just ambitious enough to want the best for the families in life. A flick of his hand sent a banishing curse at Ron, knocking him into the lake.

Laughter broke out from several boats as Harry flexed his fingers and pointed his hand at Draco, making the blond boy turn whiter, "Let us now enjoy this moment in peace Draco or I will send you for a swim as well."

Draco nodded his head quickly and remained quiet for the rest of the trip.

The trip ended all too quickly as the boats came to dock in an underground moor, the kids disembarked from their boats Hagrid leading them up a flight of stairs past walls lit by torches. Ron was bringing up the rear of the group soaking wet and looking like a drowned rat, the fact he had a rat in his pocket had many of the students laughing at the sight of a drowned rat looking boy carrying a drowned rat.

Up the stairs they went until they met a stern faced woman who glared down at the student gazing at each in turn, Hagrid turned the kids over to the woman and waved good bye to them. The stern faced woman towered over all of them and spoke in a thick Scottish accent, "I am professor McGonagall, deputy headmistress and head of Gryffindor house. When you walk through these doors you will be taking your first steps in to becoming a true member of the wizarding world. I will give you a few moments to compose yourselves before I guide you into the great hall, you will be sorted in to a house, a house that will be your family for the next seven years." She stopped here and gave the students a piercing gaze to make sure they were paying attention to her before she continued, "The houses are Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, Hufflepuff and Slytherin."

All of the students listened as McGonagall made her opening speech and most were smart enough to tell that her speech was for Harry, since it was obvious that she smiled as she said Gryffindor, sneered when she said Slytherin and just seemed indifferent about Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw, annoyed about three quarters of the students. Most of the children turned to look at Harry, surprised to see him looking as indifferent about what she said as she looked mentioning the puffs and the claws.

Hermione glanced at Harry and gave him a questioning look, she had grown up believing that the adults in her life would always look out for her, in fact Professor McGonagall was the one who even came to her house to tell her about magic and convinced her parents Hogwarts was the place for a brilliant mind like hers. The fact that she was obviously biased against an entire house of the school just confused her.

Harry just winked at her before going back to staring at the professor blankly while mentally focusing on a tree in his backyard, he had took a crack at learning Occlumancy but it is something that takes years to build up a decent mental shield so he used the best defense mental focusing to protect against passive Legitimancy against a concentrated attack he would just improvise.

After giving her opening speech she led them through the door in the great hall, the moment the door opened the noise from the hall almost knocked all of the small children on their asses. The last of the students were finding their seats as the newest batch of first years walked into the hallowed halls of Hogwarts, looking around in awe as they tried to take in everything at once.

Albus stood from his seat and raised his hand for silence as he gazed over the first years looking for Harry Potter, the sight of the tall for his age and look of confidence and self control was not what he wanted to see but he didn't worry himself, Ron would keep the boy on the light side and push his agenda. His gaze continued to travel over the other students for a few moments but masked his annoyance under his mental shields at seeing the muggleborn Granger holding the boys hand and not the Weasley's boys hand. He had seven years so he wasn't worried, but he would be paying a visit to the Dursley's and Figg this weekend to find out what had happened to breaking the boy down for the greater good.

"Welcome back to my returning students and welcome to all my new students, now before we begin I have announcements to make." Albus turned his gaze to Harry as he continued hopping to catch the boys curiosity, "This year the third floor corridor is off limits to all those who do not wish to die a most horrible death." He finished with a dramatic flourish.

Harry just gave the headmaster a bored look then to kick a little sand in his eyes he leaned over and gave Hermione a peck on the cheek before going back to looking bored. "Don't worry Hermione, I got no inclination to go die trying to steal the..." Harry stopped himself from saying more, just gave Hermione another wink and went back to looking around the room and ignoring the Headmaster.

"Well lets begin," Albus said after a few moments hoping to peak the boy who lived interest but was getting annoyed with his weapons lack of response. With that he retook his seat and let his top attack

dog Professor McGonagall come up with the sorting hat and begin the sorting.

The sight of the old hat had many of the first years in confusion as they waited to find out how they would be sorted, speculation was high on the train with thoughts of having to best a troll to demonstrating magic. When the hat started to sing this had everyone shocked, the muggleborn especially were confused by a singing hat, as if the place wasn't confusing enough.

Insert Sorting hat song, I suck at rhyming.

Once the hat finished every student applauded the hat's song and waited for the main event the sorting of Harry Potter. Gryffindor was the favorite as his parents were in that House, Ravenclaw was next as both his parents were prodigies, Hufflepuff was a distant third for three fourths of the house who saw Hufflepuff as the weak house and not the house of loyalty, even Slytherin's saw Harry as a distant fourth of ever being in their house.

This was it Harry thought to himself, his trainers told him that the sorting hat could find everything you want to keep hidden, not only that but the very fact that the greatest occlumens in the the past thousand years had tried to take on odd hat all to be defeated. Should it tell Albus all it sees in his mind Harry knew he would not make it out of here alive, all he could do was watch and wait for his time under the hat.

He watched the first few people with out much interest, Bones, Boot, Crabbe and Bulstrode came from strong pureblood families and went into the same house as their parents. Abbot was one of those who was half blooded and on his list of possible converts, as she was heading for Hufflepuff she could make a valuable ally in the house. Watching Millicent walk up to the hat, seeing a painfully shy girl who would have to work hard to ever be considered pretty gave him a easy way into the more neutral of the dark families with only the slightest bit of flirting.

It wasn't until Gregory Goyle walked up that he took notice of what was going on. The young man in question walked up with his head bowed as if deep in thought, his shoulders slumped as he walked like a young man with the weight of the world on his shoulder. Gregory placed the hat on his head and waited for it to begin.

'Aw another Goyle, tell me boy how is the family.' The sorting hat asked in his head.

"Shut it, Hat and just place me in Slytherin like the rest of my family," Goyle mentally growled out at the dig against his lost family members his aunt was still missing and hopefully dead.

The sorting hat let out a mental smirk and delved deeper into the boys mind, 'Lets see here, aw your only true ambition is to take care of your family, not very bright but not afraid to work hard. I don't see any of your fathers hatred in you either but you do seek the one who murdered your father. Now where to place you, you could do well in Slytherin raising the standards of the house but you don't want to be there, Ravenclaw is out dunderhead, Hufflepuff is the right place for a young man not afraid of hard work.'

This time it was Gregory's turn to snort, "Hufflepuff, I thought Hufflepuff was the house of the weak..." He began only to be cut off mid thought.

'Watch your words boy, Helga was the kindest sweetest and most brave woman I ever met and I will personally mind fuck and see that your little sisters go through seven years of hell while here.' The sorting hat threatened, no one spoke ill of Lady Hufflepuff in his presence.

"Sorry," Gregory said out loud before he continued in his mind, "If you think Hufflepuff is the best then that is were I will go."

'Such courage belongs in,' "GRYFFINDOR," The hat screamed out to the shocked room.

Everyone was in shock of the announcement that a Goyle was not in Slytherin, only a smattering of applause broke at the Gryffindor table for Gregory as he walked to the table with his head held high. Seeing as he was probably to blame for the boys woes Harry stepped out of line and clapped loudly for the boy. Hermione joined in second followed by the twins then the rest of the table, Gregory gave Harry a look of surprise before he gave Harry a nod of thanks and took his seat across from Lavender and Seamus.

In contrast Hermione barely wore the hat for a moment before the hat screamed out Ravenclaw to much applause from the Ravenclaw house and Harry. She took her seat at the Raven claw table across from Boot and turned back to Harry and gave him a small wave as she watched the rest of the sorting.

Harry watched the rest of the sorting with a detached amusement as he waited for his own turn, a few more to the possible half bloods and muggleborns he would try to win over were sorted into the other three houses while his own house was looking to be with out any but purebloods this year again. So intent on his planning, Harry missed the fact his name had been called out several times.

"Mister Potter," Professor McGonagall said from a few inches away this time, "If you are quite ready we still have to finish the sorting." She snapped out, quite a bit annoyed at being ignored.

Harry went back to ignoring her and with a wave of his hand floated the sorting hat to himself so he never had to leave the place he was standing. Many oohs and awes were heard from the students at the sight of his casual use of magic, three members of the staff gave him a more critical look at the sheer power he possessed if he could control his magic with out a wand. The fact both Snape and Dumbledore were trying to decipher the mystery of Harry Potter was not a surprise, the fact the new defense teacher was studying him so intently was a bit odd, the fact of the matter was Harry had no file on the man made him believe the teacher was just thinking about how he was going to teach some one with his power. He quickly dismissed the man as a none threat and went back to watch his enemies.

As the sorting hat came to rest upon his head, Harry bowed his head a little to prevent direct line of sight to protect against ligitmancy and opened his mind to the sorting hat.

'Aw another Potter, killed anyone recently,' The hat asked. Harry's involuntary winch at the remark had the hat laughing out loud, 'To answer your first question the privacy of the students is mine to protect and no one can force me to violate it... except for a price. Your next question is what is my price of silence well I will tell you, you will make for me a vessel so I am not stuck in this form for another thousand years.'

Before Harry could ask he felt something appear in his pocket, ignoring it for a moment Harry sent out a mental probe of his own and tested the defenses of the hat, finding them unbreakable he lifted his attack and spoke, "So shall we begin," Harry mentally asked.

'Lets take a look inside here,' The hat began, whispering words to his subconscious looking for the right response, 'Gryffindor is out, your bravery only comes out in a situation you can control. Ravenclaw is almost a good fit, yes a powerful mind but you only acquire knowledge to benefit what you are trying to accomplish. Hufflepuff is no better a choice then Ravenclaw, you are hard working but distrust to easily. So it better be, 'Slytherin.' The hat screamed out loud much to the shock of the room.

Harry floated the hat off his head and took his seat at the Slytherin table, no applause came about as Harry took his seat just whispers as everyone thought they were seeing the next great dark lord. Harry couldn't help but scoff at all the whispers, he was only technically a dark lord and that was because he was going to destroy the government and make the sheep return to their proper shepherd. The mere thought of it made him laugh out loud much to the shock of those around him, he'd been trained in unarmed combat, small arms, counter terrorism, explosives, interrogation and dark magic this was going to be a cake walk.

Chapter 10 Two years later...

Harry collapsed on his bed and let out a sigh.

Sarah followed him into his room but stood at the door way, "Want to talk about it." She asked in what he called her mothering voice.

"No." Harry whined into his pillow.

Starting an internal count in her head, Sarah crossed the room and sat down on the bed next to Harry. With one hand she ran her fingers through his hair like her mother used to do to her with her other she guided Harry's head on to her lap. By the time she reached one he let out another sigh and began to speak.

"I'm just scared is all." Harry whispered softly. Before she could speak he continued, "Everyone is making plans involving me. The Headmaster is making plans and the man is so crazy I can't tell what he is up to. The greasy git stares at me for minutes at a time before sneering and taking points from me for things like breathing to loud. McGonagall has been ghosting my steps at night for the past two years determined to discover my dark secrets. The students stare at me like a oddity or a lunatic all the while the purebloods gather more intel to send home, the halfbloods believe who evers mouth is moving at the time and the muggleborns usually piss themselves when I say so much as hi to them."

What do you say to that. With out an idea what to say, Sarah just continued to run her fingers through Harry's hair and gave him a moment to relax. "What do you say we do something fun." She asked with a mischievous wink.

Harry's face lit up for a moment before his features fell stony. They weren't allowed to leave base and that was one rule he had no desire to push as he knew full well that Sarah was only still here because she was good for him but if they tried to run she would be serving a long prison sentence to keep his cooperation or they may just cut their losses and kill them both. Harry let out a sigh again at the thought of having a little fun that didn't involve killing some one before he ruthlessly shut it down, "You know what they would do to us if we left base with out permission."

Sarah just rolled her eyes and gave Harry a kiss on the forehead, "Relax, I will just convince the General that it will help the mission being seen in alley and if we happen to make a pit stop at a theme park or the movies it will be coincidental." Sarah finished with a smile.

Casting a look up Harry gave Sarah a hopeful look, seeing her smile and nod Harry jumped in to her arms and hugged her tight.

"Enough, already." Sarah giggled out and shooed Harry to the shower while she headed to the phone to make a call.

It only took her a few minutes to convince the General to allow her to take Harry to Diagon Alley for a bit of seen and be seen to improve his public image. Ten minutes later, Harry was dressed and out of the shower wearing a muscle shirt and jean shorts he usually jogged in at school.

Harry gave Sarah a hopeful look that just screamed please say he said yes. For a moment Sarah was tempted to play a prank on Harry as she had done in the past but the look on his face was just too much for her to play with. She gave Harry a wide smile and asked, "Movie or theme park."

Two hours later the large SUV pulled in front of the Leaky Cauldron. Harry couldn't hide his sneer as he stepped out of the SUV, the last place he wanted to be was back in the world of magic this summer. Instead of walking into the tavern Sarah gave Harry a wink then led him over to the street corner, "Hey Harry watch this." Sarah loosened the top two buttons of her blouse puffed up her breasts placed her right foot on the spigot allowing quite a bit of thigh to show then she let out a shrill whistle.

As if she had summoned one by magic a taxi seemed to appear out of nowhere. In the driver seat a fat middle aged man looked over Sarah like she was a piece of meat, "Where you goin sweet meat." The fool asked with a leer as he stayed focused on Sarah's well formed breasts.

"Ow the circus," Sarah offered with a little pout, adding a bit of a simper to her voice, "Just a little summer shopping before I head to the beach."

Obviously his mind was on other matters as he waved her in, "Well come on sexy girl I will give you the ride of your life no charge of course." He said in his best attempt to be smooth.

Harry couldn't help but roll his eyes as he fingered the barrel of his pistol, if that fat slob thought for a moment he would get to play with Sarah he was sorely mistaken. Harry stepped out of the shadows right as Sarah opened the door and slid inside. "Thanks sis," Harry said with a smile as he glared at cabby with open contempt, scooting all the way over he sat behind the man and pulled out the butterfly knife he received last Christmas and ran it over his nails.

"Sure bro." Sarah said with a smile as she sat down next to Harry.

The cabby took one look at the knife and the look of cold hatred that burned in Harry's eyes and flinched away. A veteran of many years as a cab driver, he knew without a doubt there was some customers not to mess with. The seats were sticky and the driver smelled like the unwashed ass of a corpse left to rot in the sun but it didn't matter one bit to Harry he was finally doing something that wasn't ordered by another and watched like a hawk to be critiqued under a microscope and evaluated to death. For once Harry was doing something that was for him.

As always Piccadilly Circus was crowded as ever but that just made it easier to slip into obscurity. Sarah and Harry walked arm in arm looking like any number of young couples or siblings by the lack of grab ass. Walking along Harry switched off his training the third time his danger sense kicked off, the last time he almost pulled his pistol on a man that followed him into the loo at the theater.

The movie of the day was an action flick with popcorn and soda. It was the most amazing thing in the world to him to act like a normal person, the fact he was watching a movie about a spy nearly had Harry in tears as he tried to suppress his laughter at all the things he missed out on with his super villain. When the bad guy started making his I am better then you rant Harry was reminded so much of Dumbledore he couldn't help the laughter the came from his throat.

Sarah calmed Harry down and ducked a little lower in her seat as everyone around the was now glaring, she was having a bit of trouble holding her own laughter as well. Once the movie ended they left for a little bistro next door to the theater to have a spot of

lunch. Had Harry been looking for trouble he would have noticed that the man who had set off his danger sense before was now leaning against a wall across from the bistro and watching Sarah as he sent a text message on his pom pilot.

The cab ride back was more normal as they didn't need to track down a gypsy cab to take them to the Leaky Cauldron. Once they got there Harry thought it would be a good idea to take a quick turn through the Alley. And as we all now Harry's ideas always had a tendency to blow up and help him out at the same time.

Harry pushed open the door to the small inn and led his aunt in side. As it was between lunch and dinner rush the inn was relatively empty, only about half a dozen Patrons were inside. Sadly that didn't included the flock of red heads being led around by the matriarch of the clan. She spotted Harry and made a bee line for him the moment she saw him.

"You, you ungrateful little bastard." Molly screamed as she crossed the room. A poor unfortunate table that stood in her path skidded across the floor as her magic reacted to her anger moving everything out of her path. She stormed right up to Harry and made to slam her finger in Harry's chest as Sarah stepped before her charge and glared at Molly with equal hate.

"Shut up you fat ugly slag and speak your piece you bitch." Sarah yelled back in Molly's face as she slid her hand in her purse and grabbed the glock she was given by Jacob to protect herself. She had almost pulled it when Molly began to reach for her wand but stopped when Fred and George grabbed their mothers arms and physically pushed her away.

Molly pushed both of her sons off her but didn't take another step closer to the younger woman. She had learned her lesson two years ago when she had accidentally injured her daughters arm when she lost her temper on that day on the train station. "I'm fine." She told her twins with an angry voice as she forced herself to calm down, Percy came up behind her and placed his hand on her shoulder to further help his mother stay calm.

In all out wards appearance Molly was calmed down, on the inside, that was another story altogether. Inside she was burning with rage, Harry had completely snubbed her invitation to come to her home

the last two years. She was beyond pissed that he was responsible for corrupting her little girl, tricking her into going into the house of snakes where she was attacked and her diary was stolen over Christmas. Worst of all Harry bloody Potter had made up for it by buying her daughter several designer outfits and a new wand for Christmas to make up for the fact that her dress she had personally made for her daughter was damaged in the attack and her grandmother's wand was broken. If she looked a little more on her own actions she would have remembered that it was here that sent her daughter a howler when she found out about being sorted into Slytherin and it was her who told her husband that if their daughter was going to turn traitor then she could stay at school over the break to teach her a lesson.

Taking another deep breath, Molly turned towards Harry and let out a frustrated grunt, "Mister Potter, you will stop interfering with my family's affairs or there will be repercussions, do you understand." Molly stood with her arms crossed and her face was half between calm and fury.

Harry just looked at her for a solid minute before giving her a simple answer, "No."

Conversation died that instant as Harry's words spread across the small tavern. Everyone who was there had heard about Mount Saint Molly and her need to be heard, several patrons quickly cast noise reduction charms as Molly opened her mouth. Before she could erupt Harry held up his hand to forestall her a quick silencing charm may have helped as well.

"Matron Weasley, my personal relationship with your daughter is that personal." Harry stopped here and held up his hand to stop her from trying to speak again, "I can and do understand your desire to protect your only daughter but you lost that right in my eyes the moment you told the entire great hall that your daughter was a worthless slag who can go to hell if she wanted to whore it up in the house of snakes." Harry finished in a flat voice that was entirely devoid of emotion.

Admittedly there is a point that you can push a person before they snap so Harry wasn't caught unaware when a hand came up and slapped him hard across the face. Harry took the hit without flinching a trick he learned at the Dursleys to stand up to his uncle

in his own way growing up it wasn't his stoic reaction that had the place buzzing it was Sarah's that got everyone talking.

Sarah's protective instinct sprang up the moment she heard the slap connect with Harry's cheek. Her fist flew through the air and hit Molly square in the jaw and knocking her into the ground knocking over Percy who tried to brake his moms fall. It was at this moment Ron took the moment to do something stupid.

"That is it Scarhead, you have taken advantage of my family for the last time. I Ronald Weasley of clan Weasley challenge you to a duel." Ron's master plan was to challenge Harry to a duel and then when the snake tried to get out of it everyone would know what a coward he was and everyone would know how great Ronald was. To bad his plan never involved Harry excepting his challenge.

"Alright Ronda," Harry said with a smile, "The most ancient and noble house of Potter agrees to the challenge of a honor duel."

Suddenly Ron turned pale as Harry gave him a predatory smile, he stumbled back against his brothers and gave Harry a wide eyed look. Unfortunately for Ron his chance to walk away with a slap on his wrist to his honor died the second he forgot that he wasn't a great and powerful wizard like he felt he deserved to be. "You think I'm scared of you. I am Ronald Bilius Weasley a pureblood wizard from a family nineteen generations old and she blood with some of the most powerful families to have lived. You think I'm afraid of a halfblood who hangs out with muggleborns and squibs, I can take you anytime and anyplace."

The silent room broke out into excited whispers as more people seemed to materialize at the plans for an honor duel. More then a few teens were hoping to see a duel right then and there, the older ones knew that their was certain rules to follow and protocols to be observed. Molly was an expert on these and knew how to work them to her advantage, luckily Sarah was no slouch either.

In fact it was her only weapon to use to help Harry and she was damn sure she was ready to wield it like a pro when the time came, personally she was chomping at the bit to test her talents against Albus Dumbledore. Molly would make a good warm up until the main course. All it took was a single look to tell Molly was as dangerous as any social climber and was as deadly as any viper

coiled in wait. The vicious grin on her lips as her mind began to whirl and plans formed in mind was a almost sickening sight to see especially when her eyes flashed to Ginny for a moment.

The confident pose, her shoulders squared and her eyes carried more then a hint of intellect in them as well. Molly could read an opponent in a moment showing that the intelligence of the Weasley children came from her. Most of social wives would take one look at the girl before them barely as old as her eldest and scoff at the thought of her being an equal to her in social combat, probably why the young woman was able to hold her own in the Wizingamot each week. As Molly stared at the the young woman a wicked idea came to her mind, a way to take the Potter fortune with out having to give Albus his share of the profit.

Molly's face became if possible even more ugly and feral as she formalized her plans in a moment, even Harry was more then a bit taken back by the look on her face. "Time?" She offered the opening move to her opponent.

Sarah's grin became more feral as she decided to go for dramatic, "Midnight, night of the next full moon. Place?" Her own offer sent a shudder through the crowds that had steadily grown at choosing a time when most feared to venture out with the report of hostilities increasing among the ministry and wolf packs.

It was an easy tactic to spot, make Ron so scared that her little bastard nephew would walk all over him. She almost scoffed at the amateur move before she relieved that she was planning something more. Molly decided to up the ante a bit, "Gringotts bank, London, the arena of Blooda. Seconds?" A gasp came up from the room at the challenge of a duel in a goblin arena were the only way to achieve victory was by killing your opponent in battle.

For the first time in the verbal sparing Sarah faltered for a moment her voice stilled as she tried to find the proper words, it was only for a moment but it didn't matter Molly had found her weakness. Before she could capitalize on her win, Harry stepped forward and gave Molly a growl, "No seconds. No mercy. Value of Honor?" Harry asked, forcing himself to remain calm as well as giving Sarah a moment to compose herself.

The feral grin on Molly's face became almost orgasmic as she smiled at Sarah, "House Potter will sign a marriage contract between William Weasley and Sarah Potter, placing House Potter under my control." Molly finished.

A lesser house taking control of a greater house tore through the growing crowds like wildfire as everyone began to talk about what was going on. A clan like the Weasley family sitting in the Wizingamot was laughable almost as laughable as the thought that Molly's least common denominator being able to take out someones lunch. Sarah looked ready to pull back when Harry stuck out his hand and said agreed.

By the time they managed to push their way out of the crowds Sarah was completely silent. The ride home was even more silent as the pulled into the driveway. Once she stopped the engine Sarah turned to Harry and punched him in the arm, "You had better win or I swear I will bring you back to life to kill you my self." Before Harry could respond she grabbed her purse and was out of the car. Harry tried to call after her but she only flipped him off in response before walking inside.

"Hey come on," Harry yelled out as he got out of the SUV, "You know that I love you, Sarah come on." The smile on Harry's face was threatening to split his head wide open as he tried to be somber about his up and coming fight to the death.

"Come on Sarah," Harry said again trying to stifle his laughter as he approached the door when he felt something. It felt like an intruder ward.

Harry fell into a crouch as he silently edged to door, glancing inside his insides went cold as he saw Sarah laying face first on the floor. Instinct slipped away as Harry rushed into the room and fell to his knees by Sarah's side and quickly felt for a pulse. Relief at finding a pulse was short lived as Harry felt a rush of magic before he hit the ground unconscious.

Had Harry remained awake he would have heard the heavy clunk of a wooden leg as the ugly scarred visage of Alastor Moody stepped out from under his cloak. The old auror hit Sarah with a second stunner then bound her with ropes before turning back to Harry. "Poor lad," Alastor offered sadly as he stunned Harry again and then

bound him as well, "Maybe you should try keeping your eyes open and your head clear lad. If you think you are going to protect anyone you had better start working harder." Alastor offered to the unconscious boy before him before placing a portkey on his chest and whisking him away.

Sorry for the delays, I am back with a reliable internet connection. The next chapter will be posted in a couple days.

Next chapter: Harry gets trained and Molly comes up with a plan.

Following chapter: dedicated to Sarah and her duties in the Wizingamot also a little more about Hermione's past.

Following Chapter: The Duel I have already wrote it so expect it to follow quickly.

Following chapter: Harry gets a new pet and the truth of Emma Granger is revealed.

From their I will start with third year where I will differ greatly from the cannon I hope you all like.

Chapter 11 A new Ally... sorta

Harry awoke in a ministry holding cell with a splitting headache, repeated stunners can do that. "Shit," Harry said softly as he took in his surroundings, it didn't take long. The ugly stone room was five paces wide and eight paces long, a stone bench for sleeping and a bucket for pissing was all that he had. Harry tapped the bucket with his foot only to find it stuck to the floor and the stone bench was too heavy to be used as a weapon. That left Harry only one option the guard.

Fortunately the door preventing Harry's escape was an old iron gate, the type you would see in an ancient castle, easy to get one's hands through. Fortunately for Harry the guard was asleep across the room in a chair with a hip flask in hand obviously drunk off his ass. Best of all his personal possessions were on a table at the drunken guard's side currently being used as a pillow. In fact the only downside Harry could see was the fact that he had magical suppressors on, conceivably that was a rather major downside but what fun would escaping be if it was too easy. The only advantage he had was the suppressor cuffs were old style as well as the door with a two foot chain connecting them.

Harry leaned against the bars and centered his thoughts, it was something he had a bit of trouble with. Find Sarah and escape was all he had come with so far and at least it was a half assed plan, that should make his trainers happy. Focusing his powers, Harry reached out with his magic and tried to levitate his possessions. The suppressors reacted instantly, the more power Harry threw against them the heavier they became and his possessions stayed where they were.

After five attempts Harry was covered in sweat and fell to his knees gasping for breath. The only positive side effect of making all of his pilfered possessions act like they were possessed had at least awoken the guard.

The overweight man grumbled as he stood up and leveled his wand at Harry, "You boy stop that whatever you're doing or else." He threatened as he waved his wand at Harry.

Subtly shifting the chain into his hands Harry smirked at the man, "Or what," The smirk Harry was throwing at the guard had the man

growling as he thrust his wand at Harry and fired off a torture curse at Harry.

Harry grabbed hold of the bars to keep himself up as he felt like his body was on fire. He bit down hard to keep himself from screaming, he would bite off his own tongue before they made him scream. The curse felt like it last for ever even if it only lasted less then ten seconds, during the time the man stepped close to the cell door. "You want more freak, our master will reward me when he returns and I tell him how I broke you." Spittle flew from his mouth as he leaned into the bars and leered at Harry as he pressed his face against the bars.

Harry waited a moment more before he made his move. Harry jumped forward and grabbed the chain in his hand, shoving his arms through the bars he swung the chain around the guards neck and grabbed the other other end in his free hand. With a strength bore upon desperation Harry slammed the man into the bars repeatedly, a wet thunk accented each hit of the mans head against the bars. After the third hit Harry relieved something.

This was way to easy. A single guard drunk off his ass to guard a political prisoner, keeping the prisoners personal possessions including weapons ten feet from them. Not even the magical world was that stupid at least he hoped it wasn't, so if this wasn't the ministry of magic then it had to be...

"God damn it." Harry yelled. Harry dropped the unconscious man to the ground and pulled the keys from his pocket to unlock the door. Once he was free he called out in a sarcastic voice, "End simulation now authorization four-four-fiver-seven agent seven-M."

The second he gave the access password the room morphed into a old stone room devoid of any adornment. Across the room stood the general and his aides writing things down on clipboards while the general gave Harry a shake of his head telling him he was not pleased with his refusal to complete the task. Before Harry could move more then a step a man materialize out of the ether and fired off a stunner at Harry.

Moving purely on instinct Harry rolled backwards and raised a shield. The force of the stunner bucked hard against his shield forcing Harry back a step but his shields held for the moment. Harry stepped back

another step and promptly tripped over the badly beaten man that he thought was just a manifestation of the room.

The horribly scarred and ugly man let out a laugh that could remind someone of nails on a black board as he smiled a toothy grin. If it was possible his ugly face was even uglier and more off putting then normal when he smiled. He smiled and stepped forward sheathing his wand, "Welcome to hit wizard training. I am Alastor Moody, loyal protector of the royal family of Wales." The moment he finished speaking his wand in his hand again and a restraining curse had Harry's hands glued together behind his back. "Now run."

Harry spent the next week learning the great secret of dodging in a combat situation from Alastor Moody who would spend most of the allotted time for training chasing Harry across the country side on horse back while flinging stinging hexes. Surprisingly Harry learned the great secret of dodging was not to get hit, at least that was the answer to the crazy old creepers question.

From there Alastor moved on to more advanced combat magic that was only borderline legal in his youth and now considered one step below an unforgivable. A vomiting curse that also sealed your opponents mouth shut, a flame spell that had the same effects of napalm but only had a twenty foot range, his personal favorite was a combo where he conjured a dozen pin needles banished them and grew them to the size of rail road spikes in mid flight. He could pull that combo off in less than two seconds and could banish the deadly spikes fifty feet with lethal accuracy.

Once he got over the creepy mans many mantra's of 'constant vigilance' and such things, Harry found him to be a truly terrifying man with no experience around children, every time he smiled his scars became more pronounced, the fact that he took great pleasure in making sure Harry was always self aware by attacking him in his home at odd hours of the night, most importantly he took great pleasure in making sure Harry was well aware of his own tolerance for pain.

On the one upside was that Harry was learning an amazing amount of things about magic and fighting wizards. As Alastor always told him it was not about being the most powerful or the most dangerous it was all about the cunning. When he got done with Harry he would have the fight won before the battle even began, the

creepy old man had proved that when he had set up a blasting ward on Harry's dueling platform that he had ignited the moment the duel began.

Once Harry had regained consciousness Alastor let out a deep belly laugh as he helped Harry back to his feet. He conjured a couple of chairs and sat down in one and signaled to Harry to take the other. "Listen lad, there is something I need to tell you." Given the seriousness of his voice Harry sat up a bit straighter, "In our world you won't find a lot of honor or integrity. During the last war myself and very few others took up the sword to fight against Voldemort at first, even Albus didn't start fighting until Voldemort killed a powerful party member on the light side. In fact Voldemort had been cutting a bloody swath through England for more than a decade before the ministry decided to do something it was another decade after that before Albus Dumbledore decided to take up the fight. Finally eight years later your mother's sacrifice destroyed the bastard giving us peace." Alastor stood up and allowed Harry to absorb what he had said.

It was a heavy thought to Harry, he knew the truth it was his mother who had discovered the secret to defeating Voldemort. Still it was a lot to absorb that his mother was dead because of her desire to protect him. Harry leaned back and ran his fingers through his hair, he just needed to not think about this and deal with his life as is he decided when Moody yelled "Constant vigilance." Harry glanced up in time to catch a stunner in the face, at least this time he had time to scowl and flip off the ugly fucker.

Harry was actually getting used to waking up on the floor, it was good for the back and the extra sleep was a plus as the crazy fucker liked to apparate into his bedroom and hit him with pain curses. Unfortunately the same crazy bastard always woke him up long before he could get a decent amount of sleep. Instead of standing up Harry took a moment to enjoy the cold stone floor as he wondered how Ronald was going about his training, it was true that nine times out of ten Harry ended up on the floor after a fight with Moody but on the positive side Moody had never managed to get him with the same trick twice. There was no way Ronald was getting this kind of training, of that Harry was very certain.

"For the love of Merlin Ronald." Molly screamed as she smacked her youngest son with a play wizard magazine.

It had been over a week and her son was proving to be nothing more than a waste of air, she had held out some hope that he would rise to the occasion. She had begged and pleaded to the ghosts of her ancestors that he would make her proud by learning all he could and killing that little shit Harry Potter so she would be able to get hold of the Potter fortune and cut out Albus so she wouldn't have to marry off her daughter to the little shit head and then kill him later. After all what mother wouldn't want her daughter to marry a man only to kill him on their wedding night after she lost her virginity.

Molly was about to smack her son again when an idea came to her mind, the challenge was family to family and because of that it didn't need to be Ronald. Without saying a word she threw the magazine at her son and ran off to her personal grimore, there was more than one way to kill a Potter after all.

"Imperio," Harry screamed, he thrust his wand at Moody and went for the most powerful mind control spell he knew.

Alastor took the curse without blinking and fired off a Cruciatus in response. Harry took the curse in his belly and fell to his knees but managed to stay off the ground. Alastor stepped closer to Harry as he kept the curse up, his face if possible looked even more menacing as Harry focused on his magic through the pain and shot out his hand and fired off a summoning charm. Caught completely by surprise Alastor's wand was ripped from his hands for a moment, he jerked his arm back activating the recoil wire on his wrist that was connected to his wand and caught it in a single swift motion.

"Mother Fucker." Harry shouted.

Moody caught his wand and snapped off a whip charm, the ten foot long cord wrapped around Harry's wrist allowing the old man to shoulder throw Harry into a wall. Bracing himself Harry hit the wall with a dull thud, by some unknown good fortune he remained in control of all of his faculties. Before Moody could send him into the wall again, Harry conjured a knife and sliced through the whip then throw it with all the force he could at Alastor Moody.

Surprise turned to shock as Moody snapped up his wand and tried to conjure a solid shield, the twirling blade cleared the barrier before it could appear and buried its self into his left shoulder before he

could even blink. Acting purely on desperation Moody fired a reducto then a stunner in rapid succession at Harry.

Harry rushed forward and rolled forward under the reducto curse, the stunner was absorbed by Harry's personal wards a trick he learned from Alastor. Before Moody could even try to raise a defense Harry was in his face, channeling all of his magic into his fist Harry slammed Alastor in the jaw releasing a stunning banisher he learned from the old man himself sent the ancient warrior slamming into the wall.

With the fight over Harry leaned back against the wall and spit out a bit of blood from his mouth. Harry had just turned to walk to the exit when he felt the rush of magic, spinning towards the spell Harry threw up a shield as fast as possible.

Standing across the room was Alastor Moody, well to be exact Moody was leaning against the wall gasping for breath and bleeding heavily from his shoulder. Alastor fell to his knees and sent out a mental command to Harry stand down, personally he hated using the unforgivables even in training but the boy needed to learn to fight against them and to beat them. The Imperious curse was the ultimate in mind control curses, Harry was terrible at it and even if you were powerful it still took time to learn to beat it, more than anything Alastor knew that he had Harry so he didn't bother repowering his personal wards and instead healed the stab wound on his shoulder, his broken ribs could wait.

So intent on healing himself he didn't feel the rush of magic until he was slammed with a pair of stunning spells.

Harry had not expected to feel that spell and would not have been able to dodge either way Harry had taken the full force of the most vile curse ever created in his opinion. A sense of calm had come over him feeling his mind with peaceful thoughts, 'Relax Harry you no longer need to fight' the voice whispered seductively into his mind. It was a soft and sweet voice but it just didn't feel right. Before the voice could gain traction another voice slammed against the voice screaming at Harry to attack. For a moment Harry wanted to tell the voice off and just slip in to peaceful serenity but the thick angry voice seemed to grow louder even as the serene voice seemed to fade away. With force of will Harry threw off the curses influence and fired off a pair of stunners striking the man in the side.

After tying him up with rope Harry leaned back against the wall on caught a few extra hours of sleep, hell he still had three more hours with the crazy ass fool.

A/N: Chapter is a bit short but I wanted to break up Harry's combat training a bit. Now I admit that I should have given Harry a lesser sentence and I plan on doing that, changing it to man 1 with a sentence of ten to fifteen years, my reason for this is two fold and I hope you all can forgive me my reasons. A good attorney would have gotten Harry a few years in either a mental rehab or a rehabilitation center for troubled boys, Harry got the the P.D. Who failed the bar four times and couldn't give what ever his names case more priority then his sixty other cases because the Dursley's wouldn't shell out the money. I know this from personal experience with a P.D. in a minor case several years ago. Secondly from what we had seen from canon Harry grew up in a abusive house that was ignored while the Dursley's got away with murder because they are the right type of people, my take on this is a little magical help to make people ignore Harry and consequently the abuse he suffered, not a plan more a failure to plan.

Now as for Harry's magical training it has been along the lines of what he had the power to effectively use and what would be needed. The main problem with that is the Flamels are woefully out of touch with the new advances in the magical world, their long lives have also led them to be a tad bit over confident in their abilities. Croaker hasn't been in the field since the sixties, his time behind a desk has made him a bit soft and not as aware as he once was.

Now I once had some one say Harry seemed to powerful for his age well he is not, he is just dedicated and well trained along with the fact he only has to do homework in defense because of the fact that Hogwarts hasn't changed its ciriculm or tests in forty years and one of Flamels assistance was a Ravenclaw student who kept all of her old assignments, only defense who constantly needs a new teacher has any variation in tests and assignments, see Lockheart for example. Because of this Harry spends a good amount of his time in personal training.

Magical skills and training for Harry. Short hop apperation – apperate by line of sight only, minimal power use and nearly silent. Transfiguration, Healing, Arthimancy and Warding weakest skills. Charms, Hexs, Dark Arts, conjuration(15 second time limit before

conjured item disappears, simple items only) and Potions are average skills – meaning requiring speaking and hand motion similar to a wand. Defense and curses greater skills – minimal movement and silent casting. Unforgivables, Killing curse moderate to painful cramps once spell is cast, Torture curse no difficulty with curse, Mind control curse couldn't make a rooster cluck at sun rise.

Next chapter: dedicated to Sarah and her duties in the Wizingamot also a little more about Hermione's past.

Following chapter: The Duel I have already wrote it so expect it to follow quickly.

Following chapter: Harry gets a new pet and the truth of Emma Granger is revealed.

From their I will start with third year where I will differ greatly from the cannon I hope you all like.

Chapter 12: A day in the Wizingamot

Sarah let out a groan as she glanced at the alarm clock, the infernal device was making annoying noises and flashing at her it was six am. She would just break the damn thing but Harry had practiced his impervious wards on some of their possessions she had a tendency to break in the morning. Still it felt good so she picked up the offending beeping machine and threw it across the room.

Said device flew through the air only to stop inches from the wall then began to spin in the air before it flew back at Sarah at lot faster then she threw it. Screaming loudly Sarah dove out of bed and still wrapped in her blankets and hit the ground with a thud. The alarm clock slammed into her lamp shattering it before it came to rest back in its original spot, a quick examination revealed a returning rune on the night stand connected to the alarm clock.

"Harry," Sarah screamed loudly, "Get in here now."

Sarah stood there for a moment and tapped her foot impatiently before she remembered that Harry always started his PT at four thirty every morning, "Damn it." Sarah mumbled as she opened up her night stand and went looking for her runic wand. To help her pass as a pureblood witch Penny had created her a way to use magic even though she was a muggle, the wand itself had its own magical core with thirty different spells placed upon it in the form of runes. Mostly house hold spells and few fighting and defensive spells to protect herself. If of course she could ever remember where she put it.

Ten minutes later she found the missing wand hidden away in the back of her drawer next to her other gift from Penny to help her with her long nights alone. Sarah blushed deeply and placed her latest copy of Teen People over her late night friend their was no way she was going to let Harry find that again having that conversation was bad enough when her mom gave it to her but having to give it to a ten year old boy was ten times worse especially when he didn't blush and had to ask every question possible.

Sarah waved her wand over the lamp and thought about fixing the lamp. In a moment the lamp was properly fixed and in good working order, thankfully she didn't need to learn all the fancy words. With fifteen more minutes until Harry got home Sarah stripped down and

headed into bathroom to take a shower. She wished she could take her time and relax but she had to have breakfast on the table in twenty minutes and of course her day was filled with meetings and a rather annoying lunch date with Lady Malfoy.

After Sarah slipped out of her shower she slid on a small black dress with slits on both sides and grabbed a pair of six inch heels and carried them into the living room next to Wizingamot robes. While dealing with the Wizingamot was her least favorite thing to do at least she had made a few friends among the wives who often sat in the meetings, being a mother and doing something as simple as making breakfast and knowing that Harry would love her forever for it was the real reason she was doing all this.

By the time breakfast was on the table Harry was back from PT and ready to eat. Sarah and Harry sat quietly as Harry read his latest report telling him to continue to train and not make waves while Sarah read over a stack of missives from the ministry about today's Wizingamot sessions. The only sound that could be heard for most of the breakfast was the sound of ruffled papers and a snort of annoyance as Sarah looked at the notes from the group assigned to study the thickness of cauldron rims in relationship to thickness of cauldron bottoms, that was another group. Glancing at Harry and waiting for the right moment, when Harry took a drink of orange juice she offered Harry a smirk and said, "Ow Hermione called last night and asked you to call her today... Harry" Sarah finished in a pout, "So anything you want to talk about."

"No," Harry said with a blush as he picked up the Daily Prophet, on the cover a large picture of a man and a woman both with black hair and crazed looks. Before Harry could actually read the accompanying article Sarah gave Harry look.

"Wanna talk about it," Sarah asked as she gave Harry her cutest look, "Do we need to have another talk about the differences of boys and girls."

Unfortunately Harry was very good about making her blush and turning around her teasing all the time, he just needed to wait for the right moment. It came when she took a sip of coffee, "Well I always wondered what I had to do to make a girl scream, ow god yes right there make mommy scream like a little whore."

There it was Sarah sprayed coffee out of her nose, her face was red and her breath was coming in ragged gasps as she sputtered and tried to find a way to deny it. Hell Harry wasn't supposed to be home that early that night, "Um well I have to go, yeah big day." Sarah finally got out as she rushed from the table and grabbed her shoes and purse, threw her robes over her arm and rushed in to the floo, "Ministry of magic and hurry." Sarah yelled as the green flames flew up and enveloped her.

Harry sat back down to read the paper when the door bell rang, curious as to who it would be as Alastor always apparated in and Jacob always called first to make sure Harry was ready and Felicia had moved away last December. Harry went to the door and cast a life detection spell and grabbed the glock hidden in the drawer by the door just in case, Jacob's golden rule of survival was never to be unprepared. The detection spell only revealed one life form so Harry opened the the door a little while keeping the pistol out of sight, no one was there. Before Harry could close the door he heard a whimpering sound coming from the below him, at his feet was a shaggy black Irish wolf hound looking at Harry with sorrowful eyes.

The poor dog looked half starved and was shaking from the rain. Harry brought the dog in right away and took him to the living room where the fire was roaring and laid out a blanket for him lie down on and got a towel to dry him off. The paper was completely forgotten as Harry started to focus on a more important task of conversing Sarah to allow him to keep the dog.

The ministry was bustling with activity as Sarah gracefully stepped out of the floo it was something that she could still gloat over Harry about, seeing as he still laughed at her for her terrible french. Sarah had barely made it two steps when a pair of aurors stepped up to her and wave a long ugly wand over her that made her skin tingle. Before she could ask what was going on one of them just sneered at her and walked off checking the next person to enter the floo. When she tried to ask the gate guard who gave her wand a critical look over and ran several spells over it he just told her it was a internal matter.

"Read all about it," A young man called out waving a news paper, "Bellatrix LaStrange and Sirius Black escaped from Azkaban last night, two guards dead and two inmates killed, no one is..."

Before he could continue a auror grabbed the man and stunned him but the damage was already done. For a moment every one remained calm for a moment then it happened a scream broke out in the crowds as someone thought they saw Bellatrix in the shadowy corners of the floo or under the security desks. Sarah slipped out of the milling crowds as people began to get more panicked, then it began, it started with one person moving for the floo and auror trying to stop them from leaving with out being checked. Once the auror grabbed the witch the skittish woman screamed and pulled her wand on the auror thinking it was Sirius Black that grabbed her, a loud bang and the auror was blown across the room by the scared woman. A auror in the crowd unprepared for this pulled his wand and tried to stun the woman but hit a teenage boy, then it happened a mother screamed as she grabbed her fallen son not realizing he was just stunned. Wands were quickly drawn as the younger aurors, completely out of their depths tried to intimidate the crowds.

Just as things were about to explode a magically amplified voice screamed out, "Silence everyone, all aurors sheath your wands this instant." Pushing her way through the crowds was Amelia Bones. The head of the MLE mere presence seemed to calm the crowds as she forced everyone to back down with just a look. Once she had the crowd calmed she pressed her wand to her throat and continued, "Now we most all remain calm. Last night at ten nineteen PM Sirius Black escaped from Azkaban, fortunately there was no casualties. At twelve thirteen during a sweep Bellatrix managed to overpower two guards while they were making sure there was no other escapees, from there she killed both her husband and his brother for reasons unknown and wrote on the wall of her husband's cell in blood, 'Victoria Black I'm coming for you.'" Amelia stopped for the moment and scanned the crowds, the name was unfamiliar to her but she might catch sight of some one who recognized it. After a minute of looking but not seeing the slightest reaction of recognition she continued, "Today the Wizengamot will meet and we will decide the best way to deal with this threat. Now we need every one to remain calm and vigilant and please remember that this is not the time for people to play hero both of our escapees are quite dangerous."

Senior aurors moved throughout the crowd helping the younger aurors maintain peace and calm while checking on any injured in the crowds. With everything under control Amelia finally spotted Sarah among the crowd and made a beeline for her. Amelia pulled Sarah

into a hug then gave her a kiss on each cheek, all it had taken was one day for the two women to become fast friends.

Together the two had become the ministry odd couple, Sarah the young up and comer who was filled with new ideas and Amelia the battle hardened veteran of wizarding world who had dealt with so much shit from the Wizingamot that most days she could really care less. More then a few times rumors would spout up about the pair and Sarah who was fresh from secondary school took great fun in making fun of it. Amelia had stood beside her when she tried to get a summer program for muggleborns to learn pureblood etiquette, unfortunately that was killed as soon as it was started by a loathsome looking toad woman with a perverse desire to wear pink and had a mouth full of sharp teeth that gave her a feral shark like look. The more interesting rumors had started up when after a particularly long and boring session in the Wizingamot Sarah had introduced several pureblood witches to the joys of male exotic dancers, the article of Sarah securing votes by providing women with well hung beefy sex slaves was currently sitting in her scrap book. When she had a bit too much wine and ended up staying the night with Amelia for the night the article in the morning paper was all about an innocent young woman from a good family being filled with alcohol then taken advantage of by the more worldly and experienced woman. The fact that every story about her just contradicted the last was one of things that often kept her going.

By the time the two of them had made it to the elevator two more of their group had joined them in the elevator, Julie Abbot and Augusta Longbottom, rounded out the foursome. The ride down to the Wizingamot chamber was full of chatting as three of the four had spent the time catching up on what was happening with their favorite topic of conversation, their children. Oddly enough Augusta had remained silent the entire time.

When the elevator stopped Sarah slid on her robe over her shoulders before the door even opened all the while casting a glance at Augusta who had remained quiet the entire time. It was more then a little surprising to see the sharp tongued woman to remain silent. Sarah almost asked about it but a look from Amelia silenced her.

As usual the Wizingamot chamber was filled with people milling about in groups talking in whispers and glancing at other groups

who were whispering about them. Sarah idly wondered if she told them that this reminded her of a muggle school children behavior would half the hall die of heart attacks. Sitting in his usual seat, Albus Dumbledore was staring at her with a smirk as his eyes did that damned twinkle thing they always did. Too bad for him, Sarah had been making allies across the board for next time he tried to steal her Harry.

When the minister finally arrived the precession of stupidity could finally begin. Minister Fudge banged his gavel to begin the proceedings, "Today we call forth this session of the Wizengamot, as there was a incident of national security the previous night I feel we should shelve all other matters until we can settle this issue and insure the safety of our children." seated beside the minister was Lucius and Umbridge while right behind him was Albus, all of them were whispering words of influence into the mans ear making Sarah wonder if the man ever had a original thought in his head.

One hundred voices screamed out at once offering suggestions, it was Julie Abbot who actually remembered to touch the touchstone in front of her. "Minister, do we have any information on what they might be after." Julie asked the moment her name was called and the room had quieted down.

Lucius and Dolores gave a subtle shake of their heads to the minister but Albus stood up and answered the question, "Yes Ms. Abbot, before Sirius escaped he was heard ranting, 'He's at Hogwarts.'" This sent a shutter of fear through the crowds. Get what he wanted Albus made his push, "Harry Potter is the obvious target of the Black family and we should talk about how best to protect him."

He's at Hogwarts, couldn't mean anyone else in most of the Wizengamot opinion. A man from a smaller light side family stood up and called out, "We have to protect the boy-who-lived, Supreme Mugwump what can we do to protect our savior."

It sound so scripted that Sarah was surprised the idiot could have removed his lips long enough to say it. Now she just had to wait for Albus to make his first move while she revealed her newest ally. She didn't have to wait for long.

Albus stood up and smiled wide at everyone, he placed his hand on Minister Fudges shoulder and gave it a squeeze to tell him to support him. "I feel Harry should be placed under my care and moved to a location until school starts to insure his personal safety."

Sarah Nodded over to her newest ally and sent her love, she may have to pay the devil a pound of flesh when its over but it would be worth it. Narcissa Malfoy caught the signal and stood up, "Minister, Supreme Mugwump, House Malfoy would like to know what special protections are going to be used as his aunt has kept him safe for a long time." As she finished, Narcissa threw a wink at her husband that told him to follow her lead.

Lucius nodded and whispered to the minister, Fudge stood up and banged his gavel, "As this is a matter of great importance Albus perhaps you could share with us this safe location."

Now Albus was at a loss, how was he going to convince them to turn over the boy so he could become his savior and guide him into the light especially with the fact a duel between clan Weasley and House Potter would prevent him from placing the boy there, but he did have another idea. "I would like to place him under the protection of Severus Snape his head of house."

Sarah was on her feet in a instant, "Not bloody likely you bastard. Severus Snape and my brother hated each other with a passion." More then a few people in the Wizengamot had heard of the intense Hatred between student and teacher and were wondering where this was going, "Furthermore Severus Snape is a deatheater who never proved his intentions of good faith beyond Albus's good word that he was reformed. Well I just have one question for you ow great and glorious leader of the the light."

Everyone was on pins and needles as they waited for Sarah to say what was on her mind, in reality she was hoping this mishmash of cousin fuckers would figure it out on their own. She would have had to wait a few years for that so she answered them, "There is more then one target at Hogwarts the most devout of all of the dark lords whores would want to kill for destroying their master." Again Sarah waited a moment to see if anyone would catch on, a few people seemed to be getting their and Amelia leaned back in her chair and clutched her hands to her face in understanding. Albus had remained ignorant of it all, in his mind his plans were to perfect.

It was Amelia who burst his bubble, "Severus Snape is known as a traitor and the one who could easily be blamed for the dark lords death, placing the two most hated enemies of the remaining death eaters together will be too great a target for even that crazy bitch to resist and Sirius has never shown any signs of mental deterioration even after ten years in Azkaban."

Albus stood up and put on his most grandfatherly look, he knew personally that Sirius Black was not a danger to Harry as he was the one who recommend Peter as the secret keeper and he was the one who told Severus to send the dark lord after the Potters but it was all for the greater good and it did well in keeping the dark lord in exile for the last twelve years even if the damned boy who lived couldn't show a lick of interest in investigating the damned stone and the stupid Weasley bint had to go and lose the diary keeping the basilisk safely tucked inside the chamber.

"Lady Potter, my title in this room is Chief Warlock and I can assure you that my plans for young Harry's welfare are well thought out and..." Before he could say more Amelia stood up and cut him off.

She had sat there lost in thought for a moment as she went over procedures for the prison and rotations for the guards at the prison. One week on one week off for guard rotation with guards switched out at midnight, in case of a break the prison goes in to lock down for twelve hours for a full search and no one was entering or exiting. Given the time of the escapes there was no way that any guard could have leaked the information, unless it happened before last night.

"Minister," Amelia snapped out, completely ignoring the chief warlock at the moment, "What day did Sirius and Bellatrix escape and don't lie and say last night."

Cornelius was sweating bullets now as he looked to Lucius for help in getting out of this, Lucius would be of no help this time as he was keeping his head down in dealing with Amelia Bones. His wife's sister had just escaped from prison and he was not giving that harpy any reason to shove truth serum down his throat. Seeing he was alone, Minister Fudge stood up and cleared his throat, "Six days ago. I had hoped to catch them with the aid of dementors who have been on a search and kiss mission for the past six days..." Again Amelia interrupted him.

Amelia stood up and stormed out of the Wizingamot swearing the entire time. The two most dangerous criminals in England on the loose and with a six day head start at that, She was going to skin every guard alive. Now all she needed to do was find them and had no idea where to look, she was so concerned with finding them she completely forgot to question Narcissa about a woman named Victoria.

Harry picked up the tennis ball and threw it across the yard, "Go get it boy go on."

Scruffy let out a loud bark and ran after the ball and managed to catch it inches from the ground. Scruffy ran back to Harry and continued to bark happily as he gave his master the ball for him to throw again. His studies completely forgotten at the moment Harry was having the time of his life.

Deep in the bowels of the Ministry a lone cloaked figure whistled a happy tune as she went through the school records of students looking at test scores over the last three years then cross referencing the names by student addresses. Given the heights of the cabinets Bellatrix was forced to use a step ladder to get in to the cabinet she needed, luckily for her the two men who worked in records department were fat and easy to stack on each other.

Little did Amelia know that one of her query was only a few floors below her.

Back in the Wizingamot confusion and arguments had broken out again as half the chamber wanted to discuss the escapee while the power half who didn't fear their families coming to harm from the pair of death eaters wanted to get back to business at hand. Again it was Narcissa who came to the rescue.

"I think we should return to a more immediate threat, the growing werewolf problem. At our last meeting my committee pushed for the forced relocation of the werewolves..." Narcissa began but was interrupted by one Albus's supporters.

"What about the proposed loyalty oath that was put forth at last months meeting for all ministry employees?" A man from a lesser house spouted out over the crowd.

"Regulating cauldron thickness is still a major concern for our budding potions masters as well as helping to keep manufacturers honest and..." Another voice called out.

In a voice that sound a lot like Julie Abbot, "What about the regulation of kneazle grooming, I mean come on its horrible that a groomer can decide what is the proper length of a kneazle's coat."

More voices added to the confusing din of noise as Albus watch them move farther from the greater good more exactly surrendering Harry to his control. Albus whipped out his wand and let out a loud bang silencing the Wizingamot, "My friends, what is most important is the safety of Mister Potter. Now I believe that we were discussing the best possible place to keep Mister Potter safe..."

"Why," Sarah asked as she stood up and drew all eyes to hers, this was going to be a dangerous move but it would be worth it if it worked, "Harry is a sweet and caring young man who would be heart sick at the thought that the aurors were busy guarding him and a innocent person died to those after him. I mean where ever you place Harry there will have to be a constant stream of aurors to keep him safe especially if you placed Harry in a home that is going to be targeted by those terrorists."

"Well..." Dumbledore began.

"And what about Harry's training schedule," Sarah again interrupted the old man, "Harry has physical training six days a week, magical combat training three times a week, muggle educational classes seven days a week, he will of course need time with his friends on the weekends." It may seem a bit petty but Sarah was on a roll, "So Al did you take all that in to consideration?"

And again Narcissa came to the rescue, "Well I for one would think it would go along way in deciding if Harry is properly protected if we were told who is training him."

Here Albus found his opening, who but he had more experience fighting dark lords. No matter her answer Albus Dumbledore was the man who single handedly defeated Grindawald. When Sarah Stood up and smirked at him Albus thought of one man who had fought against Grindawald and Voldemort as well as ending the reign of a

dozen up and coming dark wizards and witches before they could gain a foot hold in history.

"Senior Auror Instructor, Alastor Moody, Hero of the Voldemort war, Hero of World War 2." Sarah said with all the confidence she could muster. This silence Albus Dumbledore and had the benefit of giving him a kick to the stones figuratively of course. Sarah would wait until they were face to face to do that for trying to convince everyone she was a bad mother.

With the Potter vote combined with the Malfoy vote and sprinkled on with those on the neutral side who stood beside the Bones family or her proxy vote controlled by the Abbot family Albus didn't stand a chance in getting control of Harry this time. Albus sat there with his arms crossed looking like a child who had his favorite toy taken away just to add insult to injury Sarah blew Albus a little kiss.

The Wizingamot has never been the well oiled machine many thought it was, it was controlled by those who inherited their positions and they hadn't added a new family in over a hundred years. Every member of the group had their own agenda and more importantly their own belief in how things should be run. It was also the one thing more than any other that kept the wizarding world in power in England, it was also Sarah's responsibility to take down this section of the wizarding world. Lucky for her keeping them off balance and setting them on themselves was easy enough as most of her time had involved blocking important issues by tying up the august body with confusing issues and delaying motions or creating committees to keep anything from getting done. It was a dangerous game to play and one that even her status as a member of an Ancient and Noble House could not protect her from if she was discovered. Now she just need to get access to Malfoy manor and more importantly get Harry inside with enough time to snoop around Malfoy's office.

Another bang from Dumbledore's wand drew Sarah back to the present and to deal with her current problems and put off dealing with problems that didn't involve her having to flirt with the psycho bitch of Wizingamot. Minutes turned in to hours as Sarah pushed for new committees for every thing that was brought up, in the case of the warring committees over whether the thickness of cauldron rims should be equal to the thickness of the cauldron bottom she actually got a third committee created to do a six month study on making

potions cauldrons out of other none metal materials like raw hide, bread and tinfoil to name a few, to piss off the Chief Warlock some one threw in Professor Snape's name as the testing brewer and record the results for committee evaluations. Sarah was heading up this committee just to piss off the man more as he believed she was James sister.

After ten hours of proof positive the over inbreeding can make anyone a moron. Sarah slid off her robes and planned to hurry home and toss dinner in the oven before heading out for her girls night out. The line for the floo was going slow as every one was being checked before they could leave the ministry.

Standing behind Sarah was a heavily hooded woman with long black hair and slightly sunken features, her heavily lid eyes sparkled with barely kept desire and something that Sarah had only ever seen when her stepfather used come to punish her for what he said she did wrong. Shuttering a bit Sarah pulled her robes tighter against her body while stepping closer to the person ahead of her in line.

The line seemed to move even slower as she wanted to get away from the woman, her mere presence was sending shivers down her spine. When she finally arrived at the front of the line, the young auror in front of her took his time checking her over while ogling her. Her level of discomfort only increased as she could feel the woman's eyes on her when she said her name, had she seen the tip of a wand slide threw the woman's fingers she would have knocked out the auror and dived through the safety of the floo.

Sarah had just stepped into the floo when the cloaked woman stepped up to the auror and slashed her wand upward, the last thing Sarah saw before she disappeared into the floo network was a splash of blood hitting her in the face as the auror who was ogling her fell to pieces and screams broke out among the atrium.

Sarah tumbled out of the floo in tears as Harry caught her it was only good luck that he was close by to catch her.

A/N: And know we duel still being reedited and a little added as well but you will like I hope. Thanks for all the reviews keep them coming it always makes us who write happy to see our work is appreciated.

Moved Hermione back to next chapter a small part at the beginning and the end of the chapter. Then we go straight to the train ride and Harry takes answers the age old question, can a dementor suck out a soul with broken jaw.

Chapter 13: Duel of the century

9:00 PM Granger Residence, night of the duel.

Hermione sat back against her favorite chair in her families dinning room as she poured of her school work. Being magical was nice but Hermione wanted to go to college and then go in to medicine like her father ever since she was little, sadly being able to turn a porcupine into a pin cushion was not that impressive to the medical college she wanted to attend. Therefor Hermione spent her summers powering through all her home schooling so she could focus on her magical schooling during the school year. Siting next to her was her mother who handled all of the home schooling duties even if it was her who learned more from her daughter then her daughter learned from her.

The clock in the living room had just struck nine when the door bell rang. "All get mom," Hermione said with a smile as made to stand up when her father pushed her down back in her chair with a good natured pat on the shoulder.

"No I will get it you still have to finish your algebra if you want to go to watch your friend tonight at his um thing ok." Dan said with a smile as he went to the door.

Hermione turned back to her book as her father opened the door, she only had twenty problems left to finish the chapter. Just as Hermione picked up her pencil a woman's voice screamed out, "Avada Kedavra," Hermione barely had time to look up as the green spell of a killing curse flew at her.

11:58 PM Gringotts banks, Battle Chamber of Blooda, waiting area

Deep in the bowels of the goblin bank was the ancient battle grounds where some of the greatest wizards and warriors of Europe have settled in battle conflicts that couldn't be settled with words. It was even rumored that Godric and Salazar had settled things in the arena, who survived is all dependent on what house your in. This is where Harry was going to make those Gryffindorks learn their place when it came to him.

Harry hopped back and forth in front of a punching bag as he got his blood flowing quicker with every punch to the heavy bag. Behind the

bag was Gregory Goyle holding it steady and standing in as an arena brother, basically he was there for moral support or to take away the body. Sitting on a stone bench was Sarah thumbing through a cosmo magazine and smoking a cigarette as she waited for the duel to begin. The only thing missing was the forth member of their quartet, Hermione Granger.

"Relax Harry," Sarah said with out even looking up as she continued to thumb through her magazine.

Harry just ignored her and focused on what was important kicking Ron's ass back to hell and then going and finding his Hermione. "What ever, I just feel like something is wrong with my Hermione." Harry muttered as he threw a straight punch into the bag as hard as possible.

The other two just chuckled and stood back and allowed Harry to continue to rant under his breath as he beat the bag into submission, the fact that Greg had drawn a crude drawing of Ron with matching stupid grin and food all over the front of his shirt. The gong sounded and Harry stepped away from the bag channeling a bit of his magic into his fists and jumped forward and slammed his fist into the bag and screamed Bombarda, releasing a blasting curse that blew the bag apart.

The long walk down the ancient corridor of darkened stone was only accented by the dull thud of his heavy boots. Harry walked down the corridor and centered his breath, the burning torches on the walls provided the only light in the tunnels. A thick hazy smoke blew from the torches and traveled down the tunnels guiding their path, if nothing else it was impressive and for some reason it dampened the sounds from the arena.

Once Harry stepped out into the arena he understood the reason, a roar of sound nearly blasted him out of his boots as two thousand of England's magical community had turned out to witness the event. Muggleborn to pureblood and even a few dark creatures sat on the ancient stone benches of the arena cheering for what they were about to see, sitting side by side with those they hate or don't understand for the pleasure of a show. Harry almost felt bad with how quick he planned on crushing the jack ass well only a little bad.

Ron stepped forward surrounded by his family wearing battle robes of fine quality, dragon hide by the look and twirling his wand between his fingers. His stance was at ease and his control of his emotions was something no one at Hogwarts had ever seen before. Where was the arrogant swagger or the look of superiority that Harry had expected to see, Ronald Weasley was the type of pureblood that was a blood purist of the worst kind, he considered himself better by virtue of his birth and thought the world owed him and muggles and muggleborns should feel honored to be around him. Ron must be a hell of a good actor Harry thought idly.

"Entering first, the champion of Clan Weasley. RONALD 'THE IRON GUT' WEASLEY!" Lee Jordan's voice shouted from the crowd drawing many stares.

More than a few people were surprised to see the soon to be fifth year Gryffindor handling the introduction. Beside him was several reporters and a few goblins trained in announcing arena battles. A standing ovation greeted his voice as he stood up and took a bow only to notice his head of house making a beeline for him.

When silence descended again Harry stepped forward and grabbed the bottom of his shirt and took his time sliding it off to hundreds of cat calls showing off his rock hard abs and muscular arms. His only attire was a pair of knee length jean shorts and a bandana tied around his forehead to keep the sweat from his eyes and the hair from his face. His boots were thick soled combat boots and a pair of four ounce fingerless gloves on his hands studded and made from dragon hide. On his belt was a sixteen inch bowie knife and his combat knife tucked into his boot. Harry was ready to show the wizarding world you don't fuck with a Potter.

"Ow yeah, and the soon to be no longer scion of House Potter, Harry 'The bastard who needs to stop being so damned polite to all the girls so the rest of us don't have to try so hard' Potter" Lee said in a rather bored voice only to relieve Minerva McGonagall was now standing over him and glaring.

The ring itself was surrounded by goblin warriors who began to beat their weapons against the armor chanting as they raised the barrier and signaling all that didn't want to fight to get out of the arena as the battle begins as the last ax struck armor. Both sides quickly emptied leaving two young men standing twenty paces apart, no

spell and no weapon could be drawn until the final clang of weapon on armor.

"So Weasley," Harry called out, his voice carried out across the arena, let the trash talking begin, "Do you think I should have a go with your little sister before your blood turns cold or wait until were back in the dorms and shes offering it up to keep her all nice and safe."

Ron's face went from calm to murderous in a heart beat as clinched his fists tight his hands drifted closer to his wand as he growled back, "Watch what you say about Gin-Gin."

Oh this was going to be to easy Harry thought with a smirk as he looked at Ginny and winked at her making her blush even more. "Hey baby, shake that ass a little for me pumpkin. Just like you do every night in the dorms while you show the world the proper appreciation for a war hero."

The last ax struck armor just as Harry turned back to Ronny only to see his wand in hand and slashing hard at him. Harry rolled backwards as a cutting curse almost took his head off, before Harry could regain his footing Ron slashed his wand again sending out another curse that nearly took Harry's arm off. Just as quickly as his cutting curses Ron switched to blasting curses and began to fire off his blasting curse at such a high rate of speed Harry quickly had to back peddle as he quickly threw up a shield.

Each blasting curse hit Harry's shield with a resounding thud, the pure force of each spell was enough to force Harry back another step. After the sixth blasting curse hit Harry's shield, Harry spun hard to the right and went low slamming his hand in the ground and fired a banisher into the dirt. A huge cloud of dust shot into the air, covering Harry as he rolled to the left and fired off a pair of reducto curses in to the place where Ron was last standing. Staying low to the ground Harry continued to move to the right and summoned a gust of wind that blew the dust away only to reveal Ron had not stayed stationary.

"Son of a..." Was all Harry got out as he felt the rush of magic that forced him to dive to the ground to avoid a bolt lightning magic that left his hair standing on end. Elemental magic is one of the most

power driven to cast but almost no drain to the magic to maintain forms of magic out there, for Harry it was like second nature.

Moving quickly Ron switched from blasting to cutting to bludgeoning curses with seamless ease. Even casting spells back to back that weren't usually chained together due to off movements flew effortlessly from his wand. Harry ducked and dodged as fast as possible as his shields were quickly beaten by the combined assault of Ron's relentless attack. Falling back on one of Alastor's dirtiest tricks, Harry allowed a banisher to breach his shield and knock him to the ground.

Ronald sneered as he let out a laugh to the roar of the crowds and raised his wand to curse Harry while he was still down. But Harry wasn't down but he was just playing beaten for a moment more, Ron thrust his wand at Harry, Harry rolled out of the way and hopped onto his feet.

If Ron wanted to play with the elements Harry would show him how to play. Harry punched his hand into the ground hard a fissure tore through the earth straight at Ron sending dirt and rock into the air, Harry then slammed his hands together sending flames flying out of his hands forcing Ron to shield but that wasn't the point of the flames, rock and turned into melted slag finally Harry thrust his hands and blasted the boiling hot dirt and rock into Ron shield knocking him in to the ground as his shield crumbled and he was coated in super heated dirt burning and blistering his skin and his throat when he screamed.

Harry hopped back on to his feet and did a victory lap around Ron as he rolled on the ground, "Who's the man." Harry screamed out as he pumped his fist at the crowds to much cheering. Harry spun around and started to mock Ron who had rolled onto his stomach inadvertently pushing more of the abrasive sand into his skin. "Time to end it Ronny." Harry continued to mock Ronald as he pulled his bowie knife from his sheath, Harry tossed the large knife in the air several times and caught it with ease. On the third catch Harry grabbed it reverse grip and raised it high above his head and swung down ready to end it.

Sadly Harry wasn't the only one who knew how to play dead in a fight. As Harry thrust down hard Ron stabbed his wand up firing off a

silent concussion hex. Ron's hex hit Harry full on in the shoulder and knocked him clear off his feet.

Ron scrambled to his feet and glared at Harry hatefully as he waved his wand over himself numbing a bit of the pain and flicked his wand hard at the ground. A long tendril of flame extended from the tip of Ron's wand as he gave Harry a smirk before hauling back the flame whip and lashing out at Harry.

Harry rolled to the right as the flame whip cleave the ground in two where he had laid moments before. Before Harry could even think of getting back to his feet the whip crashed into the ground again on the other side of Harry. The need for distance was becoming an important thing for Harry as he could tell his right arm was dislocated and useless to him at the moment.

Ron handled the whip like a pro never over extending himself as Harry quickly gave ground and waited for the right moment. Then it came Ron jumped forward and swung the whip in a wide arc, Harry dived forward allowing the whip to fly over head and came out in a roll hitting Ron with a banisher in the groin and sent him across the arena.

Before Ron could try to get up Harry held out his hand and fired off five piercing curse one from each finger at Ron's prone form. Again Ron surprised him by snapping up a reflective shield that Harry was still having trouble learning and forcing Harry to duck the returning curses. As Harry ducked the returning curses Ron snapped his wand into motion swirling it in a circle then punching out ending it with a sharp jerk, the punching hex rocketed in to Harry before he could even think up a defense or try to dodge. The Norwegian Brawler was one of the most powerful punching hex ever created, designed to be exceptionally fast target seeking and worst of all it was a mix of pure punching power and a mid level pain curse.

Harry rolled on the ground and rubbed his leg trying to renew circulation to his leg as he kept his guard up a little surprised that Ron wasn't going on the offensive. In fact Ron was but he was going for something a bit more dramatic. Ron ran in a low circle and drew a circle in the sand with his wand then added half a dozen runes around the inner border of the circle. His hoarse and raspy voice chanted in a language that few in attendance knew.

The school staff sat in attendance and watched Ronald Weasley in awe as they couldn't believe the laziest student in school was such a power house. Gryffindor cheered for their hero and urged him while many of the girls screamed date me Ronald. Ravenclaw was just jealous of Ron's obvious knowledge while Hufflepuff was still cheering for both Harry and Ron who had both put up a good fight. Slytherin still stood behind their champion but didn't care much for Harry to survive without being horribly injured. It was only the goblins who knew what was happening and had all pulled their weapons ready to defend themselves.

Another of Alastor's golden rules came it to play at this point of Harry's life, if you don't know what they are about to do beat them unconscious then ask them when you revive them. Harry made to charge Ron when something shot out of the ground and grabbed his ankle. Harry almost fell but caught himself at the last moment, he looked down and to his horror saw a skeletal hand sticking out of the ground and grabbing his ankle. Harry nearly jumped out of his boots as more than just a hand came out of the ground. Thinking quickly Harry punched the rising skull turning it into powder and stopping the rise of the undead. Now he just had to deal with the other nineteen that remained.

Ten of the walking abominations moved towards Harry while the other nine detected life from other sources and began to shamble towards the goblins. Once they crossed the barrier the goblins sent their dead back to the grave as many more looked at Ronald with hate filled eyes only held at bay by the fact the leader had yet to give the order to slaughter the defiler of their dead.

Harry charged forward and summoned his blade to hand once he was a mere pace from the undead, Harry suddenly vanished then reappeared behind Ronald or who ever he was. Before Ron could even turn Harry snapped a kick into his back and snapping a rib as Ron stumbled forward and spun on Harry and raised his wand. Ron fired off a reducto but Harry caught arm and forced his wand wide, Ron tried again but Harry's fist slammed into Ron's arm snapping the bone cleanly in two and making Ron drop his wand. Harry grabbed Ron's arm twisted it wide and hyper extending the bone until it tore free from his arm making Ron scream. Two swift knee strikes to the ribs had Ron gasping for breath but Harry wasn't done, at a distance any wizard was a decent opponent for Harry but at close Harry was more dangerous. Another vicious twist permanently

destroyed Ron's arm a round house kick sent him flying to the ground.

Ron fell to the ground and cried as he clutched the ruined remains of his arm. Harry's mercy was short lived as Harry punt kicked Ron in the ribs breaking several more and knocking him partially out of the protective circle. His leg was protected by the battle robes to bad his good hand was not, a skeleton grabbed on to his hand and bit off two of his fingers. Before it could take more Harry grabbed Ron by the back of his robes and pulled him back in to the circle, lucky for Ron huh.

With one arm ruined and two fingers missing from his other hand a few broken ribs and covered in a vicious sun burn like rash, Ron knew there was only one thing he could do. He waited for Harry to lift him off the ground and turn him to face him when Ron pulled out his back up wand and jammed it into Harry's stomach and screamed out, 'Crusio.'

Harry jerked once then punched Ron in the jaw knocking him to the ground. A vicious stomp destroyed the rest of Ron's fingers as Harry showed the purebloods the uses of heavy boots, any mercy Harry was prepared to show died the moment Ron pulled out that most hateful curse. Harry grabbed Ron by his jaw cupping his mouth and pinching his nose close, for a few moments Ron frantically clawed at Harry's hand with his broken hand but it didn't help.

The entire arena was silent as Harry suffocated Ronald Weasley with out hesitation or remorse, on the Weasley side Arthur silently sobbed as he watched his son die while his wife cried in his arms unable to watch yet unable to look away as she watched her greed steal one of her babies. On the other side of the arena Sarah stood stock still as she watched her Harry take another life, only her training from Penelope kept her from moving or showing a hint of her emotions.

The moment Ron drew his last breath a roar went out from the goblins, hundreds of the battle harden bankers cheered over the sight of wizard killing wizard in battle with his bare hands. The lack of blood was a bit of a let down but many of the warriors were happy to learn of a new way to kill humans. The wizarding population sat back in silence as they had expected to see a magical duel filled

with spells flying everywhere and things they had never seen before. Not some muggle street fight with a bit of magic here and there.

Molly raced to her son the moment the wards were done, she made it two paces before a goblin grabbed her pushed her to the ground. Before she could scream at the goblin for putting its filthy hands on her she noticed the goblins had her entire family at sword point. A rather ugly and scarred goblin grabbed Arthur by the scruff of his neck and dragged him to the center of the arena next to his dead son then the ugly beast signaled for Sarah to approach.

Sarah walked across the loose dirt of the arena with ease in high heels, looking the part of the perfect pureblood queen with an heir of arrogance around her. Harry didn't bother to clean himself up at all as he joined Sarah and smirked at Arthur, personally he didn't have a problem with the head of the Weasley family or most of his kids. Bill and Charlie he had never met although he suspected when the goblins lifted the illusion on Ron he would find one of the two on the ground, Percy was a prick but he was very fair as well, the twins were ok and Gin was his friend. Personally Harry considered the loss of a son enough of a punishment but this needed to be done to show the world not to fuck with Harry Potter.

If looks could kill fit this situation well as Sarah looked down at Molly like she was a bug to be squished. Sarah had promised the goblins a good show and she was about to deliver, "Arthur Weasley, head of Clan Weasley. Your family sought to steal my family's name now I will destroy yours forever." Surprise was the big emotion as every one sat on the edge of their seats waiting for what was to come next. The goblin holding Arthur grabbed his hand and twisted it hard forcing him to his knees as his hand was held out to Sarah. "You sought to take all that I care for and now I will take all you love and what makes you who you are," Sarah grabbed the Weasley family ring off Arthur's hand and held it up for all to see, for a moment the Weasley family thought they would be made a servant house to the Potter family. That hope died when Sarah placed the ring on to a stone altar that had appeared beside her, "Clan Weasley is no more, the Weasley family will be stricken from history forever to never be heard from again. Your family name shall be cast into oblivion and you will never be seen as what you were but as a family of mongrels unworthy of notice, so it is decided so mote it be." As Sarah finished Harry held up his arm a goblin made hammer in his grip a man in the crowd screamed out his objection as a Dumbledore supporter he

needed to protect his own. For all the good it did Harry slammed the silver hammer down on the ring destroying it for all to see.

More shouts sprang up from around the room at the casual destruction of a pureblood family so completely. In the entire history of the of England never once has a family been destroyed so completely, Harry just flipped everyone off as he walked away leaning on Sarah all he wanted was to go to sleep for a day after he made sure Hermione was safe.

"How is she doing." Emma's captain had to ask as he watched one of his best detectives pace back and forth in a room used by the officers to catch a few Z's when working a case.

Emma didn't know how to answer that question and it was truly bothering her. Over the years she had come to love the young girl she had adopted that cold December night when her husbands friend came to her and asked her to take in a new born baby girl she couldn't say no when she looked into those lovely violet eyes. She had been in such a deep depression when her daughter Hermione had been born stillborn that she didn't hesitate for a moment to give the baby girl a home. Over the years Ted and Andromeda came by to check on the beautiful baby girl and give her a special potion to hide most of her features. Emma had sworn to never tell her daughter who her mother was and once she befriended the boy who lived she couldn't take that away from her and promised to let the secret die with her, but now. Her husband was dead, her home was gone and the most dangerous woman in the world was hunting her like an animal while searching for her daughter, Victoria. A part of her hated Victoria for all the pain she had brought to her life, had she just got rid of the girl long ago or turned down the woman when she came to her home she would still have her house and husband. Emma turned away from her daughter as more anger swelled in her heart even looking at her right now was making her want to lash out.

"Daddy," Hermione mumbled in her sleep as she began to cry while she tossed and turned.

Anger quickly turned to Sorrow as Emma rushed to her daughters side and wrapped her in her embrace. Her she was getting mad about losing her house, Hermione had just had her entire world ripped away from her. The moment Emma sat down Hermione climbed into her lap while still asleep but had stopped tossing and

turning. Watching her daughter sleep, her emotions hit her with the strength of a round house punch from a body builder, both she and Dan had taken this risk knowing what could happen and now she was trying to blame the one person who was actually innocent in all this. She really was a bad mother, this thought alone killed the last of her anger and gave Emma a purpose. Then and their Emma promised herself next time that bitch came close to her daughter she would tare her apart with her own bare hands.

A/N: I hope you all enjoyed the duel and in case your wondering it was William using a variation of polyjuice from the Prewitt family. Part of Harry's training is fighting with his strengths against opponents who are more well trained and greater understanding of magic then he does. In most of Harry's fights he will be the under dog in the fight and will use his magic in conjunction with his environment to gain an advantage in battle. At no point will Harry have the power to just snap his fingers and make the bad guys blow up, well at least by magical means but that gives me an idea for the Malfoy's.

I will work in Hermione's origins through out third year as well as why she was conceived and it has nothing to do with love or the desire to be a family.

Chapter 14 Bad dementor no soul for you

The rest of the summer seemed to pass in a haze for Harry after the duel. That night Harry had drove to Hermione's home only to find a burnt out husk left where a house had once sat. fiendfire had turned the home in a smoking ruin worst of all, above the home stood the feared dark mark.

Sarah had no intention of stopping, she had every intention of calling the general and letting him know their had been a second attack this time against a muggleborn family. She had just put her foot on the gas pedal when two men walked out of the house carrying a body bag between them when Harry threw open the door and jumped out of the SUV landing on a cop car and rushing at the house screaming for Hermione. Hidden by the cop car was two more body bags.

One officer made the mistake of trying to stop Harry from getting one of the bags opened and received a banisher for his thanks that blasted him across the yard and into a coroners van. Harry ignored the rest and tore open the body bag what he saw inside made him vomit. The sight of a man torn in half and burnt to a crisp letting out a smell that reminded him of over cooked chicken.

The other officers had drawn batons when one of their own was blasted of his feet but didn't charge the kid. One of their own had been attacked in her home and now had a dead husband and a traumatized daughter as well as the first two officers on the scene had been cut down, one cut in half like Dan Granger and the other had a fist size hole in his chest, stomach and thigh. With emotions running at boiling point the situation was close to turning more bloody as Harry tore open the other two bags and then made to search the house completely ignoring everything around him.

Going in the house was something the cops weren't going to allow, the stand off between the police and Harry was about to get very bloody when Sarah rushed in and grabbed Harry pulling him back as she tried to calm him down. Harry had struggled for a few moments before he finally gave up and sunk to the ground crying. By the time Sarah had Harry completely calm the rest of the team arrived led by Jacob carrying an inspectors badge with a bull shit story.

For the rest of summer break Harry and the team were on a seek and destroy mission, Bellatrix black had killed a score of people

since her escape and now she was being hunted by the best. Sadly for all of the training his team possessed, tracking, counter terrorism, information gathering, sniper, demolition and power of magic, they couldn't find Bellatrix or Sirius. Listening to police scanners all over the country and checking into ever violent crime were the death could have been magical had proven pretty useless in finding the Blacks but at least they caught an innocent death eater by the name of Richard Crabbe. The vile man had set a fire at a muggle orphanage and tried to use the confusion to steal children, a bullet from the teams sniper sent the man to hell with out a chance to bribe his way to freedom. That was their only victory in the search, by the end of August the team had taken to throwing darts at a map of London and checking out the area.

Worst of all for Harry was the fact that he hadn't been able to find Hermione no matter how hard he tried. Letters were returned unopened, the precinct where Emma worked was in paranoia mode and not giving Harry any answers or willing to pass a letter to her to give to Hermione. The police were in lock down about where the Granger family was hiding and not even Jacobs connections were getting them anywhere, the one ray of hope that kept Harry going was a seven word note delivered to him by courier from Emma that simply read, 'Hermione will see you on the train.'

It was now September first, five AM in the morning and Harry was where he was like every year on the first day of Hogwarts. Listening to droning on about procedures and plans while he hears what he always hears before he leaves for breakfast and a train ride to battle, watch listen and observe but stay under the radar at all costs.

The general stood and turned to Harry, "Alright lad we are now moving to phase two of project Nexus." This got Harry to perk up and listen more intently, "You have gathered enough intelligences from the shadows and now its time to take the reigns of leadership from those who keep the established order with in the school. To do this you need to show them your real power by giving the Kings judgment to Sirius and Bellatrix Black and making sure all know it was you."

The grin on Harry's face couldn't have been wider as he listened to the General hand out his orders, of course his next words wiped the grin from Harry's face. "I also have two more missions for you. First I want you to begin building your own army of soldiers trained by you

and loyal to the crown and second I need you to break in the headmasters office and snoop around discover what he is up to." If that wasn't enough to kill Harry's happy the follow up words sure did, "I expect results with your next report."

Four day, four fucking days, Harry wanted to scream that was impossible. "Yes sir," Harry offered instead as his mind went through every thing he knew about wards and dismantling them. Harry wasn't worried he would think of something.

From there the meeting went as usual endless reports about the failed attempts to create magic using quantum mechanics and new ways to manipulate energy had Harry ready to go into a coma from boredom. More plans were discussed and vetoed just as quickly, as a tactical member of the team Harry could usually only follow about one out of every ten words said by the research team. Sense Harry usually zoned this part of the conversation out and busied himself with scratching Scruffy behind the ears, at least Scruffy seemed to be paying attention to the meeting.

After three and half hours of briefing Harry was finally dismissed from the meeting allowing him and Sarah the time to make it to train with an hour and a half to spare. Personally Sarah would have liked to stop for a bit to eat but Harry wanted to make sure Hermione could find him easily so he wanted to stake out the entrance to the platform.

So for an hour Sarah stood around and enjoyed a coffee and a box of donuts while Harry walked back and forth his mind was a whirl of emotions. It was actually kind of funny as Scruffy walked the opposite direction yet always turned at the same time as Harry so they could keep crossing paths in front of Sarah. Harry was so focused on trying to say the right thing he never noticed the two women who walked up to him.

"Ow god Emma I'm so sorry." Sarah gushed as she ran over hugged her friend.

Emma returned the hug with equal intensity as she took a bit of strength from her friend, the scars were still fresh but she was tired of tears and her daughter needed her to be strong she didn't have to be. "I will be ok. Hermione has been taking it really hard but I am sure she will be fine."

While the women talked as mothers Harry and Hermione jumped head first into the fun to watch courtship dance called, 'Sorry your dads dead, so how do I ask you out with looking like an ass.' "Hi Hermione how are you feeling, you know with everything." Harry asked hesitantly.

"My dad is dead and a insane mass murderer is after me how would you feel." Hermione snapped back in anger.

"Well my mom and dad are dead and several insane mass murderer are after me," Harry snapped back almost instantly regretting it.

It wasn't anger that made Hermione snap at Harry, at least she was not angry at Harry she just need someone to lash at and a part of her knew Harry would let her. Instead of saying anything else Harry did exactly what Sarah told him to do, he stepped up to Hermione and gave her a hug. And Hermione did exactly what Sarah told him she would do.

Hermione pushed Harry away and slapped him. Doing the right thing and following his instinct were running against each other both trying to make Harry do what they thought was right, Harry stood there and took the slap making no move to defend himself. A lack of reaction made Hermione see red, she balled up her fist and punched Harry in the chest, Hermione hit Harry repeatedly as she let out a scream of rage. Harry took every hit and stepped into and pulled Hermione back into a hug, she wanted him to hate her so he wouldn't have to die for her, but Harry wouldn't let her go. Hermione burnt through her rage quickly once she couldn't get loose, her screams of rage turned to sobs of pain as finally began to let go.

A thirteen year old girl having a violent melt down had drawn more then a few stares as well as a the station security. A flash of the badge from Emma had people looking the other way and going back to embracing ignorance is bliss.

Because of the melt down Harry and Hermione made it on to the train with a few minutes to spare but it didn't matter as Slytherin kept a carriage empty for Harry. A few of the Slytherins looked like they wanted to argue but held their tongues at the sight of a muggleborn in their area. The large scruffy dog growling at anyone who looked at Hermione wrong may also have been the reason, but it was the

article in that mornings Daily Prophet that had truly put some fear into people.

Well most of them at least.

Harry pulled out a couple books for him and Hermione before tossing both bags on to the racks. Hermione took her book with a smile and sat back in her usual seat against the window with her feet propped up. Harry's spot was next to Hermione with her legs draped across his while her legs made a good book rest. Laying across the other bench seat was Scruffy fast asleep.

It seemed Harry was more popular then usual this year as many people walked past and looked at him like he was an animal in the zoo. After the tenth person looked in on him Hermione had to ask what was going on.

"Harry what is going on?" Harry was a bit surprised she noticed as she was busy reading her runes book and memorizing runes by the way her lips moved sounding every word out.

"Huh." Harry asked as he was a bit distracted watching Hermione's lips move as she sounded out the runes.

Hermione just pointed at the people walking past. In response Harry handed her today's copy of the Daily Prophet for her to read.

Dark Lord Potter: A shake up in the ranks

Written by: Rita Skeeter

Hello my Ravenous readers do I have a scoop for you. We all remember the vicious murder of Mark Wetherby a curse breaker for Gringotts who was defending his families honor and paid the ultimate price, his life and the disillusionment of his families name. What many consider a duel of honor was really a calculated strike by a rising dark lord to bring our world to its knees. Yes my readers I have uncovered a plot of the blackest order.

Through my diligent efforts I have uncovered that Sirius Black the mass murderer and betrayer is Harry Potter's godfather. Can it be any coincidence that Harry Potter challenged the Wetherby clan on the cusp of the break out of his godfather and his cousin the same

week, a duel that drew much of the ministries attentions allowing the terrible duo of escapees to grow stronger and unleash their destructive wrath. But that is not the worst of it!

My interviews of several students have led me to the startling truth that the future Lord Potter is using Bellatrix Black as a weapon to destroy his enemies. Yes it is true! Neville Longbottom the future Lord Longbottom has lost his grandmother Augusta Longbottom to the vicious bitch Bellatrix who also destroyed Frank and Alice Longbottom with the cruciatus curse long ago. As well as Micheal Wallace a fifth year Gryffindor prefect who was secretly investigating Harry Potter, this is a exert from his notes 'If Harry was a good person then why would he be in Slytherin house' another exert, 'We had set up a ambush for Harry the previous night to discover what he is up to but a group of Slytherin students had almost caught us, obviously on his orders.' Two of the fifteen that were killed in his loyal followers assault on the ministry.

There is more. At the end of his second year several students witnessed a argument between Harry Potter and Hermione Granger where Harry physically abused his long time girlfriend. My sources tell me the altercation began because Mister Potter had decided his rather plain but kind hearted Girlfriend Hermione Granger a second year Ravenclaw muggleborn had refused to have sexual relations with him. Is it any wonder that Bellatrix would attack her over the summer killing her father and almost killing her as well. I am sure everyone out there will agree with me that this poor misguided girl should be kept safe from her violent and abusive boyfriend and more importantly why have the teachers allowed this to happen with out doing something.

All I can say is when will the ministry step in and do something to keep our children safe from the obviously dangerous boy. You keep reading and I promise I will keep digging to find the truth.

"What a loud of crap." Hermione yelled as she threw the paper across the cabin and sat there with her arms folded and pouted. Harry sat there patiently and kept his hand hidden and counted down, when he got to one Hermione exploded, "That that bitch. You can't be blamed because Bellatrix came after me and besides we are not even dating... yet." Hermione mumbled the last bit under her breath before she continued, "And besides I was laughing and giggling the entire time I was telling you to stop. For god sakes you

were tickling me not beating me, stupid, I swear I am going to find out who said that and beat them up my self." By now Harry could tell she was building up for a full rant and he also knew he should cut her off but when she got this way it was just to damn sexy watching her turn in to take charge woman, "I am going to find that woman and shove her quill right up her nose, then you know what I am going to do."

At this point Hermione was yelling and the entire train could probably hear her so Harry decided to distract her, "Hey Hermione would you like to go a date with me to Hogsmead."

It was an impressive sight, hell it was probably the only time someone had ever seen Hermione Granger speechless. To bring her out of it Harry reached out and cupped Hermione's cheek like he did two years ago and kissed her softly on the lips, it was soft and gentle and full of promises that one made with their actions not their words. With his other hand Harry pulled out a simple platinum band with with the Potter crest and presented it to Hermione, "Hermione you are my best friend and I love you, please except my promise ring and know that I will always be at your side."

The promise ring was a pureblood tradition where the boy gave the girl a simple platinum band that would always shine brightly as long as the boy was faithful. Other then that it didn't require marriage down the line but it was a sign to all that the girl in question was spoken for.

Hermione let out a sequel of joy and jumped into Harry's arms. She had happy tears in her eyes as she hug Harry tight, "Yes yes yes." Hermione screamed in joy as she held out her hand for Harry to place the ring on. Once the ring was on her finger a duplicate ring appeared on his letting all the ladies know he was spoken for as well. Unfortunately her screams of yes had reached a good half of the train and drawn several prefects and the gossip girls who were already getting the scoop out.

When they arrived the prefects looked inside and several sharply looked away at the sight they saw. Hermione was siting on Harry's lap and screaming happily as continued to bounce up and down while Harry held her tight. Headboy Percy forced his way into the room and pulled his wand, his time to make Harry Potters life hell had finally come, being caught having sex on the train would see

him in detention for the rest of the year and Percy would be seen as a hero for beating the bastard.

Unfortunately plans are like Ronald no name, they seldom survive first contact with the enemy. Percy forced open the door with a violent shove that shattered the glass as he stormed in the room and went for his wand, a really bad idea. The moment the door flew open Harry was on his feet, in a single fluid moment he spun around depositing Hermione on the bench seat and flung out his hand and summoned the attackers wand in to his hand. Another of Alastor 'the bastard' Moody's creepy ass golden rules came it to play here, a wand is only dangerous in the hands of the enemy, Harry really needed to thank the old bastard for all his help.

By now Percy was pissed as he watched Harry twirl his wand between his fingers. For a moment he thought about grabbing for the wand but discounted the idea quickly, William had died because he was too overconfident. Instead he went to use his power as Headboy to get even with Potter. "Potter that will be fifty points from Slytherin for hexing your Headboy and three months of detention for both of you for engaging in highly inappropriate behavior."

Harry stood there and leveled Percy with a stare that would scare most anyone while Hermione blanched white at the thought of having to write home to her mom and dad about getting into trouble for the first time. The mere thought of her father had her in tears again and this time not so happy.

Fortunately for Percy, Harry cared more about Hermione then beating him into the ground. Before her emotions could overwhelm her Hermione felt a soothing feeling as Harry grabbed her hand. Throughout it all Harry never took his eyes off of Percy and remained completely calm to all out ward appearance though his voice was the only sign at all that he was pissed, "Listen up Percy, I know that your brain is made up mostly of over stuffed food made by your mother and a inferiority complex from your father but I think it would benefit you to remember your manners." The other prefects broke out into laughter as Harry tore into Percy.

"Listen Potter, I am Headboy Percival Prewitt and I know what I saw you and your slut doing and it is against school rules." Behind Percy the other prefects blanched at Percy's casual insult of a young

woman who had just lost her family and with a boyfriend who was rumored to be in league with Bellatrix.

If Percy hadn't made it bad enough by insulted the girlfriend of one of the most powerful and politically connected young wizards in all of Europe he was about to, "Alright Granger come forward we need evidence to take to the headmaster," Hermione stood up and stepped around Harry looking ready to rabbit, her tear soaked face and down trodden expression was probably the saddest sight Headgirl Penelope Clearwater had ever seen.

"Alright Granger now remove your..." Percy never got to finish his order when a fist hit him in the nose and knocked him back into the crowd starting to form.

Standing over him was Ms. Clearwater her fist clinched, her face full of fury and more then a little spittle frothing from her mouth as she looked ready to kill. Even Harry was scared of her, her voice was filled with menace as she glared at her soon to be ex-boyfriend depending on his next few words. "First Mister Potter give me Mister Percival's wand and then every male will exit this cabin in three seconds or they will lose everything that hangs between their legs."

Every man in the cabin and the corridor froze for a moment in fear for their best friend. When Penelope held up three fingers and screamed out, "Now." A mad rush to escape was the call to order as Harry Percy and the other male prefects rushed at the door. One unfortunate soul was still in the cabin when Penelope got to one and turned around, the young man screamed as Penelope took a step towards him and passed out. Harry was the brave soul who pulled the young man to safety.

With all of the boys gone Penelope turned back to Hermione and went from pissed off woman to supportive older sister, something she had done many times for the younger girls in Ravenclaw. Penny took a seat across from Hermione and gave the other three prefects with her a subtle hand signal that had them pulling out wands and throwing up a silencing and obscuring ward.

"Hermione honey," Penny began. It wasn't an easy question to ask and god only knows how many times that charlatan media whore has lied to sell a story, but her mother always told even a fool can find the truth on occasion. "I know you care about Harry but if he is

hurting you or making you do things your not ready for then you need to tell me."

It was only the fact the Penny had asked with genuine concern that kept Hermione from losing her cool. It took Hermione a few tries but she managed to not sound hysterical or angry, "Harry is great and he asked me to be his girl. Harry really cares about me and has never hurt me, last year we were, that's Harry and I were out enjoying a wonderful summer day by the lake when Harry got that look in his eyes and next thing I know I am in the air being tickled and Harry is carrying me into the lake." At this point Hermione had developed a far off look as she sighed at the memory washed over her. "Harry was all wet and with the water making his chest glisten in the sun while his strong arms held me close keeping me safe." Now every girl sighed wishing Harry was older or their was more the one of him at least.

Penny sat back and wanted to believe her but truly nice guys in a world dominated by men who considered women and muggleborns beneath them was a rare thing. In her opinion they were none existent. "Alright honey, but if you ever need to talk come to me. Now tell us so how big is Harry's wand by the way?" With the inquiry done it was time to gossip.

Meanwhile Harry stood outside the cabin and rolled a coin between his fingers as he waited. It wasn't to bad a place to wait and it wasn't like it was the first time he had been forced to wait for long periods of time, hell he had been on surveillance assignments that involved him sitting in a van and watching a building for twelve hours straight only to record everyone who entered or exited. Falling back on a old stand by while they waited Harry asked, "So anyone catch the Manchester game on the radio last night." All three purebloods looked at Harry a little confused and went back to waiting.

After a half hour had passed Penny finally walked out of the cabin and offered Harry a rather seductive wink. One of the prefects blew Harry a kiss while the other a Slytherin seventh year whispered in to Harry's ear before she left, what ever she told him had Harry blushing bright red and wondering if that was even physically possible. After Harry closed the door to the cabin and got his blush a little more under control he just had to ask what was with the look he got, girl talk was Hermione's only response.

"So, where were we," Harry asked trying to be suave as he walked up to Hermione.

That was a bad idea. Hermione understood Harry was trying to be serious and it was really cute but after getting grilled for half an hour about every facet of Harry and she just couldn't help it. It started with a chuckle and a grin that she tried to cover with her hand then Harry gave her a puppy dog look that had her rolling with laughter. When Harry huffed and glared at Hermione it was just way to much, "I'm sorry." Hermione began as she tried to stop laughing but it wasn't happening soon Harry got caught in the joke and began to laugh as well.

Once the laughter subsided Harry sat down beside Hermione and put his arm around shoulder. "So..." Harry began as he leaned in closer to Hermione to give his girlfriend her first official kiss as her boyfriend. Hermione was still blushing as she leaned closer to Harry to kiss him as well when again the cabin door opened.

It seems that no matter what certain things and people would never be smart enough to just shut up. "Hey Potter its about time you taught your mudblood where she belongs and what shes good for." Draco would forever be one of those people.

The reference to where she belongs was obviously as Hermione was sitting on the floor and what she was good for was pretty easy to understand as well as the article made it sound like Hermione was just a piece of property for Harry to use as he saw fit. What Hermione didn't understand was what possible level over inbreeding could make Draco dumb enough to insult her right in front of Harry.

With everything that had happened recently Draco was feeling good about himself and considering the fact his slurs were against Hermione and not Harry, Draco was following the letter of his father threat to not antagonize Harry if not the spirit of what was told him. While Harry had only defended himself the past two years at school and never risen to any provocation Draco had always taken it as a sign of weakness and not self control. The one major problem with Draco's argument was Harry was under orders to remain calm and not to stand out, until now that is.

Supported by his back up, Crabbe the idiot and new head of the Crabbe family, Theodore 'short as his temper' Nott, the newest

member of the Slytherin whores Pansy Parkinson and oddly enough a very pretty first year who didn't even try to be intimidating and kind of took the bluster out of the group when she stepped forward and offered her hand to Hermione.

"Hi, I am Astoria Greengrass soon to be first year Slytherin and it is a pleasure to meet you." The friendly greeting and kind looks from the perky young girl made Harry smile while Hermione just extended her hand to shake the younger girl's hand.

In the spirit of Politeness Hermione made introductions, "Hi I'm...um Hermione Granger and this is my boyfriend Harry Potter." The hesitation at saying her name was only slight but Harry still picked up on it. Was there a connection that he was missing on the attack against Hermione's family, it was a small thing but any clue could be that one clue that helps so he planned on putting the geek squad on it in his next report.

Seeing as Hermione was so nice and Harry was making no move to make her leave Astoria took it as an offer to continue. Astoria grabbed Draco by the arm and pulled him close to her, she looked at him with more love and devotion than he probably ever had seen from his own family, "Well I just wanted to be nice and say hello and tell everyone the good news about mine and Draciepoo's betrothal. Well it's been fun maybe we can be friends, bye." The cute whirl of energy that has always been known as Astoria Greengrass led Draciepoo away so she could meet the rest of her school mates.

"By Draciepoo." Harry and Hermione called out in tandem.

The look of pure loathing on Draciepoo's face was even more comical standing next to the petite girl with the infectious smile. Hermione pulled her knees up to her chest as she leaned into Harry's side and broke into giggles again, Harry quickly put a stop to that by pressing a finger to her lips. They had already been an hour and half into the ride and every time Harry tried to kiss his new girlfriend something had interfered, not wanting to risk fate Harry leaned in to capture a kiss.

"Hey Potter you think you're so special because you killed my brother. Had you fought him fair like a proper wizard he would have killed you and I would have had all new stuff." Predictably fate decided to cock block Harry again making damn sure the next spell he learn

above all others was a proper privacy spell, the kind that locks and silences as well as obscures a room.

"Well Ronny," Harry began.

"There is no such thing as a fair fight." Hermione finished for Harry.

As usual a logical argument went right over Ron's head especially considering he was backed up by his friends who thanks to the Profit believe Ron to be the victim. Ron opened his mouth to counter back with an argument but was running out of things to say, "Well just shut up mudblood, this is between me and Potter."

Before anyone could even blink Hermione had her wand in hand and ready to curse Ronald. The tip of her wand was glowing brightly as Hermione patiently waited for Ron to draw his own wand. After a few moments of checking his cloak pockets Ron remembered he now kept his wand in a holster that his brother Bill gave him for training before it was determined that Ron was not good enough to win a fight.

Ron flicked his wrist a little too hard so his wand nearly jumped past his hand. Once he had it righted, Harry flicked his finger at Ron and sent his wand flying out of his hand only to be caught by Scruffy when the dog thought they were playing fetch. Ron made his next mistake when he tried to grab the wand from the dogs mouth, Scruffy growled and bit down on the wand in his mouth forcing him to let go or risk having snapped by the dogs powerful jaws.

"Give me back my wand... dog." It was rather funny watching Ron give an order to a dog and expect him to understand. Certainly Scruffy could always understand Harry in the past but Harry could also recognize the funny look in his eyes when ever he played a prank on Sarah. Stealing Sarah's bikini top while she sun bathes or sneak into her room while she is changing or grab her bathrobe when she gets out of the shower, the more Harry thought about it the more he relieved about ninety percent of Scruffy's pranks involved seeing Sarah naked. Shaking that disturbing thought from his head Harry turned back to

Before Harry could say anything Scruffy bound from the room with Ron's wand in his mouth, Ron and his pack of Gryffindorks fell to the ground and screamed as the dog jumped over them and ran off

down the train. "Damn it Potter tell your dog to give my wand back." Ron ordered Harry which sounded more like a whine.

"Sorry Ronny not my dog." A good way to deal with the idiot was already forming in Harry's mind as he spun the tale, "Yeah he was just sitting in here and we joined him seemed so much better company then what we usually get."

Ron ran from the cabin chasing after the dog and totally not understanding that he was just the butt of another pot shot from Harry. Personally Harry actually like the Weasel, sure he was a sniveling coward and probably only advanced each year by the sheer grace of Dumbledore but every hero needs a disposable utterly useless side kick whose sole skill was entertaining the hero and his girl until it was time to throw him into the path of a bullet so he can have his moment before he dies. "God my inner monolog has gotten a bit jaded," Harry mumbled to himself only to notice Hermione was giving him a odd look.

Harry just waved it off as the door opened again.

For the next few hours dozens of people stopped by to say hi to the couple, most of them were Hermione's friends. The odd Slytherin would stop by and congratulate Harry on his duel against Weasel even if Harry killed the wrong Weasel, considering another blood traitor was dead they were still happy. Mostly the visitors were there to gab with Hermione about dating the boy who lived, apparently the negative aspects of the article were quickly washed over.

The sun had finally set by the time Harry and Hermione were finally alone, Hogwarts was less the two hours away and Hermione was in her usual spot for the last leg of the trip on the bench with her head resting on Harry's jacket while Harry sat back on Hermione's trunk and ran his fingers through her hair while Harry read the government file on the new teacher, a Remus Lupin.

Lupin's file was an interesting read to be sure, unlike most of his kind he wasn't on the kill on site list in fact he was on the reserved judgment list that gave Harry the latitude to decide his fate. His entire file was pretty short in comparison to most purebloods who were turned in to werewolves and resorted to crime in the muggle world to survive, it was a bit of a necessity for the government as putting a werewolf in general population in prison on the night of the

full moon. While it was true Remus had a few questionable associations in his past it was nothing to serious. Oddly enough a search of public records revealed a connection to Harry, two months before Lily Potter had died she had a will written and notarized giving full legal custody of her son to Remus in the event of her death.

This fact more then any other fact put Harry on the fence about the man he would meet in a few hours, it would be easy to hate the man for never coming to him but could Harry truly expect the man cursed like he was to provide for a child when he could barely hold down a place to live or a job. As much as Harry wanted to ignore it and deal with his own problems he knew that this was one thing that he needed to resolve. It was part of growing of growing up like Sarah always told him, 'A man is someone who knows how to forgive.'

"So," Harry began as he gave Hermione a mischievous look. "We are finally alone."

Hermione looked equally mischievous as she leaned in closer to Harry and tilted her head just so as she closed her eyes, Harry mimicked her every reaction as he leaned closer to Hermione. Their lips were barely a breath apart when fate gave Harry a kick to the crotch he wouldn't forget.

The train gave a sudden lurch that sent Hermione flying into Harry and knocking both of them to the ground, Hermione's incredibly filled head smacked Harry in the nose hard enough to brake it as Harry was nice enough to brake her fall. Across the train many people were in similar states of injury.

A loud grunt of anger was the only outward sign that Harry was pissed off. If fate wanted to fuck with Harry Potter then Harry Potter was going to fuck up fate. It was only the rage burning in Harry that was keeping the chills from effecting him and was about to have him walk into a fight he never expected to have.

"Harry." Hermione's soft voice came out in a timid way that surprised him, "look."

Harry followed Hermione's glance to the windows of the train. Every pane of glass was covered in a thick frost, Harry stepped forward and ran his fingers over the glass, it was frozen solid. "Maybe a

glacier spell designed to keep the train in one place," Harry mused aloud as he stripped of his heavy coat and slid it around Hermione's shoulders to keep her warm.

"Listen Hermione," Harry began as he pulled out his pistol and made sure it was loaded and properly cleaned. "This maybe an attack from bitchy and seriously. Stay here and seal the door until I return I want to check this out."

Hermione looked like she wanted to say something but she just nodded her head and drew her wand. As Harry stepped out and closed the door every fiber of her being was screaming at her to tell Harry the truth about her parents to warn him about the danger he was walking in to. She wanted to tell him but she was too scared he would tell her to get lost and it was just too terrifying to be alone again after all she had suffered.

Harry stepped out of the cabin and made his way cautiously down the corridor, the strange frost on the windows in his cabin was also on the windows in the main passageway down the train. This told Harry he was looking for both of the Blacks if they hit the train from both sides at the same time. Only a few brave souls stuck their heads out of the doors of their cabin only to quickly duck back in at the sight of Harry Potter moving down the corridor with a look on his face that brook no arguments.

First immobilizing the train and then obscuring the view from the outside was a strategy that he would have done if he was hitting a target on the train. What confused Harry about the situation was the fact that Bellatrix didn't seem the type to care about collateral damage, what he expected was for her to hit the train carriages with repeated heavy blasting curses then AK anyone still twitching and call it a day. If she was going through all this trouble to avoid killing then she was obviously following someones orders and any person that could keep that crazy ass bitch in line was someone Harry had no intention of fighting fair.

Every step filled Harry with an equal part fear and anger, memories of his past filled Harry with fear over some of things he had done. The same memories that made Harry afraid also filled him with rage, angry with himself for even questioning his mission and his beliefs. The whimpering fools barricaded in the cabins filled Harry with even

more rage, what did any of these pampered and spoiled cowards know about real fear.

The more Harry moved down the corridor the more the memories seemed to take on a life of their own, every window Harry passed he could feel eyes on him. Out of the corner of his eye Harry could see movement beyond the frosted windows every time he tried to make out the shape it was gone. Harry had just placed his hand on the door and began to slide it open when suddenly a scream came from the end of the corridor.

Harry rushed down the corridor, making it just in time as a hunched over black cloaked figure tore open the door to the cabin he and Hermione shared. Harry rushed into the room ignoring Hermione's screams and grabbed the cloaked figure around the waist with one arm and threw the tattered cloaked figure out of the cabin with a strength born of hatred like he had never felt before. Spinning Harry thrust his pistol into the cloaked figures face and fired, three shots rang through out the train like thunder causing many to scream as the cloaked figure slammed against the window of the train with enough force to shatter the glass.

Feeling confident Harry holstered his pistol and walked up to the cloaked figure and sneered at it, reaching forward Harry grabbed the hood of the cloak to see the face of his kill and asked, "Now which one are you...fuck." Harry shouted in surprise as the cloaked figure grabbed the front of his shirt and threw Harry the length of the train corridor.

Harry hit the door twenty feet away from the dementor and crumbled to the ground. The one up side was the dementor was not focused on Hermione any longer, the down side now Harry had a really pissed off demon that had never in the recorded history of magic ever been killed looking at him and looking really pissed off.

Moving like a shadow of death the specter rushed down the corridor faster then a man could blink. Harry had just made it back to his feet when a clawed hand pinned him against the door and lifted him off the ground. Icy cold breath blew across Harry's face chilling him to the bone as pale skin stretched tight over bone leaned in closer ready to give Harry the kiss. Desperation gripped his heart as death pulled closer to him, reaching down deep Harry found the strength to tighten his fist and slammed his fist into the creatures face.

The dementor reared back at the blow to his jaw. Before the dementor could fight back Harry slammed his fist into the dementor's face again. The force of the blow forced the dementor to drop Harry to the ground as it stumbled back a step.

"Kiss this bitch," Harry screamed and jumped up and grabbed the over head bar then slammed the dementor in the jaw with his knee knocking the beast into a wall. Still hanging Harry snapped a heel kick into the dementor's head slamming the dementor in the wall with enough force to dent the wall. Again and again Harry slammed the dementor in to the wall making it screech in pain, the creature rocked back and forth on its feet from the beating. It might be a well known fact that most magic had no effect and no weapon made by man could harm them but dementor's were extremely weak creatures with a fragile hold on their corporeal bodies.

The screams of the dementor continued as Harry beat the creature with the power of rage protecting him from the creatures greatest weapon its freezing aura of fear. Soon more screams sounded as more dementors heard the call of their brethren in trouble.

With out thinking Harry grabbed the dementor by the chain of its cloak clasp and pulled hard in a attempt to throw it out of the train. The dementor made a single attempt to claw at Harry in its fear its attack went wide when the clasp snapped in Harry's hand. Once the chain broke the dementor became as light as air by the time it hit the glass the only thing remaining was the cloak it wore.

"Nice," Harry said out loud as he picked up the cloak. The dementor seemed to have disappeared once the chain had broken, banished back to hell where it belonged for the time being. It was the true secret to their power, the dementor was created by an old wizard who tried to banish nightmares from the minds of the insane. The ritual had worked perfectly, the nightmares had been forced from the minds of the twelve men and women in the circle. Of course before the man could finish his happy dance the nightmares took shape in the forms of twelve wraiths that formed into one. The towering monstrosity grabbed the terrified wizard and pulled him into the circle and removed his soul turning him in to the first dementor from their the dementor king took the souls of every man woman and child on the island asylum forever creating Azkaban island. The kings loyal servants could only survive on the material plane with a

special garment created by the souls they took imbued in the garments of the nun's who worked on the island treating the patients if the chain was ever broke then the dementor would return to the minds of men.

Ignorant of the enemy he had just made Harry repaired the clasp and tossed the cloak over his shoulders and snapped into place. The bitter cold that rolled off the cloak vanished once Harry had the cloak clipped in to place, the silver cross that hung from the clasp was aged and tarnished but made of a style that hadn't been seen in over two hundred years. Supremely happy with himself Harry had just turned around when he found himself almost face to face with another dementor.

A/N: Sorry for the delays I recovering from pneumonia so if my grammar is a little worse in this story I apologize. I hope you enjoy the story, next chapter Harry goes to court here is hoping to a bit of better luck then Harry executes his plan for breaking into Dumbledore's office. Expect to see a bit more of Deloris through out the next two years then we saw in cannon. Also the Dementor King will play a major roll later on.

Chapter 15: Of courts and crimes

"AWWWWW..." Harry screeched. If anyone said it sound rather girly then they had never had a dementor want to play peekaboo before with them.

Accompanying his rather girly scream Harry slugged the dementor as hard as he could. The dementor was flung backwards from the force of the hit. The creature snarled at Harry and made to charge when suddenly it fled the train as if terrified. No stranger to scary movies himself Harry quickly turned and leveled his pistol only to scream like a little girl again as glowing white werewolf charged at him.

Suddenly Harry found himself against the ceiling. Moments before hand Harry's only thought had been to get away from the form the glowing wolf that had torn past him and scattered the dementors. Once it was past him, Harry only then recognized the patronis for what it was; now Harry just needed to figure out how to get down. The very moment that thought crossed Harry's mind Harry plummeted to the ground.

Landing with a loud thud Harry laid there for a moment and just groaned in pain from the unexpected fall, "Fuck that hurt." Harry muttered as debated the merits of moving and just taking a moment to admire the carpet.

The decision was quickly made for him, "Harry!" Hermione screamed as she rushed to her fallen boyfriend and wrapped him in her arms. The sight of him lying on the ground unmoving had filled her with dread, she had read about the dangers of the dementor but no book could ever prepare you for the experience of meeting one or finding someone you love laying on the ground unmoving. When Harry let out a groan and turned to look at Hermione with a half-smile cresting his lips, his response of 'who rules' earned him a slap to the chest before Hermione broke down and buried her face in Harry's chest to cry.

"So 'Kay, Hermione." Harry whispered as he patted her on the back, it was a little awkward for him as he wasn't great with the whole comforting thing. Part of his training was to remain detached, to look at every situation with an uncaring eye and never look back at those left in his wake, it was still something that he wasn't great at.

Hermione quickly regained control of her emotions and looked up from Harry's chest. Her face was tear stained and the little makeup she actually wore was completely smeared with blood shot eyes and puffy lips raw from her chewing on them in her fear for Harry's safety, still she was the most beautiful sight Harry had ever laid eyes on. Time came to a standstill as Hermione moved her lips closer to Harry's, it was the perfect moment, and Harry tilted his head a little to the left and closed his eyes as her lips approached his.

'HEM, HEM.'" A squat ugly woman with a taste for pink stood over the teens and glared down at them with disgust. When she glanced at Hermione her look was one of pure loathing, it was the same look that Bellatrix had when she looked at her mother.

Hermione stood up quickly and stepped back from Harry; Harry executed a perfect flip and landed on his feet staring the ugly toad woman in the eyes. The fact alone she had interrupted their first kiss as a couple with such a look of loathing had moved her to the top of the kill list above Dumbledore but just below greasy. "Mister Potter, I am Senior Undersecretary Dolores Umbridge, you are under arrest for destruction of ministry property. You Miss Granger-" She said Hermione's name like it was something that disgusted her, "-are also under arrest as we wish to know more about you connection to the dark lord's followers..." As she spoke she quickly moved to the top spot of the kill list.

An auror grabbed Hermione by the arm and tried to cuff her. Had he been more polite and had he not grabbed her arm so roughly Harry might have been in a more forgiving mood then again maybe not. The auror stumbled back when Harry spun around and punched the foul man in the jaw. Before the other two aurors with Umbridge could even draw their wands Harry thrust his hand forward, fire dripped off his fingers as he glared down the two men and the toad faced woman.

Umbridge met Harry's glare with one of equal intensity and didn't flinch at all when his hand burst into flames. Harry would have continued the standoff until it reached its bloody conclusion when a powerful voice called out for all aurors to stand down.

Walking aboard the train a tall broad shouldered black man with a shaved head and a gold hoop in his ear marched down the corridor

of the train and stood beside Hermione. Auror Shacklebolt mere presence was imposing enough to quell the other aurors in to compliance, he gently placed his hand on Hermione's shoulder and gave it a reassuring squeeze, "Miss Granger and Mister Potter, I am Auror Shacklebolt if you come with me to answer a few questions we should be able to get you back to school by morning time." Even with his greater size and imposing look auror Shacklebolt put both teens at ease.

One of the aurors pulled out a pair of cuffs and cuffed Harry's hand behind his back then escorted the two teens off the train. Scruffy stayed low in his seat and followed the aurors out of the train, he followed along behind them as they waited for the portkey to activate. Waiting for the perfect moment Scruffy transformed into Sirius Black and raised his wand.

Shack was the first to notice the man approaching them, "Down now." He screamed as a cutting curse flew slightly wide barely missing Harry but still hitting the cuffs on his wrists. All of the aurors returned fire while Harry broke the cuffs and pushed Hermione to the ground covering her body with his own and adding his own devastating strength to the spell fire. Before Harry could fire off more than a single curse Kingsley grabbed both teens and apparated away.

Sirius continued to lay down heavy fire for a few more minutes before he to apparated away leaving the ministries stooges flat footed and scared but unharmed. He only apparated a few hundred feet before turning back into Scruffy and making a hard run to Hogwarts, his every step was leading him closer to fulfilling his promise to his best friend and this time he wasn't going to fail.

Hermione unused to portkey travel hit the ground and groaned Harry well he still had not mastered magical travel crashed into Hermione given that he landed on top of her it wasn't that bad of a landing in his opinion. "You're heavy Harry." Hermione said with a groan as she tried to push Harry off of her killing the moment.

"Better," Harry asked as he placed his legs over Hermione's waist and pushed himself up a little relieving the pressure a little but still kept them close. Breathlessly Hermione just nodded a little before she leaned forward and rewarded her hero with a kiss, time froze completely as Hermione's lips found Harry's. Lips brushed lightly

together as the two teens enjoyed their first kiss oblivious to all going on around them.

After shouting out orders for capture and retrieval for Sirius Black, Kingsley took up position between the teens and the scrambling aurors under his command. Like many aurors who fought with James and Lily Potter he knew that a debt of honor was due not just for the fighting by their sides but for all they did for the families of fallen aurors as well. After watching the second pair of aurors bump into each other as the scrambled to get ready for a situation far above their heads Kingsley shouted out enough.

Kingsley started to physically push aurors into formation, taking wands from holsters and shoving them in to hands, staring down scowls of defiance all the while shouting abuse all the while. Once the group was broken up in to four man teams and with the wands at the ready Kingsley activated the portkeys and sent the men under his command into battle.

With the aurors under his command out in the field Kingsley walked over and nudged Harry with his foot, "Time to talk son." Despite the deep baritone voice, Kingsley had a gift for putting children at ease. Reaching down he easily helped both children to their feet at the same time.

He led both children down a clean well lit corridor to a pair of doors the moment he tried to separate them Harry pushed Hermione behind him and stared down the tall auror. Harry had no trust for any member of the ministry and after meeting the undersecretary Harry wasn't letting Hermione out of his sight, Dolores was a well-known blood supremest. Kingsley tried several different approaches to earn the boy's trust but it was a no go, with his only option to stun or knock down the boy Kingsley relented and placed both teens in the same room. If he thought that would end his problems then he was sorely mistaken.

"I want my solicitor now," Hermione said the moment she sat down; Harry was earning points by pulling her chair out for her.

"Here," Harry said as he turned back to the dumbfounded and hand over the cuffs, it had taken him two minutes to pick the lock a personal best for him even if it was nowhere close to where he

should be at with picking cuffs while his hands are behind his back he was still proud.

Humph, Kingsley grunted as he took the cuffs back, this job was turning to be more of a headache then he wanted to deal with. "Alright Miss Granger, who is your Solicitor." Arguing would be pointless with the young girl as the law was very clear, a minor can't be questioned without parents, magical guardians or solicitor presence.

"Aun- Andromeda Tonks is my family's solicitor sir." Hermione had almost said aunt Andi but it didn't matter even the minor slip was more than enough for both Harry and the auror to pick up. To his credit Kingsley made no reaction other than to make a mental note of the wording mishap and it was only thing that prevent him from finding out how well trained was the boy who lived.

"Where the hell is my nephew you over rated meter maid bastard's sons of bitches?" The voice of Sarah Potter could be heard screaming throughout the entire floor dedicated to DMLE.

Kingsley cringed and Harry chuckled as the voice of his aunt came closer and hadn't lost a hint of steam or had to reuse a single curse word, by the time she reached the door Hermione was bright red when a second voice joined Harry's aunt. "I demand to see my client this instant you idiots. And if you give me some bull shit story about being interviewed only I will shove your badge down your throat and wand up your ass." Kingsley cringed even more as the voice of the most feared solicitor in all of Britain, looking more than a bit like Bellatrix Black the most feared of all the dark lords' followers.

Suddenly the door flew open and Andromeda stormed into the room like a hurricane and got right into Kingsley's face given the fact she only came up to his shoulders is was impressive she could still talk down to him. "My client has nothing to say and anything she has said is inadmissible in court now gets your boss lackey."

The very moment Kingsley was out of the room Andromeda turned from solicitor from hell to caring auntie in less time than it took to blink. "Hey baby girl what happened?" Andromeda asked sweetly as she pulled Hermione into a warm hug.

Hermione returned the hug with equal intensity; her aunt would take care of all of this and would let her get back to school where everything just seemed to follow such an easy pattern she could lose herself in its predictability. At least this time she had some good news to tell her aunt who could tell her mom. "Aunt Andi-" Hermione wasn't very good at keeping a secret, "This is my very first boyfriend Harry Potter," The smile that radiated off Hermione's face could have lit up the darkest night, she then turned to Harry, "Harry this is my aunt Andromeda Tonks she is also my family's solicitor."

"Hi," Was all Harry could come up with as he looked at a woman who looked like the vilest woman in England just slightly less crazy. Proving he had the ability to put his foot in his mouth faster than anyone, Harry said, "So you look like that crazy bitch who escaped Azkaban and needs to be put down like a rabid dog."

Andromeda took Harry's hand in an iron grip and squeezed tight, "Yes my baby sister has always been a bit on the crazy side." She turned back to Hermione after giving Harry's hand a tighter squeeze, one strong enough to crush bone. "So who wants to tell me why we're sitting in an interrogation room."

So Hermione broke it down explaining everything that had happened on the train, the attack on them from the dementors and the visit from the vile toad hell spawns. What gaps Hermione had left were quickly filled by Harry as they talked to Andromeda. Mostly she just listened to them and made an occasional note or asked a question until both kids stopped talking, once they both finish talking Andromeda broke it down to make sure she got it right, "So to paraphrase, the train came under attack and you Harry went to check out the disturbance with the intent to kill Bella and Siri when you heard a scream and got into a physical altercation with a dementor destroying it then threatened a pair of aurors and the senior undersecretary with a lethal spell do I have it all. Harry nodded so she continued, "Five hundred up front, twenty five hundred for retainer before trial starts and five thousand to be paid if I when." Her voice was no nonsense as she made to stand up at seeing Sarah's hesitation only to sit back down at Harry's nod of consent.

The moment Harry put a drop of blood on a bank draft after writing out the entire amount and putting his trust vault number and signature on it Andromeda sat back down and let a smile crease her

features. Her smile would have made Bella green with envy as she sat in her seat and pulled out a note pad and muggle pen ready to take notes, her voice was as thick as iron as she laid out the rules. "Rule one, no talking to anyone about what happened. Rule two, never admit guilt. And most important of all, I love my niece if you hurt her or think she is going to be easy shag because she is muggleborn I promise to teach you why the world fears the Black family."

From their Andromeda went over everything that could happen as well as the fact Harry was looking at up to five years in a ministry cell and expulsion from Hogwarts if he was found guilty. The next hour was filled with Andromeda going over all the details of what Harry was allowed to say and what he was allowed to say when he was cross examined on the stand. While putting a client on the stand was her least favorite thing to do it looked to be their only chance to win the case and hedging her bets on a thirteen year old boy was recipe for destruction. By the end of her interview Harry had pleasantly surprised her, she tried to push his buttons but he remained in complete control of his emotions, never left an answer open and most importantly was able to look like a sweet and most importantly innocent young man at the drop of a hat. When Andromeda finally let the aurors know she was ready for them she was feeling good about having Harry as a client.

Not a moment after the aurors entered the room Andromeda was demanding the immediate release of both her clients or they be charged so she could see them back to school before the morning began and class started. The rookie auror who was there to read the charges against the accused and tell him when it would be time for him to appear in court was being run rough shot over by the older woman, the poor young man was so flustered within minutes that Andromeda could have ordered the rookie to surrender his wand and dance naked on the ministers desk if only to get away from her.

Harry was facing a charge of destruction of ministry property, assaulting an auror and a charge of aiding a convict. The aiding charge caught everyone by surprise and only Andromeda wasn't caught unaware by the assault charge on an auror, pulling a wand on an auror was clearly assault by magical law but considering Harry didn't use a wand she was confident she could beat it. Sadly that left her having to perfect a strategy for defeating the destruction of ministry property charge and that was going to be tough as her

only tactic was to try and garner sympathy for Harry, a daunting prospect after he snuffed the life out of a man with his bare hand in front of thousands of wizards in a very muggle way. A trial date was set for Wednesday the following week until then Harry would be allowed to return to Hogwarts or go see his solicitor as long as he wore a monitoring anklet.

By the time they left the ministry of magic it was just after midnight and Harry was hungry, the rest of the group was a little worried how Harry could deal with all that and still want a slice. The simple fact was Harry was a growing boy and he was coming a bit desensitized to all the killing and the violence in his life. Andromeda offered to allow Harry to stay at her home for the night and would get the children to Hogwarts in the morning. A quick stop for takeout and the kids were in bed asleep while Andromeda was up most of the night filling in Hermione's mother or making sure Harry was in the bed he was supposed to be in and not Hermione's bed. There was just something about the young man that put her on edge as if he was far more than he appeared.

Running on little sleep was a common thing for Harry and today was no exception as Harry found himself hustled out of bed at six in the morning to get ready. Harry had stumbled into the shower and quickly cleaned up and was ready to go on time, Hermione was ready less than minute later and joined Harry in the living room.

From there the trio floored to Three Broomsticks and caught a carriage to the front gate. Waiting for them at main door was Hagrid and a shabbily dressed man in second hand robes, obviously to Harry the new werewolf err teacher. Hagrid's booming voice greeted the two wayward students as he practically ripped the carriage in half to make sure his favorite student was ok. At first Harry had not liked the large man, he was loud offish and a Dumbledore loving fool but his innate childlike goodness made him hard to hate. Hagrid easily lifted up both teens and caught them in a bear hug a hug that could easily crush bone. "So good to see you safe Harry and don't you worry I'll teach them dementors some manners if they try to come back and don't you worry known them and me are needen a good fight." The moment he jerked his head back Harry noticed them, at first it was like someone had stolen the stars from the sky but then the cold had come and washed over them like a tidal wave. It was then Harry felt the sightless eyes on them watching them like a pack of wolves watched their prey right before they charged.

Remus stayed his usual impassive self as he didn't say a word to Harry in greeting. Not a nod or a wink to the son of an old friend escaped Remus Lupin, his own pain at the loss of all those he had loved in a single night had hardened his heart. Several times over the years he had begged Albus to allow him to go meet Harry but it was always the same answer, 'I'm sorry Remus but you are a dark creature in the eyes of the ministry and I can't allow you to see Harry for his safety.' Now was his chance and he couldn't find the words to say. "Breakfast is about to begin," Came from his mouth before he could stop and say what he wanted, Harry looked at him hurt for a moment before he grabbed Hermione by the arm and led her inside.

More than a hundred dementors were now circling the castle and it seemed like everyone was watching the two teens with hungry eyes. Only a pair of them was not high in the sky but in the trees, circling around a woman in a black cloak of the finest silks her gown most fitting for prom night in an S&M club was a tight satin corset while the skirt was strips of black leather covered in spikes. She stood there on a branch maintaining perfect balance as she watched the children all the while singing softly to herself, her mind warped and twisted before she ever went to Azkaban was so alien to the dementor's that they felt fear and a sort of kinship as well.

For her part she felt a perversion of love to the soul sucking hell spawn as if they were her lost child. "Don't worry baby, momma is going to make them pay, mommy is going to make them all pay." Bellatrix whispered into the night, a small smile crept on to her lips. Her smile vanished the moment she looked at the paper, "Don't worry baby, momma Bella will protect you from the bad people and make them pay staring with that evil boy Harry Potter."

She continued to watch until her baby girl walked inside the school all the while singing softly to her like she did before her daughter was stolen from. Hush little baby don't say word momma's gonna buy you a mocking bird...

The moment Harry and Hermione walked into the great hall all conversation stopped. Harry strutted in like a king still wearing his trophy from the battle with the dementor and gave his head of house a wave and yelled out, "Miss me." Much to the man's anger.

Hermione quickly took her seat at her table and tried her best to avoid the stares and the glares that were coming her way. The moment she sat down her friends bombarded her with questions most of which her aunt told her not to answer. Harry just smiled or chuckled at every question asked of him, his none answers were still enough for his house mates to prepare their letters home.

Albus stood up from the head table as his two lost students entered the great hall, usually he would allow his heads of houses to pass out schedules so he could send the students off to class but today he had other plans that involved him attending the Wizingamot while several of the members were going to be interviewing the students. Apparently an anonymous letter to the Wizingamot had convinced several members to come to the school and find out if it is the staff and curriculum that is causing the sudden spike in violent behavior from the students.

"Greeting to everyone, now I know you are all excited to start classes but I unfortunately have to postpone the start of classes until Monday." Cheers were heard throughout the hall except of course from a few Ravenclaw students who groaned at the loss of learning. Albus continued once the hall quieted down, "The reason for this delay is the Wizingamot wants to interview the students to insure your needs are being met by the school, now they should be arriving..."

Albus was about to say more when the door to the great hall was thrown open and Sarah Potter walked in at the head of a wedge of the five most feared women of the Wizingamot. "Hey Al. You get to the good part yet." She called out from across the hall. To her left were Deloris Umbridge and Narcissa Malfoy; to her right was Amelia Bones and Agnes Wright the new leader of the old ladies now that Lady Longbottom is gone.

Together the five of them crossed the great hall and marched up to the Headmaster who was still standing and looking more than a little angry at being interrupted was extremely affronted when Sarah shouldered past him and walked up to the podium. Every teacher was glaring at her for her blatant disrespect of the Headmaster but Sarah could really care less what they thought of her, her time in the Wizingamot had given her plenty of time to read up on all of the laws that allowed Wizards to abuse muggles without fear of reprisal. In her opinion they could all go to hell.

Oddly every student had remained silent as they waited to hear what was going on, fearing that if they were noticed they would be sent away. The teachers were more than willing to voice their anger, it was McGonagall who became the spokeswoman of the group, "And what exactly does the Ministry want with Hogwarts, young lady." The dig at her age just washed over Sarah.

"Well funny you should ask," Sarah began as she sat on the staff table and placed her hands in her lap looking like the sweet innocent girl she wasn't. "You see Hogwarts students have become more violent and angry and we are genuinely concerned that the professors and the curriculum of Hogwarts are to blame." The look of pure outrage on the faces of the staff was hilarious the fact it was directed at Severus had the students almost falling off their benches with laughter. "Now to expedite our interviews we will be done all day going in a reverse alphabetical order. I will handle Gryffindor while Miss Umbridge will handle the Faculty something I can promise she is looking forward to Lady Malfoy has graciously agreed to handle the house of Hufflepuff while Madam Wright will handle Ravenclaw leaving Lady Bones to handle Slytherin interviews." As Sarah spoke she pointed out each lady in turn, when Amelia was announced a rousing cheer went up for her. With everyone's undivided attention, it may have been her commanding presence or her stylish look the extremely tight and low cut sweater dress may have also helped Sarah continued. "Interviews will begin at nine sharp in a set of class rooms on the third floor east wing signs will be up to notify you where to go. So when your names are called please come and see us and I want all of you to remember we are here because we want to help you be the best you can be and to learn in a safe and protected environment. Thank you."

Once she was finished speaking Sarah led her group out of the great hall, this group had been put together on the fly but its planning had been something Harry had worked tirelessly on all summer with Sarah. The fact Amelia would be speaking with the Slytherins was part of the plan, Sarah with the Gryffindors was a quick revision to the plan, and it wouldn't do to break into the Headmaster's office without a willing dupe to take the fall after all.

At a quarter to nine Harry left Hermione in the library to continue her studies with a promise to rejoin her as soon as possible. Hermione has been very depressed after speaking to her head of house and

his decision to not allow her to take every elective Hogwarts offered. He had told her that there was a way but he worried that it might be too much for her as she was still developing both physically and mentally and he could not in good conscience allow her to risk herself just for her own vanity, he then informed her he was removing her from divination and muggle studies. Originally she had wanted to take them all to show everyone that a muggleborn could do just as well as a pureblood in every subject but Harry had pointed out to her that Professor Flitwick may know what he is talking about.

Harry left Hermione with a kiss on the cheek and a promise to help her study on her own in both subjects so she could at least take her OWLS when the time came. His journey to the third floor was pretty uneventful which was saying something as his last time he was here he damn near got bit in half by a three headed dog. The office used by Sarah Potter was currently empty except for the woman in question allowing Harry to slide under a desk out of sight while Sarah waited for her first appointment.

Showing up ten minutes late, Ronald walked into the room skulking as he looked around until his eyes came to rest on a tea set filled with treats. Sarah crossed the room and pulled Ron into a hug surprising him and making him forget all about the food as her hug shoved his face into her breasts, while he was distracted Sarah slid her hand in his robes and slid his wand out of its holster and tossed it back to Harry who caught it easily. She quickly mouthed good luck as Harry left out the window scaling the building on his way to the headmaster's office.

Once Harry was gone Sarah pushed Ron back on the couch and sat across from him, when she was finally comfortable and dry from all the drool she began, speaking to a dictation quill, "Student Ronald Weasley, third year, begin. Now tell me Ronald how Hogwarts can better help you..."

The climb up the tower was a lot easier than Harry thought it would be, the ancient stone castle provide more than enough hand holds and the cloak he had recently acquired made him feel light as a feather. The sun's rays were perfectly positioned to allow Harry to move up the tower without being seen and the chill from the dementor's was keeping everyone indoors so his chance of being seen was next to none.

Hand over hand, Harry climbed higher the window ledge he needed called out to him. By his good fortune Harry noticed the window he needed was already opened giving him the perfect opportunity to surprise the room and neutralize the portraits before they could send up an alarm. Before grabbing the ledge Harry concentrated on it for a moment but detected no magic and let out a sigh of relief at the stupidity of wizards, the cloak allowed Harry to hang one handed effortlessly while he pulled his surprise from his belt.

The office of Albus Dumbledore was a picture of serenity as the portraits slept in their frames and the trinkets let out soft noises creating a soothing sound. Everything was so calm that no portrait even noticed the small metal canister land on the desk with a thud. A loud whistle escaped the can for a moment drawing attention from the former headmasters as they covered their ears from the high pitched scream, two hundred decimals can be quiet painful. Luckily for the former headmasters the sound last only about two seconds before it stopped then a blinding flash of light froze every painting in the room.

Harry let out a chuckle as he pulled himself over the lip of the window and rolled inside the room. The EMP burst from the prototype grenade snuffed out all the magic in the room, every device that was magical would stop working for about ten minutes time. Wards and portraits would be working in about half an hour while nothing could save the old man's filling cabinets which had exploded without the expansion charms to keep the contents secure.

Harry waded through the sea of papers to the headmaster's desk and forced open the drawers looking for a diary that was titled Albus evil plans. The first few drawers held nothing of consequence, lemon drops and a few spare wands some papers written by promising students about their work in the field. Of some note was a set of diagrams for a ward scheme Harry quickly scanned them for later examination and continued on. The rest of the search proved fruitless and Harry was running out of time, his watch told him he had three minutes and ten seconds of a safe window left.

It wasn't until Harry decided to embrace the classics of black and white super villains movies he found his answer. Behind the portrait of Headmaster Dippit was a wall safe with a simple spin lock. Harry pulled out Ron's wand and cast a super sensory charm on his ears then began to turn the nob. The soft sounds of the tumblers was like

a gong as Harry hit every number, next time he wouldn't put so much into the spell. 40R-24L-34R-Click, The door clicked open revealing Albus's private stash.

Inside the safe was Albus's personal stash of precautions, a large sack of galleons oddly enough with the Potter monetary vault number on it. Along the wall was four wands, all of them were spiraled and sparked with jewels inlaid within the shaft the handles themselves were wrapped in leather along the base was a glyph that Harry had never seen before. A small diary was revealed under the mess of trinkets that littered the bottom of the safe.

"Jackpot," The diary turned out to be a revelation in the mind of a powerful man, all of Albus's many plans and manipulations were laid bare in private journals. The odd thing was Harry himself was barely mentioned beyond his belief that Harry needed to die to save the world, the plan's to set him up with Gin and leave the young woman a widow and single mother was a little creepy but it was the plans for the school and England that had him reeling. Albus truly believed that the world needed him to survive and any who was against him needed to be put down for the greater good.

Harry hit the journal with a pair of copying charms and tossed one in his pocket and another in to his bag then added the sack of galleons a few of the silver trinkets that looked valuable and finally the four wands. The best way to mask an aggressive intelligence gathering mission was to take something of value and destroy it later, at least that was he has always been taught. Harry carried the bag of pilfered goods to the window and pressed the rapid retrieval button on the bag then tossed it out the window.

Twenty feet out of the window a thermal heated balloon popped out of the pack and shot it into the air, the internal sensors would track the balloons rate of ascent to six hundred meters above sea level then activate its portkey. It was the first of many planned crossings of mundane and magical ideas to better combine both worlds in to one again so that the veil of mystery could finally be taken down forever. Personally though Harry and the rest the assault team liked Bad Doggie a multi-sensory and magical suppression grenade designed for turning a werewolf's greatest advantage against him.

Step one complete; steal information from crazy old fool. Now came the fun part; destroying all of Albus's things and blaming the death

eaters for it. Using his pilfered wand Harry fired off blasting curses all around the room destroying everything in sight, all of Albus's many trophies throughout his long life as a warrior for the light were quickly scattered in to a thousand pieces. Once Harry was finished he pointed the wand at the ruined remains and cast the Morsmordra spell.

Harry tossed the wand on to the ground and stepped on it snapping it into two pieces. With his work done Harry moved to the window of the office when a shimmer caught his eye, without thinking Harry grabbed it and slid it under his robes before he jumped out of the window.

Free falling five stories Harry stuck out his hands and went into a crouch before casting a feather fall spell; he hit the ground with a roll and raced off back to school.

Remus is a little standoffish at first but so is Harry that will change as many of you have asked about Sirius that will be a tricky one but I am working on a way for Harry to complete his mission and not kill Sirius.

Have a Happy Thanksgiving and I hope you enjoy the story so far. I have received many reviews and for the most part they have been very good and helpful so I wish to thank you all. Chapter 1 re-edits done and I have changed the charge to Manslaughter with a sentence of incarceration until Harry's eighteenth birth day. Now my reference to the British crown and its roll in this story have given some of you some reason to complain so I will tell you a little of my reasoning and hope that I convey it well enough. First off, in this story Queen Elizabeth past away leaving her son to take up the mantle of King and as he is still married to Lady Diana she became his queen. Second, I equate the monarchy in this story to the American president, a figure head who is held in balance by the other branches of government. Project Nexus is a black ops operation created by Lady Diana when she discovered a secret that has kept the Magical and Mundane world apart this will become the focal point of the story down the line by the end of forth year reach its climatic finish in fifth year.

If you have direct questions please send it to me and I promise to do my best to answer it to your satisfaction as well if you notice something that is wrong and by my having this information could

improve the story please tell me. While I enjoy writing this it still feels even better to know that you are enjoying it.

Chapter 16: Making nice in the court room marauder style

The Grandfatherly look of Albus Dumbledore was looking a bit strained as he sat at the head table and glared at every student who dared to meet his gaze. His personal sanctuary was completely destroyed by one of his students that was something he could at least figure out, Sirius was an innocent man and Bellatrix was a crazy bitch that would never stoop to robbery but would have laid in wait or set up a runic bomb to kill him. No vandalism and using a student's wand instead of their own was an amateur move and a sign of a prank but breaking into his personal safe and disabling the portraits required skill beyond what was taught at Hogwarts. That was not what was making him look like a man suffering from severe constipation, what had him beyond pissed was the theft of the wands of the founders.

Long ago the four wands of the founders were placed under the protection of Headmaster of Hogwarts to be passed down from headmaster to headmaster to be used in the defense of the school. Only the headmaster or the descendent of a founder could use the wand making them entirely useless to anyone else.

That one fact alone kept the headmaster from going around the bend and invading the mind of every student under his protection. Of course he knew exactly who had the perpetrator of this crime but the little bastard had left no evidence behind but it was of little consequence now. Albus had a plan.

Once Harry was found guilty of defending himself against a dementor and sitting in a detention cell at the ministry Albus would charge one of Harry's friends for the crime and allow Harry to confess to save them. For the first time that morning Albus was smiling as the plan fully formed in his mind, first see the boy convicted, difficult but not impossible, second on the perfect day the aurors will arrest Miss Granger at the new day of victory feast on Halloween. Albus would have the minister present Harry with an Order of Merlin at the Victory feast and then arrest Hermione at the same time while Albus would try to come to her defense but only the real thief coming forward with his stolen proceeds would save Miss Granger. Yes his plan was perfect and he would then be able to force the boy who lived back under his control; as his plans were formed every student who looked at the depraved wide smile of the

Headmaster shuddered in fear. Only the fact he was looking at Harry Potter allowed the rest of the students feel slightly less afraid.

The moment Harry was finished he left the great hall quickly only to stand outside the great hall and wait for his girlfriend as the look on the Headmaster's face was really disconcerting. Hermione came out a few minutes later carrying her book bag and gave Harry a big hug and a kiss on the cheek. Today was the first day of court and Hermione was still pissed when she was informed by her aunt that muggleborns were not allowed to give testimony at trial.

Hermione had almost blown cover then and there but a glare from her aunt stopped her, "Feeling not guilty Harry," Hermione asked as she made no move to be the first one to class today.

Feeling Hermione in his arms felt really good to Harry as he went over his solicitors strategy; hit hard and fast and never let up. "Don't worry Mione; I am totally ready to kick some elderly old ass." Harry offered with a smile.

"Prat," Was Hermione's only response as she leaned away from Harry and smacked him in the chest playfully, "And no swearing."

Before Harry could get lost in the moment a gentle hand came to rest on his shoulder, Sarah stepped up and gave Harry's shoulder a squeeze, "Time to go kids." She then turned to Hermione, "You to honey, if plans work out you will be needed to testify today."

Hermione jumped for joy at the thought of being with Harry and getting to see the ministry of magic up close and personal was the offer of a life time for Hermione. A short carriage ride to Hogsmead and a floo trip from the Three Broomsticks was all it took to get to the ministry of course the moment her feet came out of the floo Hermione relieved she hadn't told anyone she was leaving school. Before she could enter full panic mode Sarah gave her a gentle shove towards security and told her all was fine.

Security was a rather humorous situation as the guard was unclear at what to do with Harry having no wand; he eventually had Harry place his hands on the scales but other than weight and the fact that they had been Harry's all his life left the guard slumped at what to do. A signed autograph from the boy who lived solved all the problems for Harry as he walked through the guard was so happy he didn't

bother checking Sarah or Hermione's wands as they were with Harry at the time.

All around them was activity that would bore most to tears but had Hermione asking Sarah hundreds of questions; usually asking a new one before finishing the old one. More than a few people scowled at Hermione's repeatedly asked questions that bordered on heresy especially when Hermione mentioned something from the muggle world that could improve efficiency of the ministry.

It wasn't until they made it to the waiting area a good half hour early before Sarah told Harry what was even going on. A jerk of her head towards a private room to Harry she then turned to Hermione, "Listen sweetie I need a moment with Harry so can you please wait her and knock twice on the door when your aunt arrives." She kept her voice calm as she passed Harry a bag and pushed him in the door.

"Um... Sure." Was all Hermione got out before Sarah quickly ducked in the room and locked the door.

Laid out across the table of the small room was all of Harry's tactical gear; bullet proof vest, an MP5 with three clips, six M1 grenades, three bad doggies just in case, some shake charges for getting threw doors and finally his trusty bowie knife. Harry quickly got dressed and made sure his gear was fully in place while Sarah had done the same, while both of them had the training Sarah had never actually been in a real combat situation before. As Sarah was sliding back on her blouse she gave Harry his marching orders, "The General isn't happy with this but has a new modification to the plans. You getting expelled from Hogwarts will ruin future plans so if you are found guilty we need to escape and do as much damage to the government as possible." Harry nodded and sat on the table while Sarah put her robes back on. "Now directly behind the Minister's box is his personal emergency exit to his office, from their we take the floo home then to fall back point beta." Given they had a few more minutes Harry nodded as she talked while checking his equipment. "If things go bad take out Albus, fudge and his senior cabinet as well as any department head we can. But only if we have no choice this is supposed to be a relatively bloodless coup."

The irony of the statement nearly had Harry falling off the table in laughter. A bloodless coup was the last thing that was going to happen, "So anything else?" Harry just had to ask.

"Yeah, its time to flex your more none violent muscles," Sarah leaned back against the door and crossed her arms, seeing she had Harry's undivided attention she continued. "Now here is a new target for you Delores Jane Dumbbitch, discredit her and destroy her standing in any way you see fit before the final push. That gives you at least two years so be creative." Sarah finished with a smile; it was nothing compared to the grin on Harry's face at the chance to put a little hurt on the bitch that tried to make sense of Sarah's targeted insanity attacks on the government.

A knock on the door was the signal for Harry to slide on his robes and look innocent. Just as Sarah was about to open the door Harry opened his mouth to ask how she got all his equipment through security when he relieved the stupidity of the question. The wizarding world would never consider something like an automatic machine gun or high explosives to be a danger to them.

Andromeda walked into the room wearing her best robes of pure black with green trim and silver runes, it was a statement of her family connections. She might have been cast out of her family privately but in the eyes of the public the Black family is as strong as ever, given the fact that she was the last two members of the family not dead or hunted with a death sentence on her head it made sense. Her stern gaze fell over both children as she took in their looks, both were still in Hogwarts robes a good look as it showed them looking as innocent school children. Andy spent a few moments to ruffle up Harry's short hair and add put Hermione's hair in to a loose tail, checking for clean teeth and no makeup; Andy pronounced both kids satisfactory.

The ancient stone of the Wizingamot room was filled with banners of every family who sat in its hallowed halls and was the first thing to draw Hermione's attention. Each banner hung from ceiling and blew on an invisible wind; below the banners sat the old oak boxes filled with high back chairs filled with every member of the hall. The entire hall was a round room set into multilevel tiers ending in a depressed floor where the accused sat it was designed as a way to make them feel alone and the members of the Wizingamot feel superior. Half the room was for the member of wizarding parliament while the

other half was simple stone benches for observers and for the reporters.

Andromeda moved to a table and took a seat across from opposing consul, Delores Umbridge. Sarah took her seat in the Potter box and gave a subtle nod to a young man who stood next to the Minister when he blushed she seductively licked her lips before turning to chat with Amelia. More than a few people caught the young man's eye and gave him a nod, every now and again he would pull out a small ledger and check it. As the master of speech it was his duty to announce who would be Supreme Mugwump from a random lottery if the current Mugwump could not for any reason meaning who ever gave him the best offer before the bell rang.

Just as the bell rang he took one last look at the scroll and tapped a name to initiate the transfer of funds and cleared his throat before called out in a loud voice. "To order. I Master of Speech officially call out the two minute warning before this session of trial begins, may the accused step forward and take his place in the chair of the accused and the Masters of evidence come forward." Prevalius Wetherby, a tall lean red haired man with wire rim glasses called out, he was also a sleazy little toady.

Harry stepped down into the pit and approached the chair; the chains began to rattle as Harry stepped around the chair. Before he could sit down Andromeda stood up and made her first move, "Minister is restraining my client really necessary like a common criminal fitting the likes of Bellatrix or Sirius Black."

The click of camera's as Harry sat down and allowed the chains to wrap around his wrists were pure political poison as Rita was already writing a story about the ministry persecuting the boy hero looking like an innocent school kid. "No of course not." Fudge quickly called out to the aurors and the reporters.

While a pair of aurors quickly canceled the chains Andromeda remained standing, "Next Minister Fudge I move the Have Albus Dumbledore step down as he is now added to my witness list as an expert witness for rebuttal." Andy played her next card knowing that losing this one could put her fighting her case at multiple fronts.

For the Supreme Mugwump to stand down would require a majority vote which meant a two thirds vote of the one hundred and fifty

members currently sitting in the chamber. Among the chamber there is five major voting blocks, the Potter, the Bones, the Malfoy, the Dumbledore and the fence sitters. Sarah put her hand up first signaling her block of twenty seven to follow suit, Narcissa waited a moment before she raised her hand giving the signal to her thirty eight members to follow her, Amelia never a fan of going with Narcissa added her block of thirty one finally five member of the undecided added enough to pass the vote. Albus's block of forty six was usually the power vote and could easily pass any law with the support of any other group but today was appearing to be an off day for him.

Sarah let out a sigh of relief as Albus graciously stepped down and handed the gavel to the Master of Speech. The young man pulled a bag from his robes and pulled out a slip of parchment then ignored the name written and called out, "Lord Nathaniel Greengrass." A brief applause as the tall thin man walked up and repeated the oath of office.

Nathaniel was a long standing member of the dark faction and a notorious fence sitter who usually pushed for a bit more balance in the vote. If it hadn't been for his eldest daughter pushing for him into taking the position he could really care less about the trial and if he wasn't going to be on the jury then he would have slept through it. Being a former Ravenclaw he never understood the level of intrigue his daughter and wife seemed to thrive on.

Once Nathaniel took the seat of Supreme Mugwump and gave the oath of office he banged the gavel and called out, "Madam Tonks are you ready to proceed," Receiving a nod from Harry's solicitor he turned to Umbridge who stood up and cleared her throat to begin.

"Members of the Wizingamot the magical common wealth of Britain will prove that Harry Potter attacked not only members of the auror corp but destroyed ministry property in an attempt to bolster his own personal fame. Thank you." It was a traditional Umbridge opening fast and concise.

Delores stood up and cleared his throat, 'Hem Hem' her girlish sound often gave the impression of incompetence it was one of her favorite tactics in dealing with people. "The defense calls Master Auror Dawlish to the stand."

The man with straw like hair walked up to the stand. He called out in a calm voice as he stood in his best robes, "I Master Auror do here by swear to speak the truth in front of this august body, so mote it be."

In a voice that was so sickly sweet it could make your teeth rot Delores smiled a row of teeth as vicious as a sharks and began, "Please tell us of the events on the train."

"Yes ma'am. Myself, Shack and Gord responded to an incident on the train. When we arrived the dementors were agitated and wanted to be allowed to..." At this point Delores cleared her throat silencing the man prevent him from saying more.

"And then what happened?"

"We entered the train were Mister Potter and Miss Granger were in a rather compromising position, Mister Potter was currently wearing the stolen cloak in question. Madam Umbridge ordered the arrest of Mister Potter and the arrest of Miss Granger as the dementors claimed to have found Bellatrix's scent on her."

"How did Mister Potter respond?"

"He attacked us- I mean Mister Potter attacked us when we attempted to arrest Miss Granger. After we subdued both children- it sounded better in his head -we then took the kids back to the ministry."

"Thank you, Dismissed." Umbridge took a seat and smiled smugly at her counterpart.

Returning the smug smile with a devious smirk of her own Andromeda stood up and said, "Just one question, as the master auror in charge of the operation why did you send dementors to search a train full of untrained children instead of aurors."

Well was all he managed to get out after a few moments of stuttering when Andy held up her hand to silence the man, "Obviously poor planning no more questions."

Dawlish looked the fool as his leadership was called into question in front of the entire wizarding press. It wasn't enough the fact he had

been out drawn and manhandled by a teenage boy and every auror in the department let him know it but to be called out for endangering the children of some of the most powerful families in England, like hell he was falling on that sword. Dawlish screamed out, "Wait, I ordered the aurors to search the train but it was Delores who overrode my orders and decided it would be more effective to use the dementors."

The next few aurors that came up gave the same testimony as Dawlish they were ordered to follow the dementors and when they went to shackle Hermione; that was when Harry had grown violent.

After the aurors gave testimony and expert on the dementors that explained that the only way the dementor would attack a muggleborn child was if it was under orders, Andromeda left the man so flustered when she asked him why such a harmless creature as a dementor as the man described them as was rated as a level seven dark creature.

Harry sat impassively as Umbridge laid out her case; she was everything he had been warned about a vicious half breed with a gift for manipulating the facts to suit her wishes all the while smearing her opposition. Harry wasn't sitting still because he was calm it was because he was fighting the urge to rip the woman apart with his bare hands. Every other question had been a pot shot at Harry or Hermione and Hermione was up first to testify. Harry didn't know why he was feeling so over protective but it was becoming a real problem with his objectivity; oddly Harry didn't really mind anymore.

One of the major downsides to being the greatest defense attorney in magical England was that Andromeda had on occasion tore good people apart on the stand or like she was about to do to her favorite niece; allow her to face Umbridge without prep. Sadly it was her only option to prove Harry was innocent by extenuating circumstances.

Hermione stood up and walked to the witness podium already getting nervous as all eyes were now on her. Even though she liked to answer every question in class being the center of attention scared her. When the auror pulled out his wand to give her the oath of honesty Hermione was so nervous she almost jumped out of her shoes.

Umbridge sat for a few moments smirking at Hermione making her more nervous before she stood up and cleared her throat. "Miss Granger," Somehow she managed to make it sound like an insult, "Tell me Miss Granger, do you believe the ministry of magic would allow a child to be fed to the dementors." Her sickly sweet voice was well matched with her condescending tone.

"I guess they wouldn't ma'am." Hermione offered in a small voice. "But I mean maybe..."

Hem Hem, Umbridge cut off Hermione before she could say anymore. "So Miss Granger you yourself admit that you were in no danger yet Mister Potter still viciously and violently attacked ministry personal and destroyed ministry property?"

"Yes but..." Hermione tried to speak again only to have Umbridge attack again.

"So you are saying Miss Granger, Mister Potter intentional kill an innocent creature that is property of the ministry that was there to help protect you from the dangers of Bellatrix and Sirius Black." Umbridge continued in her self-serving manner.

"Yes ma'am but..." Again Hermione tried to say more.

"In fact you yourself provoked the dementor so your boyfriend could inflate his fame even more isn't that what really happened young lady!" Umbridge went from sickly sweet to vicious in an instant.

"No!" Hermione screamed.

"Objection, assuming facts not in evidence." Andromeda calmly said as she sat still wanting to rip Delores apart knowing that the woman had tasted blood in the water she would become as vicious as the shark that spawned her; well that was the rumor in her third year at school anyways.

Blood burned within Harry as he sat forcing himself to focus on his breathing. Anger burned deep in Harry as he wrapped his hands around the chains to keep himself in the seat. Had that been all and Delores been done with her questions she could have saved herself from the fate she so richly deserved but that wouldn't be any fun would it.

Umbridge held up her hands to hold off the judges ruling and changed tact effortlessly, "Tell Miss Granger your grades are quiet good aren't they." Her voice had become so sickly sweet that more than a few people were wondering if they were going to get tooth rot.

Everyone was thrown by the change of tactics except Harry who had been trained to spot this sort of interrogation technique in fact it was his personal favorite. Unfortunately for Hermione she had never been trained in counter interrogation and how to spot a trap.

Unfortunately she walked right into it. "Yes I am the top student in the school." Hermione answered with pride, academic achievement was always something she was more than willing to brag about.

"I bet you could brew most potions that would stump newt level students at least that is what your potions professor has placed in your file." Umbridge continued in her voice becoming more sickly sweet with every word.

"Really! I mean I always try so hard in class to do my best but I never knew Professor Snape thought I was doing so well." Hermione gushed in surprise.

"Now tell me dear seeing that you are so smart," Umbridge asked her smirk had turned vicious again knowing that she was fighting a losing battle trying to convict Harry while he remained so calm. "If I had a young man so willing to risk death to help someone he was dating from some of the foulest creatures known to exist would you think that was rational behavior."

"No," Hermione walked into the trap smiling, "That would be really crazy; well unless of course he was under an enchantment or a potion."

Umbridge smiled happily as she rose from her seat and patted Hermione's hand gently, "Of course if the young woman in question was doing this it might be to just to keep herself safe from an abusive boyfriend."

"I guess." Hermione offered in a small voice as she tried to figure out what was going on.

Umbridge continued in her calming tone, "Hermione you don't need to hide anymore, Mister Potter's abusive and violent nature is already public knowledge. You provoked the dementor in an attempt to make Harry attack it so it would kill him and free you."

"No." Hermione said and looked at Harry begging him to help.

"Last year two weeks before the end of term, Harry physically assaulted you in the court yard didn't he?"

"No..."

"Didn't he pick you up and carry you into the castle at which point you told Harry 'Stop Harry please stop' and when you said this didn't Harry physically strike you in a lewd manner." Umbridge continued in her patronizing voice.

"Yes but..." Hermione was beginning to feel physically ill with the way this vile woman was twisting everything.

Harry continued to sit there in silence but his emotions were quickly reaching breaking point as he sat in silence. Moving in slight motions Harry wrapped his hand around the chains connected to the chair and made ready to make his move, if they wanted violent he would teach them the meaning of violence. He was going to beat that bitch to death with his own bare hands and shove the chair down her throat.

Several members of the Wizingamot had looked at Harry to see his reaction only to recoil from the look of pure hatred in his eyes. The aurors stood there and drew their wands as they made sure they had room to maneuver in case things got violent; each man was a senior auror and had served thirty or more years in the service of the ministry; each man had been decorated for his deeds and not for his vaults and most importantly each man would not make the mistake of underestimating Harry Potter. If they were worth their reputation they would also be watching the other Potter in the room. Sarah sat looking calm but was terrified inside but for a different reason; Harry Potter was the type of person who wore his heart on his sleeve and he truly loved Hermione if things didn't calm down soon the this place would quickly turn into a slaughter house and despite her training Sarah didn't know if she could take a life.

"Objection your honor," Andromeda called out from her seat but Umbridge was far from done.

A growl escaped her lips as she spun on Hermione and went for the kill so to speak, "That is the truth isn't it. You have been brewing the illegal love potion Amortentia haven't you little girl; and don't even try to deny it."

"Yes but Professor Snape..." Hermione began trying to explain her interest in possibly seeking a future as a potions mistress and said love potion was simple on brewing but required a lot of precise prep work making it a favorite choice among potions masters to gauge a potential potionners skill and dedication.

"You admit to brewing the potion in an attempt to find your way into the Potter family accounts; to go from being just another girl to the head of one of the most powerful magical family's in England isn't that true." Delores was now inches from Hermione allowing her to smell the smell the sushi she had for lunch.

"No..."

"You are nothing but a filthy liar and a mudblood whore trying to steal away a noble young man...."

"OBJECTION!" Andromeda screamed as she stood up truly pissed off and ready to show this bitch why you don't fuck with a Black, "Badgering the witness, leading testimony, assuming facts not in evidence and finally you bitch my- Miss Granger is not on trial here so try focusing on the facts of the case before I rip out your tongue and beat you with it."

Silence dominated the room as everyone waited on bated breath for something to happen; Harry slid his hand into his robes and pressed his finger to the release on his MP5 when Umbridge called out, "No more questions." The vile woman smiled at Hermione sweetly and took her seat, had she known that she would have had so much fun destroying the girl on the stand she might have done the job for free this time. But as a member of the Vipers kindness and charity was not something she believed in.

Hermione looked ready to bolt and given her emotional state and blood status she could offer the Wizingamot the secret to eternal

youth and no one would care. With no other option Andromeda could only stand there quietly and collect herself, "No questions." The look of pain in Hermione's eyes was more heart breaking than even the look her father had given her when she told him she would not marry Ruban LaStrange forcing him to cast her out of the family publicly; having to dodge a killing curse sent from her mother at least gave her the strength to not look back.

A young woman with pink hair wrapped Hermione in a hug and helped her into her seat; Hermione sobbed into her robes repeatedly saying it wasn't true while the young woman continued to pat her on the shoulder softly and whisper words of comfort to her. Nymphadora bounced between sympathy for Hermione and shooting her mother with dirty looks at every step for not giving Hermione the chance to tell her side of the story.

Andromeda had only a few witnesses but at this point her best bet was to hope that Harry could keep his cool and stick to the facts. "I call Mister Potter to the stand." Andromeda called out in a calm voice.

As procedure dictated Auror Dawlish stepped up to Harry and grabbed him by the shoulder yanking him to his feet as roughly as he could; he may be overstepping the bounds of his job but no one seemed willing to call him on it. He tried to shove Harry towards the witness stand hard but Harry rolled his shoulder making the man stumble past him and hit the ground the fact Harry stuck out his foot was coincidence; for good measure Harry stepped on his hand breaking two of his fingers before offering an apology he was just lucky Harry didn't step on his throat.

Delores looked livid at Harry's cheek and outward calm as he broke one of personal bodyguard's hands. She rose from her seat faster than she intended ruining her look of calm as she rushed up to Harry and got in his face planning on hitting him hard and fast to put him off his game. "Potter you attacked and killed a dementor; a dementor that is ministry property didn't you!" She demanded mere inches from Harry's face.

As per ministry law prosecution is allowed first right to question every witness unless their lawyer pays first questioning tax as well as a no false testimony tax which protects you from having to take veritaserum. Andromeda had no problem allowing Dumbbitch to go

first as her defense was centered on the use of old laws designed to protect purebloods and veritaserum was not allowed to be used on anyone under the age of seventeen as it could damage their developing mind and magical core. Umbridge had no idea what she was in for.

"Yes." Harry offered with a smile.

Taken back by his polite response Delores snarled out her next question even angrier by his calm, "You attacked ministry aurors didn't you!"

Again Harry responded with a polite yes.

Hatred burned in Delores Umbridge as Harry calmly stood there his every word seemed to piss her off more and she was quickly losing her cool. "You intentionally attacked the dementors so that your new agents Bellatrix and Sirius Black could assist you in a coup against the ministry didn't you!" Delores screamed in Harry's face; her ability to take a single fact and twist it was rather creepy.

Too bad for her Harry was also good at twisting the facts and enjoyed doing it, "Of course." Harry replied happily, "You see when I was a year old I made plans to take over the world that is why I killed Voldemort to become a hero and then told my two faithful to wait in Azkaban for twelve years of course they are just a part of my plans. There is also several members of the British government who are working with me to destabilize the magical government so I can conquer all and become known as King Harry master of the world."

Dead silence flood the Wizingamot as everyone stared at Harry in abject horror who stood calmly grinning all the while finally after several moments of letting them stare at him Harry broke out into a thick belly laugh, "Come on gain a sense of humor people." At those words a nervous chuckle broke out among the various members of the Wizingamot.

Everyone was having a good laugh except Delores Umbridge. The Selwyn family like many of the dark families had lost much when the dark lord had fallen but unlike most of the families the Selwyn family had gambled it all on the dark lords victory and when he was defeated the family had lost all of its hard won prestige and more importantly all of its gold and holdings. In fact it was Delores's father

who had led a rather disasters attempt to take over Gringotts seeing her families holdings seized by the greedy goblins. On that November first Delores Jane Selwyn Umbridge murdered her entire family for the bounty on them and used it to buy her way into the ministry so she could one day take her revenge on her most hated enemy Harry Potter.

But to see him standing there and making light of her revenge was the final straw, "Stop that!" Delores screamed as she lunged forward and slapped Harry as hard as she could. Her rings cut a pair of long shallow gashes on his cheek. Silence reigned supreme as everyone watched the boy who lived and the senior undersecretary stare each other down; it was the calm before the storm. Harry gripped the rails in an iron grip then suddenly he leapt up and kicked Dolores in the chest with the heel of his feet sending her stumbling backwards only to be caught by an auror before she hit the ground.

Harry landed on his feet at the same time Dolores righted herself; both Dolores and Harry thrust forward wand and fingertip an inch from the others face; both wand and hand glowing the unmistakable green glow of the killing curse. Magic itself was waiting to see who was the faster when a loud bang sounded from Albus Dumbledore's wand, his kindly face was a distant memory as a visible aura of magic flared off of him, "Lower your wand Delores and your hand Mister Potter NOW!" The force of his shout was laced with magic and threw itself against the will of both. To both Harry and Delores's credit both were able to hold against the magical command for about thirty seconds before they lowered their weapons. For Harry it was just another reminder of the fact he was nowhere near Albus's league as a wizard yet.

"Enough is right." Nathaniel yelled over the crowds. "Delores Umbridge one more outburst from you and you will find yourself in contempt you as well Mister Potter now both of you back to where you belong."

Harry took his place at the witness stand while Delores retook her seat and settled for scowling at Harry as that was about all she could get away with at the moment. A collective groan made its way throughout the many witches and wizards as there was few who didn't want to see the witch dead as she possessed secrets on them all. When everything had calmed down Andromeda stood up and

asked the only question she needed to, "Mister Potter why are you not guilty of any crime you are charged with?"

This was Harry's chance to use all of the ministries law against them and he was going to enjoy it. Harry squared his shoulders and cleared his throat; might as well make it good, Harry thought with a smile as he opened his mouth to speak. "Thank you ma'am I am not guilty as all my actions fall in to the category of protecting my family line." At this point Harry turned to Hermione and offered her the only genuine smile anyone would ever receive from him, a mouthed 'I'm sorry' before turning back to the assembled body and beginning. "As the dementor is a class seven dark creature and I am a scion of an ancient and noble house; the law of the scion allows me to protect myself in any way I so choose from anything that threatens the continuation of my line. Therefor whether or not I destroyed ministry property in self-defense or fun I cannot be charged with a crime because of it. Now as killing a dementor is not a crime therefor I see no crime in keeping my rather cool trophy but to make you all happy the dragon slayer law of 1478 states that I can kill any creature I deem as a threat to me and keep its remains to do as I see fit as long as it is a class five or more." When Harry finished he brushed some imaginary dirt from his shirt as he winked at his lawyer and smiled.

For a moment he thought he was in the clear until his solicitor asked the one question he really didn't want to answer. "Can you tell me why you assaulted the aurors over their treatment of Miss Granger, Mister Potter." Andromeda had a feeling that she wouldn't like the answer but it was a question that had to be answered even if she didn't want to hear it to keep Mister Potter out of prison.

A nervous chuckle escaped Harry's lips as he avoided looking at Hermione this time, "Well you see, well I mean," Harry finally glanced at Hermione and gave her a soft smile then mouthed 'I really really really love you' to her before Harry continued. "In 1912 the muggleborn protection act was enacted to help pureblood families who had begun to produce squibs. The magical guardian of muggleborns could sell the reproductive rights of muggleborns to a pureblood family and said muggleborn would be required to provide a certain number of offspring in exchange the muggleborn would be allowed the protection of the pureblood family in any way the family see fit as long as does as she is told." Harry finished with a grin and praying that just once Hermione was ignorant.

From the glare she was currently leveling at Harry it looked like his hopes were dashed. "Let me get this straight you bought my niece like a common whore from the headmaster a man that claims to be the leader of the light just so you could be a father." Unfortunately Andromeda seemed to get the concept rather easily.

"Mostly right." Harry said with a smile then decided to clarify when he saw the tip of a wand slide in to his solicitor's hand. "As per goblin law when a person uses deceit to subvert honorable battle like the Weasley family did any valuable property goes to the injured party. Because I challenged Ronald Weasley and his brother fought me instead when the duel was finished the goblins offered me my choice of the haul from the Weasley family before they claimed what they wanted to compensate the slur against them; I chose the concubine contracts and let the goblins keep the vaults."

Harry stood there for a moment more before stepping down from the witness stand and flipping off the assembled body of witches and wizards for good measure. Harry had won and everyone had known it; the facts were simple and Albus in his incident wisdom knew that the laws many he helped create himself gave Harry a free pass to commit almost any crime he wanted as long as there was no heir to his line. Anything short of forcible rape of a pureblood of equal standing or use of an unforgivable on a pureblood was well with in Harry's right to do until either he became a parent or Sarah had a child and that child was recognized by Harry as his heir.

One of the aurors made to stop Harry from leaving but a signal from Alastor Moody held him in check. Every member of the Wizingamot stared at the boy who lived in shock as he collected his shell shocked girlfriend and left the halls. Had anyone bothered looking at Albus Dumbledore at the moment they would have been shocked and terrified at the same time; few had ever seen Albus angry it conflicted with his image so he made them disappear much like his old friend Grindawald who was locked away forever in a prison he built himself or James Potter who had seen it when he told the aged old man to go to hell when he told James to go into hiding and leave Lily and Harry exposed so Voldemort could kill Harry and fulfill the prophecy sadly James put his faith in one of Dumbledore's spies. On the other side of the court room another person could barely remain seated as she hopped up and down in her seat as her quill

was working hard to keep up with the story that was unraveling before her very eyes.

The only voice that was heard was a whispered yes dear from Harry as they reached the door after Hermione finished whispering into his ear.

A/N: first off sorry for the long delays; one word 'Skyrim' now the reviews have been great and one person has brought up a valid point I will address well several people have so here we go. Death eaters in general are a lazy bunch of inbreeds and Harry has yet to tackle the cream of the crop just a few flunkies IE Crabbe and Goyle those like Lucius and Bellatrix are much more dangerous and know their superiority comes about from their training and not their blood status. Now Petunia was dumped in Burma as it seemed a great place to stick a woman who likes to abuse children the general thought was that she deserved to suffer for her crimes and the war torn country full of murdering and raping ethnic purity freaks was a perfect fit. As for the comment about the royal family not having the power to do this well they don't have the authority to force their magical counterpart in check that is why this is a black bag operation. Now let me see if there is anything else a story needs a good bit of both humor and seriousness to be good in my opinion. I have been working on both; my editing and sentence structure. Next up long winded reviews; I have a short attention span. When Harry's shackles were hit it was the chain that was cut and I forgot and didn't do a great job on the edit so that is why Harry escaped from cuffs twice; sorry. As for the other Sirius matter; Remus hasn't seen scruffy yet and when Sirius transformed and attacked the aurors he was already off the train; as for hiding from Remus well Sirius was a marauder after all I am sure he can come up with a way to disguise himself.

Now back to Hogwarts where Harry can deal with kids for a while and take a break from battle until Halloween where he will get his shot at Bellatrix and Hermione will learn the truth of her origins. Sirius is still hunting Pettigrew so he and Harry will do their dance at the end of the year.

Chapter 17: Problems with the future in-laws part1

Sleep hadn't come easy for Harry that night as Hermione had grilled Harry with questions; questions about the contracts and why he never told her; questions about why he kept so many secrets about his life and where he wanted their relationship to go perhaps the hardest question Hermione asked was the question Hermione asked in the court room; if you want this to work then you had better not keep anymore secrets from me. It was a tough night for Harry to open himself up, Sarah had taught Harry how secrets can keep you safe on the inside at an early age and letting Hermione in scared Harry even if he only told her anything that wasn't classified.

For Hermione it was a truly terrifying revelation to know that Harry had pushed Ronald for two years trying to get him to challenge Harry to a duel so he could save Hermione from ending up the Weasley family whore along with several other girls one of which was due to have her contract enacted this year. Harry explained to her all about his probe of Ron's mind and learned of the girl's fates in exchange for Ron spying on Harry. When Harry explained all he knew about Albus's manipulations of his life the last of Hermione's trust in authority figures died and when Harry explained to her about the fact that most of the Potter wealth was gone she nearly fell over laughing. During the war Lily and James used the bulk of the wealth to help the victims of Voldemort mainly muggles and muggleborns and leaving enough to cover Harry's school costs.

When the two teens finally fell asleep in Harry's private sanctuary in Hogwarts; an old teachers lounge that was now unused that Harry had fixed up it was the safest place to have this conversation. Hermione was a good bit calmer as she fell asleep in Harry's arms watching a fire that had been made with hers and several other girls' marriage contracts. Now she just needed to find the strength to tell Harry why Bellatrix was after her.

Peaceful was the only way Harry could describe waking up with Hermione in his arms. Hermione looked like an angel as she slept her long brown hair wild and untamed framed her face so perfectly that Harry kept forgetting to breath. Her small delicate nose fluttered with every exhale, her lips formed a gentle smile as she slept. She looked so at peace with the world Harry hated to wake her from whatever dream made her smile so.

"Wake up Hermione," Harry whispered gently and shook her shoulders softly, "It's six and you need to get back to your dorm to clean up."

Hermione went from sleepy to alert in the time it took her to realize she was not in her bed in the dorm and Harry was next to her. Hermione shot from the bed like a rocket frantically checking to make sure she was still fully dressed. That was until she saw Harry still sitting on the bed laughing at her that was when she stopped and took off her shoe and threw it at Harry.

Harry deftly caught it and stopped laughing. Getting to his feet Harry took a knee and offered the shoe to Hermione like he was a prince and Hermione was a fairytale princess, "Milady," Harry offered in a courtly manner.

"Your grace," Was Hermione's reply as she lifted her foot to Harry, she had brought it half way up when she remembered she was wearing a skirt and quickly put her foot down. Somehow the romantic gestures always seemed so much better in a long gown that covered everything; from the grin on Harry's face Hermione knew what to do she grabbed her shoe and smacked him with it before sliding it back on.

The next two month past without much drama, in Harry's case that meant hate mail from his adoring public over his trial as well as healthy dose of bile directed at Hermione as well. Fairly soon the Prophet was on its new story, for the past month dozens of bodies had shown up muggles and purebloods alike each with a number carved on to their stomachs, as the month passed the numbers on the chests became lower as if a countdown. The only saving grace for the ministry was Bellatrix had fallen back on old habits in dealing with muggles and purebloods; she made her kills with a knife to let the magical world know that her victims were unworthy of both magic and life.

Even with having to deal with the insanity of the students now looking at him as the golden savior here to rid the world of all evil, Harry didn't attend school with students he lived in the Hogwarts asylum with a bunch of mental patients who needed their medication doses checked. At least Harry had one constant in his life, Severus Snape; Severus Snape was a bastard of the highest level and never tried to even hide it from the world. Albus was a bastard who tried to

act like a kind old man, Minerva hated Harry for not being a lion and would have adored him if he was, Ronald was either hurling insults or trying to buddy up with Harry even Hermione had her moments of falling back on being a bossy know it all. Sadly Severus Snape's abusive and corrosive attitude was the only thing that kept Harry sane.

The only bright spot in the whole fracas he called a school was he was now had a way into Malfoy Manor and it came through Hermione. Hermione was asked by Draco even if it was through gritted teeth and a mild coronary episode to be the muggle wedding coordinator to the wedding of the year, a combination of a muggle and magical wedding that Astoria Greengrass had always wanted to have. The only down side was Harry had to spend both Hogsmead weekends with Draco as Astoria and Hermione wanted to double date.

Time seemed to pass both fast and slow at the same time, hours dragged like seconds while days passed in minutes as Harry continued to read reports of murders committed by the insane escapee. On the surface it looked like she was just randomly killing men and women from all walks of life, business men to street walkers even a member of parliament was found dead with their throats cut and the same cryptic numbers carved on their chests. Information in the wizarding world was less than forthcoming as the one read in contact of the ministry had been missing for more than a week and the ministry was hushing up everything and trying to make it look like everything was ok. All it took was scratching the surface a little and Harry was able to track many of the dead back to a criminal organization that dealt with moving large amounts of drugs, weapons, stolen goods and even human traffic that seemed to be able to get by customs and disappear from shipping containers moments before law enforcement raided ships and warehouses as if by magic.

Harry had to come through over a hundred hours of half garbled phone taps and thousands of photos and a multitude of witness statements before he found the one photo that told him all he needed. The photo itself was buried in a section labeled Candy Cane, a transgender prostitute that had a good eye for spotting cops. The person who snapped the shot most likely didn't relieve what he had as he was following a low ranking member of the organization It wasn't her though who had caught Harry's attention, it was who she

was with and where she was that had peaked his interest. Miss Cane was in the company of Lucius Malfoy and meeting Fenrir Grayback and another man, Richard Conrad aka the chemist. Conrad has been Grayback's chief potion maker mixing his knowledge of chemistry and potions to make Grayback the most powerful leader of the wolf clans across the globe and a top priority target of over twenty magical governments.

Flipping back through every photo again, listening to every half garbled message knowing now what to search for any sign of magic. Harry found more than a dozen so called reformed death eaters and ministry officials including half a dozen department heads and the minister of magic himself. Harry nearly fell out of his chair laughing as he thought of all the little death munchers running around the Slytherin common room talking about blood supremacy while their fancy robes and toys came about from muggle money.

A quick check told Harry Candy was still alive and if he wanted to question her he would need to move now. Harry shoved all his files and pictures into a bag and shrunk them down then tossed them into his trunk and sealed it with blood magic to prevent entry then reattached a trip wire attached to a small amount of C4 inside the lid of the trunk so even if the trunk was breached the C4 would destroy all its contents and probably the intruder as well.

Slytherins common room was full and surprised to see the form Harry Potter rush out of the room in such a hurry. Several students called out to him to find out what was going on but Harry was already out the door and rushing to get out of the dungeons and catch Sarah before she left for the day to go home.

When Sarah saw Harry she waved him over and she was about to ask what was wrong when Harry gave her a look that meant don't ask just get me out of here now. Before Albus could say a thing Sarah told the Headmaster it was about a voting issue in the Wizingamot and told the headmaster Harry would be back on Monday morning for first class.

Together the pair made the gate fast as possible and activated one of the various portkeys Sarah always carried a special one that took her straight to headquarters.

Albus watched them leave with a bit of confusion, true Sarah Potter could pull Harry out of school at any time to discuss the current vote or deal with Gringotts but he was a bit confused about what vote she was talking about as nothing of great import was being discussed to his knowledge. Filling it away until morning time when he could go in and check to see if a new issue was added to the docket Albus tried again to tag the young woman with a tracking charm but the shielding on her garments made the charm wash over her and not take hold.

Frustrated at the failure Albus headed off to his work shop and began to tinker with another variation of the tracking charm hoping to finally nail down a location for the allusive Potter and maybe track down the lost Dursley family so he could get the boy properly broken so he could be the boys savior and lead him back to the light.

Harry and Sarah landed in the main complex, before Harry could take his first step a sharp wave of energy washed over him making him dizzy for a moment before he regained his footing and rushed off to the general's office with Sarah right behind him. The first line of defense against wizarding intrusion was the base only had one area where one could apparate or portkey in safely and any disturbance in the room would activate a heavy EMP pulse that would zap the magic out of a wizard in a moment knocking them out, the only reason Harry was able to stay up right was he had been blasted many times to build up a resistance.

The general was down in the bowels of the base in the restricted section when he received word that a wizard had entered the base. Only after Harry had passed a retinal and DNA scan had the general leave the autopsy room suite closely followed by the man who ran the biological research division.

Like a typical comic book villain the head of research was a tall thin man with a monocle and a wire thin mustache, his IQ was almost as high as his morality was low. His one job for the project was to find a way to make a super soldier a man that was faster and stronger than any normal human able to shrug off the worst of injuries while being able to wield magic to devastating effect.

"General, I still think you should allow me to use the boy for my experiments..." The doctor asked as he followed the general down the sterile well lit corridors past rows of cells. The only sound heard

from the cells was a low whimpering and moans allowing anyone to know that the cells were full.

Every now and again the doctor would step up to a door and gaze inside if only to watch the inhabitants to scurry away from the door. As he was gazing in at a young woman, a werewolf and her baby infected from birth, he again tried to convince the general of his plan. "Or mitochondrial DNA from the umbilical cord of the boys offspring could give us what we need as well, General."

The general stopped to gaze in a particular cell and thought for a moment about the request before he shook his head, "No only the boy can get us Nexus unless you can unlock magic and we are not going to tip our hand and let Diana know what we are up to until we are ready. " The general's voice came out as no more than a whisper but the man in the cell jerked his head at the general and stared at him even though his eyes were sitting in a jar in a lab. "After I have Nexus and the world is bowing to me you can experiment on the boy all you like, doctor." The general waved the man off and walked away.

"Gather your failed experiments and prepare them for transport I want to kick start a war between the magical and the wolves, it will help us out in the end if we have our enemies are too busy fighting amongst themselves." The doctor's promises of a superior soldier and failing to deliver was the general's favorite barb to throw and it made him smile to see the man squirm at the mention of his failures. As failures go the soldiers were almost ready, stronger faster and more animalistic than ever but they were too violent and didn't follow orders well as their testosterone levels were off the charts making them violently out of control.

Before he could make the elevator the dour sadist called out to the general his thick German accent bleeding through as he threw one last barb at the general, "Remember old friend, the tree of liberty can only be renewed with the blood of tyrants as well."

As the elevator closed the general glared at the man hatefully and whispered, "You first, doctor."

Less than thirty seconds the elevator opened allowing in the rather excited Harry Potter jumping up and down and screaming I figured it out.

"Hey cutie, you lost, you looken for someone to tuck you in."

Harry was barely able to suppress the shudder that flashed through him as what felt like the hundredth hooker just had to speak to him. After three hours of checking every haunt of Candy Cane, Harry was officially tired of looking for the daft bint and would be fighting his every instinct to not break her knees when he found her just to keep her in one place in case he needed to question her later.

The street was packed with hookers and johns doing business and trying to be discreet as a thirteen year old boy was walking around and asking questions. The fact he was asking about a worker and more than willing to spread around a little cash was giving off the cop vibe and many were moving away from Harry as quick as they could.

When Harry had reached his breaking point and was ready to shove his piece in the face of every overly painted and diseased filled whore when his prayers were answered. Strutting up to Harry was the most gaudy drag queen the world had ever seen, the guy was standing there was six two and around three hundred pounds with a full beard and wearing a fluffy pink gown with matching hand bag and six inch platform boots. The angry man grabbed Harry by his shirt and shoved him forcefully in to an alley.

Harry pushed down every urge to break dragqueenzilla skull open and leaned back against a dumpster allowing the guy to see how unbothered he was. There was times when it was better to allow people to underestimate him, now was not that time especially with this being the first op he was getting to run.

"You boy, word is you been asking about one of my ladies, you a cop." The ugly drag queen advanced on Harry and clenched his fists. It was all for show and Harry knew that he would have to take the hit to prove he wasn't a cop unless of course he could offer something better.

"Not a cop but I do come bearing gifts." Harry held up several hundred pound notes and smiled, "I just need ten minutes of Miss Cane's time and I will pay top dollar for it."

Dragqueenzilla grabbed the offered money and jerked her head in the direction down the alley, Harry followed her down the alley to a door with a guard who quickly moved out of the way. The rat infested corridor was filled with graffiti of all kinds but Harry could care less as none of it looked like a detection ward, the smell of piss and vomit was a bit harder to ignore. In the bowels of the basement Harry was led down a poorly lit walk way until he came to a door with a candy cane Christmas decoration on it.

"Cute." Harry couldn't help but say as he pushed open the door and handed the pinkest pimp of them all his money and closed the door before he busted up laughing at her outfit. Seated on the bed was the lady in question dressed like Harry should be at the moment well at least Hermione. The lady in question was wearing knee high socks and a thigh high plaid skirt, throw in a white blouse unbuttoned and tied at the bottom to keep it together Harry was wondering if Hogwarts was really set on the dress code or were they willing to take suggestions.

"Can I help you?" Candy asked softly as she looked at the young man standing by the door and giving her a once over, it was a little disconcerting as mostly she got looks of lust but this one was different it was more clinical like a doctor.

"Talk!" Harry ordered in a low cold voice as he tossed a picture of her on the bed next to her, a picture of her with Lucius Malfoy and the man known as the Chemist.

The infliction of your voice could make anyone trust you or piss themselves in fear and one of the only things that Vernon had ever taught Harry. Physical violence only worked on those who weren't used to it and kind words worked only on those people who were accustomed to believing in the best in people. Unfortunately Harry didn't realize how much fear Lucius had the poor girl under.

The moment she picked up the picture Candy's face turned pure white, faster than Harry thought possible she rushed for the window trying to escape only to be stopped when Harry grabbed her by the ankle and pulled her back in through the window.

"I haven't talked to anyone I swear please don't kill me." Candy begged tearfully as she collapsed to the ground sobbing her eyes out.

Harry knelt down in front of her and tried to calm her down but the poor girl was inconsolable as she pleaded for her life, Harry tried everything to calm her down talking softly to slapping her didn't stop here from begging for mercy. The only thing Harry could think of was this day couldn't get any worse.

"POLICE EVERYONE LAY ON YOUR STOMACH AND PUT YOUR HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEAD NOW!"

"Shit." Harry yelled as he rushed to the door and threw it open only to find the last person he really wanted to run in to especially with a sobbing transvestite hooker huddled in the corner of the room, "Emma, hey can't talk got to go."

Harry shoved the door closed and sealed it with magic to prevent the mother of his girlfriend from possibly killing him if the look of sheer pissed off anger on her face was any indication of her mood.

A/N sorry for the delays my muse is finally back on the job, my main problem is getting through third year as most of fourth year is ready. I am back to writing now and working on a challenge story given to me by my wife which I hope to start posting by Monday and it will be one of my darker works and sorry to say it is a Harry/Ginny fic but other than that it will be good. I hope to have next chapter up by Friday.

Chapter 18 Trouble with the in-laws part2

"Bloody fucking hell," Harry raced across the room and grabbed Candy and gave her a violent shake, "Damn it I need information."

Pissed didn't come close to how Detective Emma Granger was feeling as she kicked the damn door repeatedly trying to get in the room when the whole building gave a violent lurch. Emma and several other officers quickly moved into doorways as they awaited the next earthquake and silently hoped they weren't going to be buried alive in this rat infested shit hole when her radio went off, Bloody hell someone just blew a hole in the building...

"Damn it, you two follow me." Emma yelled at a pair of uniformed officers and ran for the exit when she arrived at the scene of the blast it was like she thought the hole was right across from the door she had been trying to get into. Looking both directions she couldn't see any sign of her daughter's boyfriend, "Son of a bitch," She screamed and kicked over a trash can to vent a bit of her frustration.

Harry let out a breath of relief as he could finally stopped apparating from roof top to roof top with an unconscious girl slung over his shoulders. She was only a little lighter than him but a feather light charm had helped with the weight it was the apparition cramps that were killing him right now. Even short hopping like he could do came with cramps if he did them too frequently and carrying a hundred and fifteen pounds of dead weight didn't help in the least. Finally away from the cops Harry radioed in for extraction and figured he would let the experts deal with this problem and deal with his own.

The sight of a helicopter was a welcome relief as Harry restunned the girl and pulled out of his pocket a small bag and resized it quickly changing back into his Hogwarts uniform and stowing his weapons into the bag before shrinking it down. Once the helicopter set down Harry helped load the girl inside and made sure she was properly strapped in before heading down the fire escape and hailing a cab, sure the copter would have been faster but explaining why he was riding in a copter in the first place would have been just as difficult.

As Emma had no desire to answer questions she had no answer for so she had a patrolman she knew give her a ride home. The forty five minute drive was filled with useless yammering about every little

thing in the man's life while Emma just grunted at the right time to make him think she was listening. Even with his happy words filling in the silence she could tell the man was feeling her out in a rather passive and verbal way. It had only been a few months since her husband's death but apparently she was already on the market. Mostly ignoring the man's advances as they were rather bland, when they pulled up in front of her house she bolted from the car just to make sure he didn't try to fish for invite, she was a long way from that. Emma was so preoccupied with what was going on she never realized her door was unlocked even though she locked it religiously.

Stripping off her jacket in the living room and tossing her jacket on the couch her blouse was next in the kitchen next to the cutting board while she grabbed a beer from the fridge and downed half of it. Her bra hit the counter next as she headed upstairs to take a shower and try to clear her head, it was a bit of a running joke in her division, if you needed to find Emma when she was stressed or confused all you had to do was follow the line of clothes of course that was all thanks to her husband having too much to drink at a retirement party.

The rest of her clothes led to her master bath in her bedroom where she currently stood under a faucet enjoying an extra hot shower and finishing her beer as she put everything into some type of perspective. Harry is a good kid who doesn't seem the type to be mixed up in anything illegal, Pro. He is also very secretive and while I don't think he has ever lied to me I know he has never told me the whole truth either, Con. Harry genuinely loves my baby girl, Pro.

Creak

Half way up the stairs leading to the second floor was a loose floorboard that creaked loud enough to be heard by anyone in the house even in the shower. Emma stepped out of the shower and wrapped a towel around her but left the shower going and moved quickly into her bedroom and grabbed her gun from the hip holster on her belt and silently moved to the door. Cautiously Emma eased open the door and slid out of the room and kept her gun trained on the stair well and moved down the hall. Every step seemed to thunder in her ear even as her every step was muffled by the thick carpet. Staying low Emma came to the edge of the steps and glanced down only to see nothing out of the ordinary.

"Must be hearing things," Emma muttered to herself.

As she turned around a shadowy figure materialized out of nowhere and lashed out punching her twice in her exposed ribs breaking three of them the follow up blow blasted her down the stairs. Emma crashed in to the front door cracking her skull open on the frame and bouncing backwards against the stairs. The cloaked figure pulled a wand out and walked down the stairs leaning over the unconscious woman and jabbed the glowing wand tip into her body, a flick of the wand sent blood flying out of her body on to the wall. Just as the figure stood up Emma let out a moan surprising her shadowy assailant the sound of a car pulling up in front of the house had the figure swearing as the wand disappeared from sight.

Emma found her head being lifted off the ground as she struggled back to consciousness the powerful hands grabbed her chin and the back of her head tightly before they gave a swift jerk snapping her neck.

It was at this moment the door opened, "Miss Granger, its Harry are you there I really need to talk to you." Harry called out as he pushed open the door the sight of Emma on the ground had Harry rushing across the floor.

"Emma, what happened?" Harry screamed as he shook her trying to wake her up when he grasped her neck looking for a pulse his heart sank. Summoning the phone to him, Harry dialed the emergency line and fell back against the door and called for help. Unseen to Harry the cloaked figure stood in the shadows and watched him smirking as he sat in silence.

A few minute later Harry heard the sounds of sirens and stood up when he turned to the door he saw the blood sprayed across the wall.

How many times can a Potter fail to protect the ones they love, was written in blood on the wall, underneath the message was the name Sirius Black written with a flourish.

Rage burned in Harry as stood up and took in every detail, absorbing every detail of what had happened that night so when Sirius Black was finally caught Harry was going to send him straight to hell for his crimes. Moments later the door burst open and police

rushed into the room seeing Harry standing over the body of a fallen comrade had him tackled to the ground a bit rougher then was warranted but given the situation who could blame him.

A night in an interrogation room answering question, usually the same questions over and over asked a hundred different ways until Harry stood up and demanded consul after drilling the table with his fist and unleashing a bit of magic denting the table. Despite a flimsy excuse for being there Harry was quickly released and sent on his way with orders to make himself available for asking more questions down the line. It would only take a few days for the police to find a suspect, a suspect who was found with several personal items of Emma's was arrested without an alibi for the night and hung himself in his cell cleaning up a messy situation.

Walking in to the great hall that morning Harry tried to smile at Hermione who saw him and waved at him warmly unaware of what happened the previous night. Harry schooled his features and made the long walk down the row between the tables hoping to just get Hermione somewhere quiet and talk to her alone. The sight of a coal black crow flying into the great hall with the symbol of Gringotts on its breast and carrying a red scroll in its claws, Harry prayed that the crow would not stop in front of Professor Flitwick

Once the crow landed in front of the tiny man who read the scroll he was out of his chair in a second and making his way to Ravenclaw table walking quickly but calmly as every student remained silent and waited. A palpable sigh of relief could be felt by all as the professor walked past them, down in the middle of the table sat Hermione who watched the small professor looking at her when she glanced at Harry who had the same look of silent sorrow and determination her mind looked on the one possibility she always feared it would be with her mother's job and bolted down the aisle and tried to push past Harry who easily caught her.

The moment Hermione felt Harry wrap his arms around her she collapsed into his arms the moment he whispered I'm sorry Hermione she felt darkness overwhelm her sending her crashing to the ground had Harry not kept her safe in his embrace. A small part of her that was still conscious felt Harry pick her up bridal style and carry her from the great hall with Professor Flitwick walking beside him his own sorrow falling off of him in waves. As only a half human the ministry made it illegal for him to take a wife even a muggle born

and goblin law only saw him as a half breed freak who needed a wand to use magic and made him unworthy of marrying so he loved and cared for his students as if they were his own children, when one of them were hurting he felt their pain and would stand beside them no matter what.

When Hermione woke up it was in the hospital ward with her boyfriend leaning back against the small night table beside her bed and drumming his fingers gently on the floor all the while never removing his eyes from the door. In a more perfect world Hermione would have awoken in Harry's arms as he held her and whispered words of comfort to her and let her know that it would be all right or Hermione could have reached out and wrapped her arms around Harry and comforted him. Instead she continued lay on her side and cry softly facing away from Harry so he couldn't see how much pain she was in, all she wanted was to be alone.

The next few weeks all bled together for Hermione who's grades have taken a deep down turn as she only wanted to sit in the back of the class. She never raised her hand and more than half of her assignments were turned in late or only half done and the only reason was her friends were pretty much doing most of her school work for her. Harry was proving to be little help in that department as Harry was leaving school on an almost daily basis often leaving during lunch and only returning after curfew, the Evening Prophet was often to report on Harry's location mostly in Diagon and Nocturne Alley in London or Whisper Alley in Glasgow a more progressive place to by magical supplies. Harry could often be found searching through the seeder bars and more derelict hovels passing around gold and demanding answers about the location of Sirius Black but coming up with nothing. Harry hoped that finding the man and bringing him to justice would bring Hermione some peace not understanding what she needed most was not more blood and violence but peace and comfort.

Before anyone knew it the Victory Ball was here and everyone was on pins and needles. Hermione was a complete wreck as she was getting ready for Harry, her roommates had spent all day getting her dressed and doing her hair and make-up so she would look her best tear resistant magical make-up was a big help as Su had told Hermione this was the way her mother did her hair for the embassy party she was forced to go to over the summer. Albus Dumbledore's plans of getting rid of Hermione as a way to break Harry and make

him more humble had to be scrapped after Harry's reaction to the death of Hermione's mother, if the boy was willing to tare through some of the worst of Nocturne Alley in search of her killer what would Harry be willing to do to protect the girl herself. Harry was still just Harry on the outside calm and collected as went through the motions but all it took was for someone to push him a little and Harry would fly into a rage, Hermione's friends had to often run interference but were only halfhearted with it as they all felt Hermione was the one who needed the support and not her idiot boyfriend who needed to learn to put his girlfriend's feeling first. The Minster was the only one looking forward to the event as it was political gold to have his picture taken with Harry Potter and present him with not only a medal for his defeat of the dark lord, order of Merlin first class, as well as accept an order of Merlin third class in honor of his parents for their sacrifices. What could possibly go wrong, the minister thought Happily as he walked in to Hogwarts with a full contingent of aurors at his back to keep him safe.

Deep in the forests surrounding the school Bellatrix put the final touches on her modified ritual to get her daughter back to her even the baying calls of the wolves couldn't ruin her mood as she sat down on the small but comfy couch in the small shack she know called home and began to sing.

A/N: thank you all for the reviews

Now several people have mentioned the Royal family have no power in running the country and that is true of this story as well Lady Diana Spencer's roll in this story will be revealed in year four when Harry starts taking steps to make his own decisions in life. The reason I refer to Charles as King is the fact that his mother Queen Elizabeth the second passed away in her sleep shortly before Harry meet Sarah.

Next chapter will be Hermione meeting her mother as well as finding out why she was raised by the Granger family and who stole her from her mother. Harry will confront the mother of his girlfriend and the first volley of the war will be fired straight at Hogwarts. Cliffy
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

Chp19